

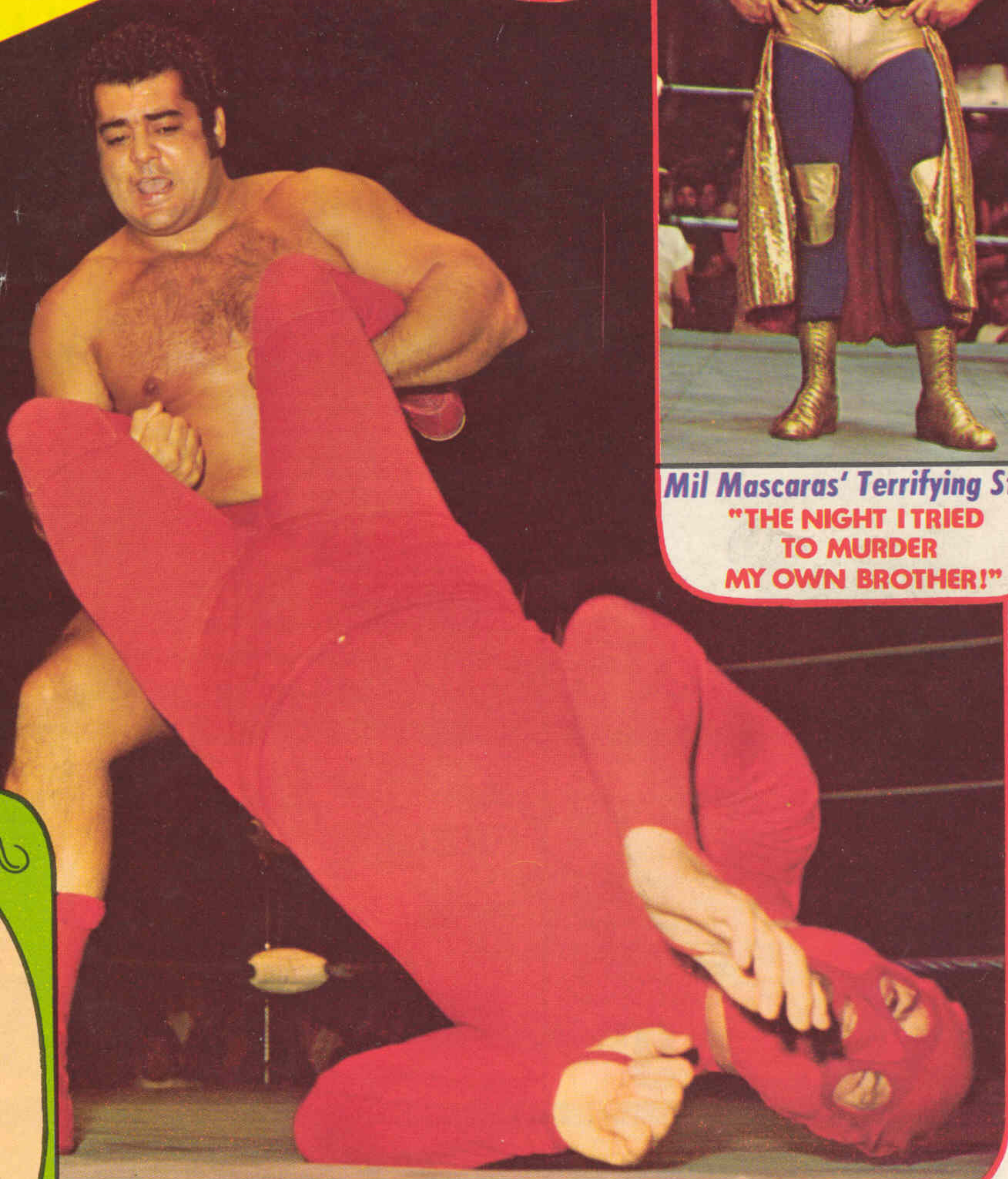
**BEN STRONG**

**BIZARRE CASE OF THE  
KIDNAPPED WRESTLER**

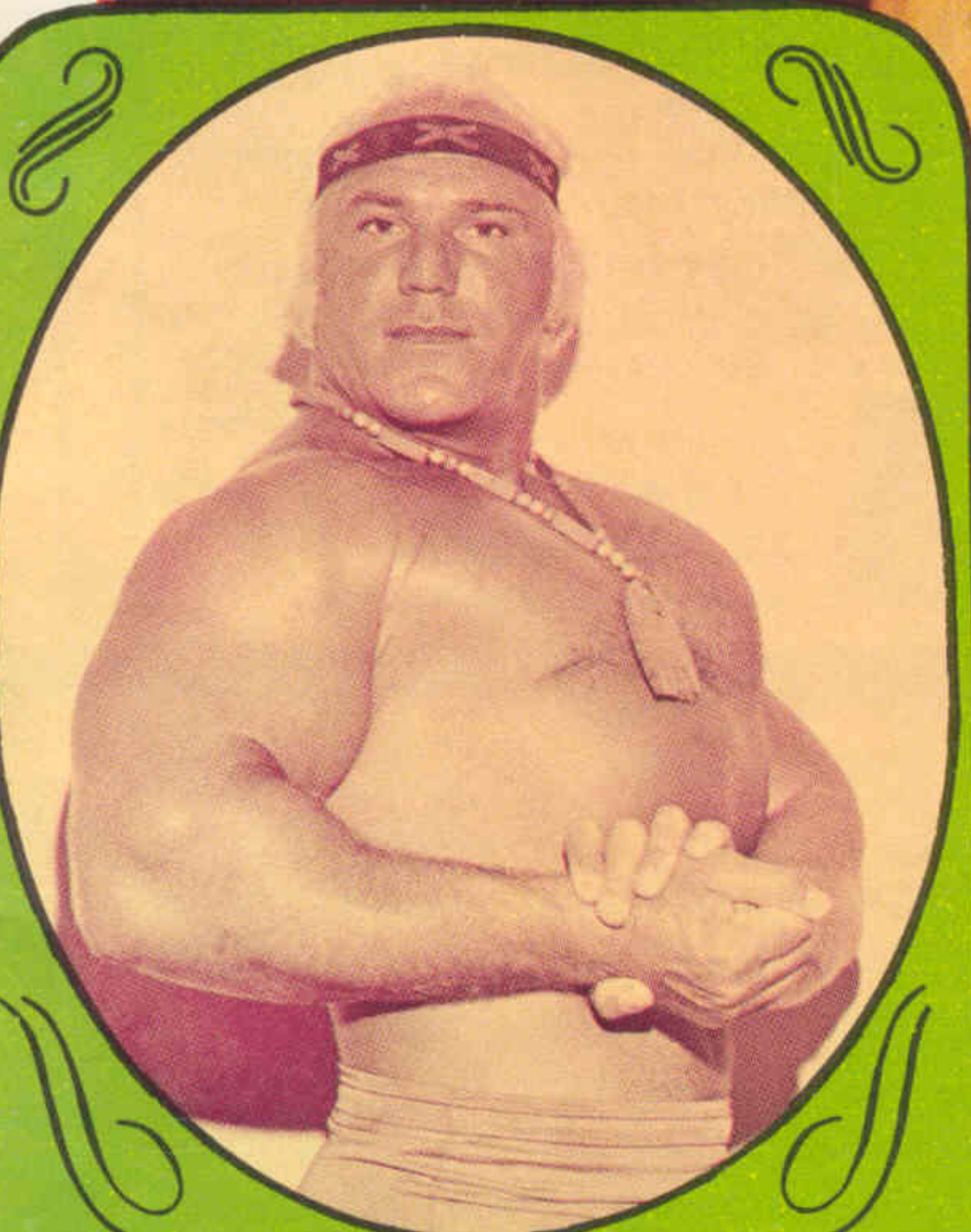
# Wrestling

**GIANT  
SPECIAL ISSUE**

**24 HECTIC  
HOURS IN  
THE LIFE OF  
WORLD  
CHAMPION  
PEDRO  
MORALES!**



**Mil Mascaras' Terrifying Story:**  
**"THE NIGHT I TRIED  
TO MURDER  
MY OWN BROTHER!"**



**BILLY GRAHAM'S  
FABULOUS CAREER  
IN PICTURES!**



**ATLANTA'S  
NIGHT OF  
BLOODY  
TERROR...**

**WHAT KIND  
OF MANIAC  
WOULD DO  
THIS???**



# **BEN STRONG**

# **WRESTLING**

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Exclusive! A photo story on wrestling's most controversial man!

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# OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

## WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

- 1—PEDRO MORALES
- 2—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 3—STAN STASIAK
- 4—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 5—HAYSTACKS CALHOUN
- 6—FRED BLASSIE
- 7—GEORGE STEELE
- 8—MOONDOG MAYNE
- 9—TONY GAREA
- 10—MIKE MCCORD

## AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

- 1—VERNE GAGNE
- 2—BILLY ROBINSON
- 3—BILLY GRAHAM
- 4—IVAN KOLOFF
- 5—WAHOO MCDANIEL
- 6—THE CRUSHER
- 7—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 8—BULL BULLINSKI
- 9—RENE GOULET
- 10—KEN PATERA

## MIDGETS

- 1—LITTLE BEAVER
- 2—SKY LOW LOW
- 3—LORD LITTLEBROOK
- 4—LITTLE BRUTUS
- 5—SONNY BOY HAYES
- 6—TOM POUCE
- 7—FARMER JEROME
- 8—LITTLE BRUISER
- 9—HAITI KID
- 10—FRENCHY LAMONT

## NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1—JACK BRISCO
- 2—HARLEY RACE
- 3—DORY FUNK JR.
- 4—GENE KINISKI
- 5—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 6—TERRY FUNK
- 7—THE SHEIK
- 8—PAT PATTERSON
- 9—VICTOR RIVERA
- 10—BOBO BRAZIL

## TAG TEAMS

- 1—HAYSTACKS CALHOUN & TONY GAREA
- 2—FRED CURRY & LUIS MARTINEZ
- 3—BRUISER & BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 4—THE FABULOUS KANGAROOS
- 5—RAY STEVENS & NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 6—GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
- 7—MIKE & EDDIE GRAHAM
- 8—MOOSE MOROWSKI & RICKY ROMERO
- 9—PROFESSOR TANAKA & MR. FUGI
- 10—THE MONGOLS

## WOMEN

- 1—FABULOUS MOOLAH
- 2—VIVIAN VACHON
- 3—MARIA LAVERNE
- 4—VICKI WILLIAMS
- 5—SUSAN GREEN
- 6—ANN CASEY
- 7—LILY THOMAS
- 8—NATASHA
- 9—PEGGY PATTERSON
- 10—SANDY PARKER



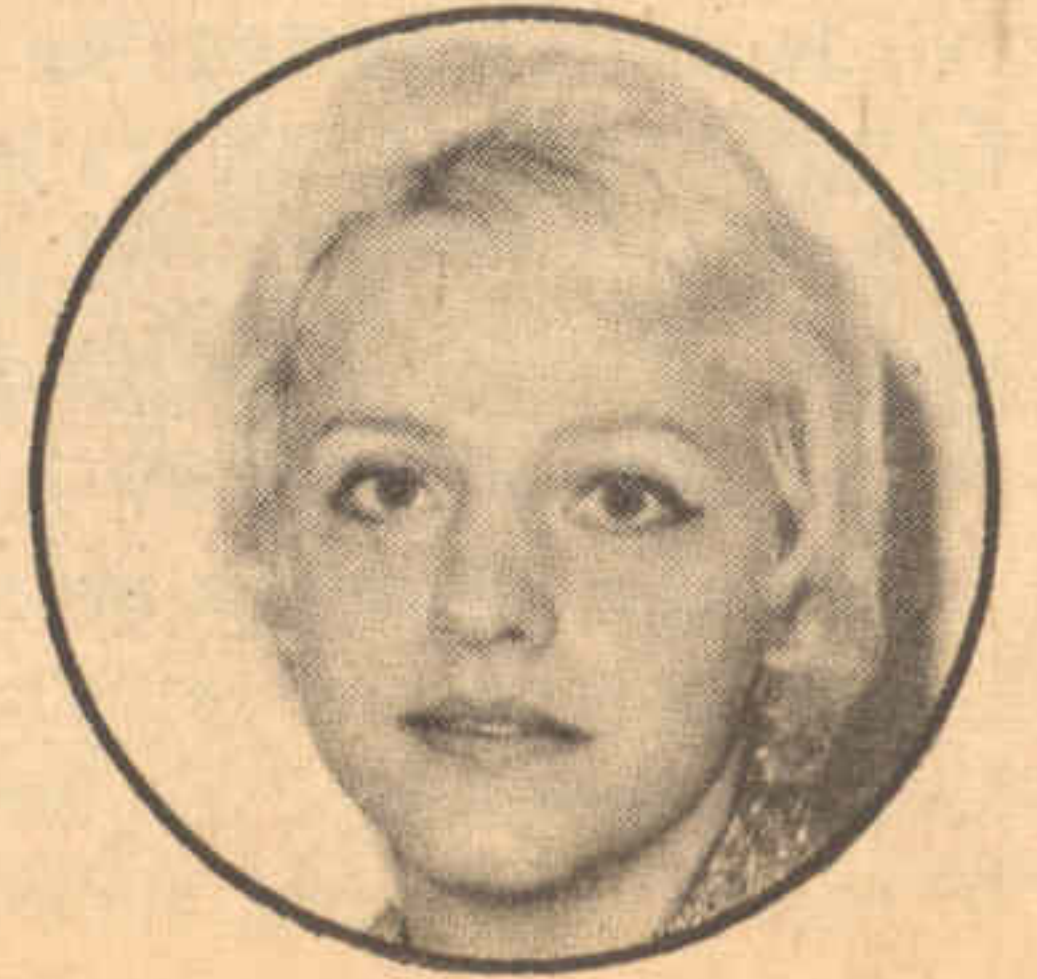
CRUSHER



BLACKJACK LANZA



TERRY FUNK



VICKI WILLIAMS

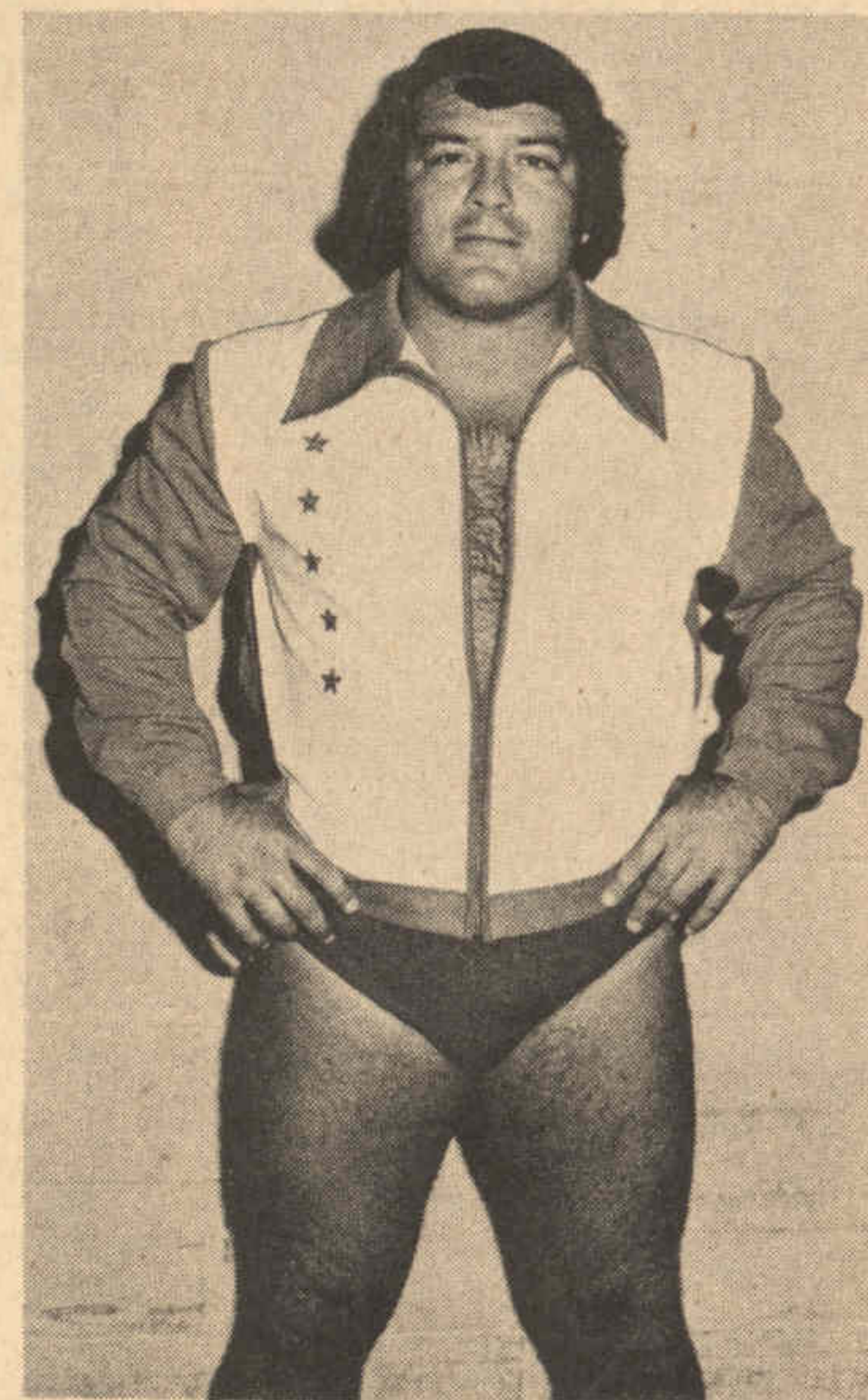


# HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter



Professor Tanaka and Fugi (left) lost the W.W.W.F. tag team title to Haystacks Calhoun and Tony Garea. The Japanese team's advisor, The Grand Wizard, is crying "foul" and demands a rematch. Believe it or not, Paul Jones (below) and Jack Brisco have buried the hatchet and are tag team partners! Holy cow!



**WE KNOW YOU'LL** find this hard to believe but arch enemies Jack Brisco and Paul Jones have buried the hatchet and are now tag team partners! What caused the surprise merger?

"Let's say Jack and I felt we were wasting our time trying to eliminate each other when it would be more profitable to team our great skills together and go after tag team titles," Jones said at a recent press conference.

"We've had our differences in the past," Jack added, "but that's all behind us now."

Many of Jack's friends are not too crazy about his new partner. The majority of them believe Jones will turn on Brisco and cripple him when he least expects it. Only time will tell.

By the way, Jones has been feuding with former tag team partner Buddy Colt, a sworn enemy of Brisco. It looks as though Jones' "change" could be the real thing and not a plan to sneak attack Brisco.

Rookie sensation Tony Garea and Haystacks Calhoun are the new W.W.W.F. tag team champions!

They won it in a wild match against Professor Tanaka and Mr. Fugi.

"You mean they stole it!" accused The Grand Wizard, Tanaka and Fugi's manager and mouthpiece. "If you saw the match," he continued, "you know that Garea pulled a packet of salt out of his trunks and threw it into Fugi's eyes, blinding him. They won the match on a foul. We were robbed!"

"That's not what happened," explained a confused Garea. "I just don't understand how the Wizard could turn things around like he does. Fugi had the salt in his trunks. When he was about to throw it into my eyes I grabbed it, threw it at him, and that was the end, I won the fall."

"That weasel is one to talk," Haystacks added. "Tanaka and Fugi win ninety per cent of their matches with salt. They deserve a taste of their own medicine. Just to prove we're not runnin' from them, we'll give 'em as many title matches as they want."

Sonny "Cool Cat" King is wrestling in California, still in search of scientific matches.

"I left the east so I could try to

get some clean matches on the west coast," Sonny said, "but so far, no go. I wonder if it'll ever happen."

So far Sonny's opponents have included The Invader, The Beast and Black Gordman. Hardly a chance for him to show his scientific stuff.

Hey, did you ever hear of a "Handkerchief Match?" Well, we didn't either until a Canadian promoter came up with the brainstorm. Here's the full scoop:

Leo Burk and Nature Boy Dillon have been feuding for ages and both of them have lost much blood by the other's hand. So, to find out who really loses more blood in their match, the promoter suggested both

(Continued on page 48)



# TEENAGE

She's only 19 years old. But she's six feet tall, quick as a cat, and already wrestling every top name in the sport. She's Susan Greene and before she's through she's gonna turn the wrestling world upside down.



**D**ONNA CHRISTENELLO SAT on a bench in her dressing room and joked with reporters and photographers who popped questions at her. With her usual confidence, Donna answered the questions, most of which were about the new teenage sensation she'd be wrestling that night.

"Susan Green, Susan Green, Susan Green," Donna repeated over and over again. "All I hear is Susan Green. What's so great about Susan Green? She's a kid. A baby. She's 19 years old. How's she gonna stand

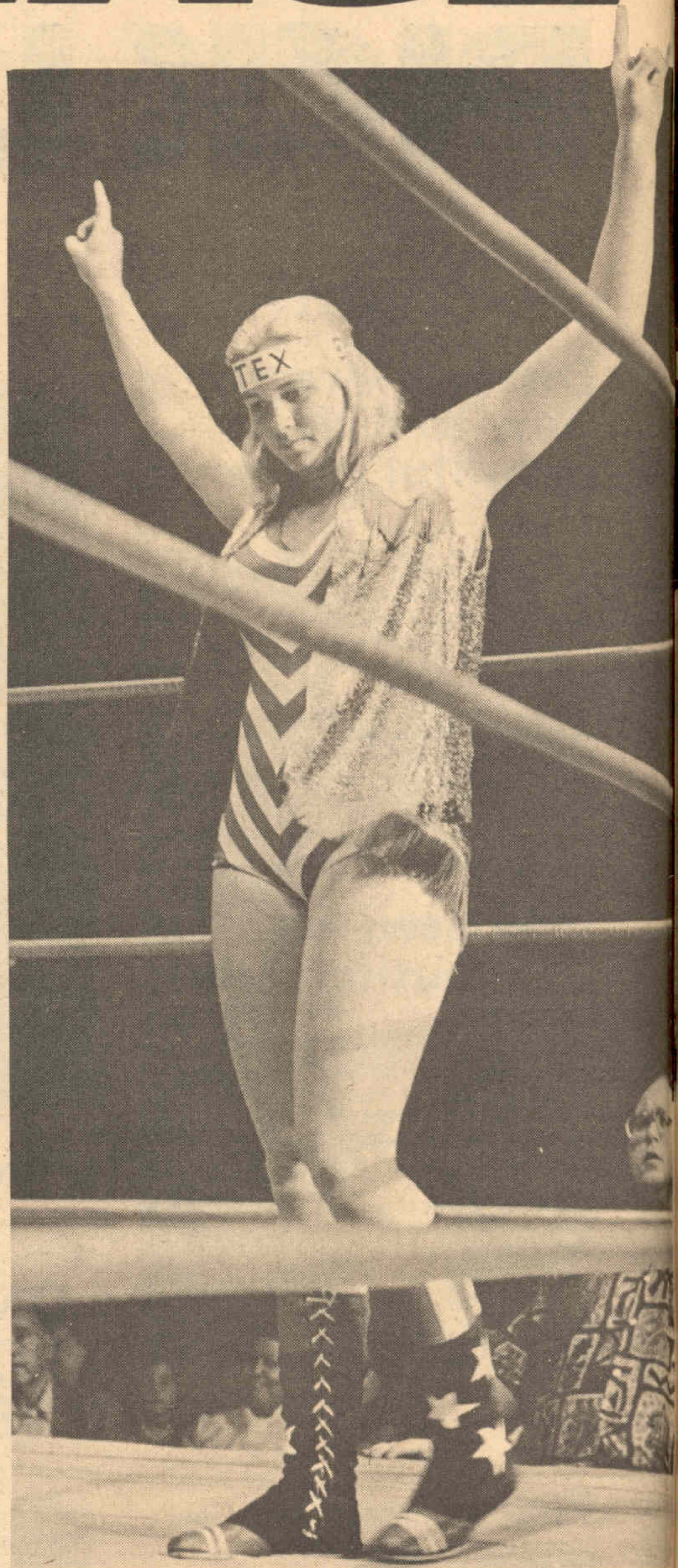
*Pretty Susan Greene (above) is the most exciting young girl to enter wrestling in years. Right: Popular Sue stands six feet tall!!!*

a chance against me? Come see me after the match. Then we'll see how great this Susan Green really is!"

If Donna Christenello was taking Susan Green lightly, nobody else was. For most of the reporters this would be the first chance they'd have to see the young phenomenon in ac-

tion. And like Miss Christenello, few believed she could actually be as sensational as the rumor mill claimed she was.

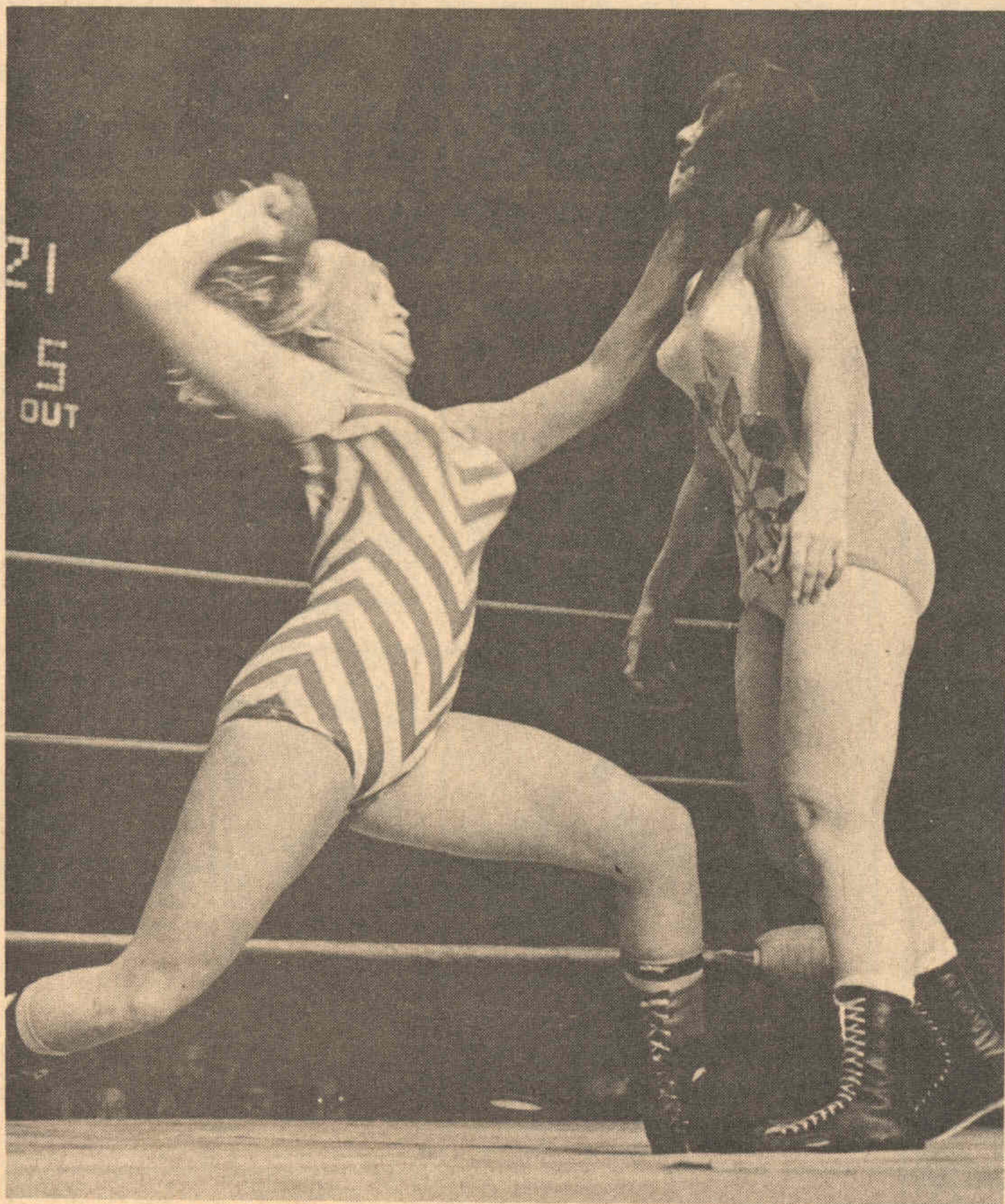
"I've seen these young kids come and go before," said one veteran wrestling scribe. "They build themselves a reputation out in the sticks





# TERROR

## FROM TEXAS!



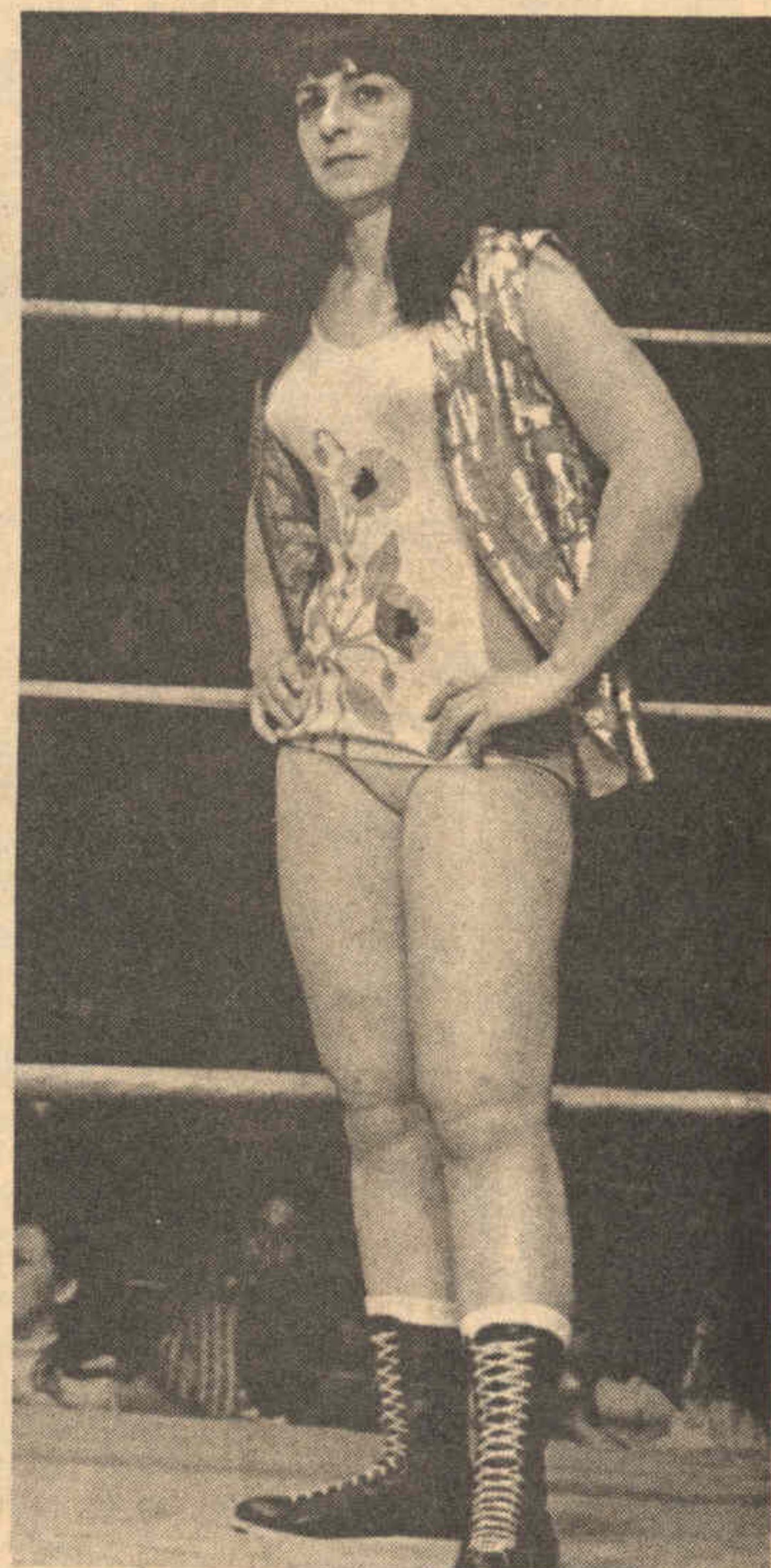
When you're being belted by six-foot-tall, 145-pound Sue Greene—you know you've been hit, as Donna Christenello, who looks like a child by comparison, finds out. Donna admitted Sue is very good. "She must be good," Donna reluctantly added, "she held me to a draw, didn't she?"

somewhere and then they hit the big time, meet someone like Donna Christenello, and you never hear about them again. This one's probably no different."

However, few newcomers ever excited fans all over the country as this young girl. Gene Gordon, a long-

time correspondent for THE WRESTLER and a man who knows his stuff, sent back a rave review after seeing this girl in action in Georgia in a match against world champion Fabulous Moolah.

"She's only 19," Gene wrote, "but she's already up there in a class with



Donna Christenello appears quite confident before her match with Sue. She refused to be bothered by the youngster's reputation.

Moolah, Peggy Patterson, Paula Kaye and Toni Rose. She wrestled Moolah and *she had her beat*—only to lose the match when she missed a flying head scissors. If this girl isn't the world champion within a few years then I don't know anything about wrestling!"

Every place Sue appeared the reports were the same. "Sensational! Fantastic! Unbelievable! Beautiful! Sexy! Dynamic! Great!" Those are only some of the adjectives correspondents have used to describe her.

And what about the girl who has caused so many people to flip?

Well, first of all, Susan's six feet tall! She has the face of an angel,

(Continued on page 62)



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**BULLDOG BOB BROWN**

**S-P-E-C-I-A-L**  
\* **BLACK ANGUS** VS. **BARON VON RASCHKE**  
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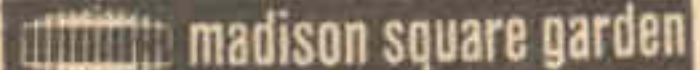
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**PEDRO MORALES**  
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★ **GENE** and **OLE ANDERSON** ★  
VS.  
**THUNDERBOLT PATTERSON & JERRY BRISCO**

★ **"THE MENACE"** ★ **BOB ROOP** ★  
VERSUS VERSUS  
★ **LES THATCHER** ★ **SCOTT CASEY** ★

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VS.  
THE GREAT MAPHISTO**

**'MY TOUGHEST BOUT'**

**March 17, 1962**

**SAN ANGELO, TEXAS**

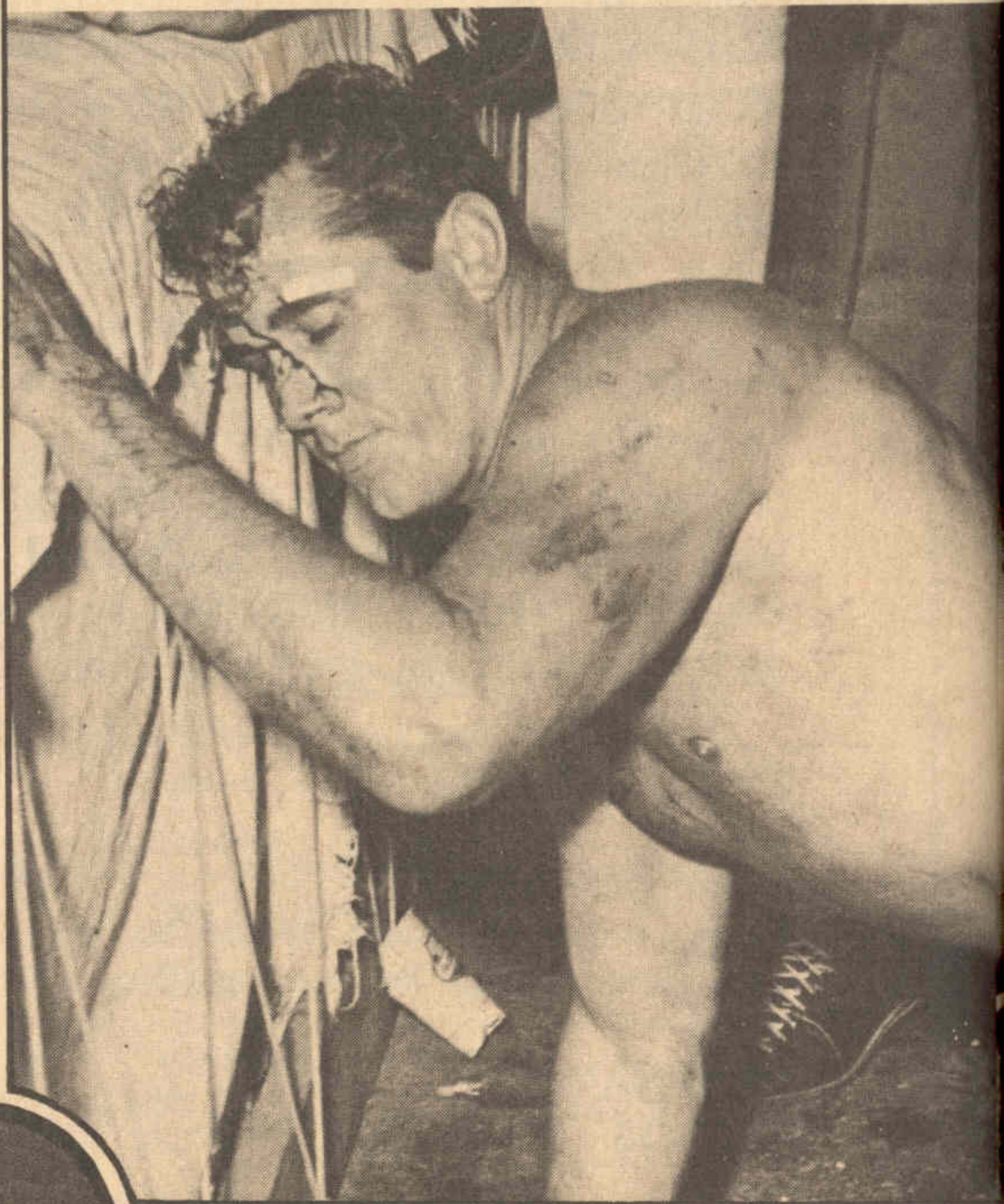
The Great Maphisto is not wrestling any more. And I can't tell you how glad I am that he quit the business. I don't know why he quit, and I don't care. The important thing is that I'll never have to wrestle him again. Once was more than enough. Maphisto was a giant of a man, much stronger than he looked. He wore a mask and it was frightening to see those coal-black eyes of his peering at you through the holes in the mask. He busted my face open with his fists and I think I lost a couple of quarts of blood before the doctors finally sewed me back together. I was determined to get revenge by pulling off his mask. I came very close to getting it off a couple of times, but the best I could do was rip off the part that covered his nose. We battled in the ring, out of the ring and in the aisles. I finally managed to pin him in the last fall to take the match, but I still can't figure out where I got the strength after losing all that blood.

**WRITTEN AND APPROVED**

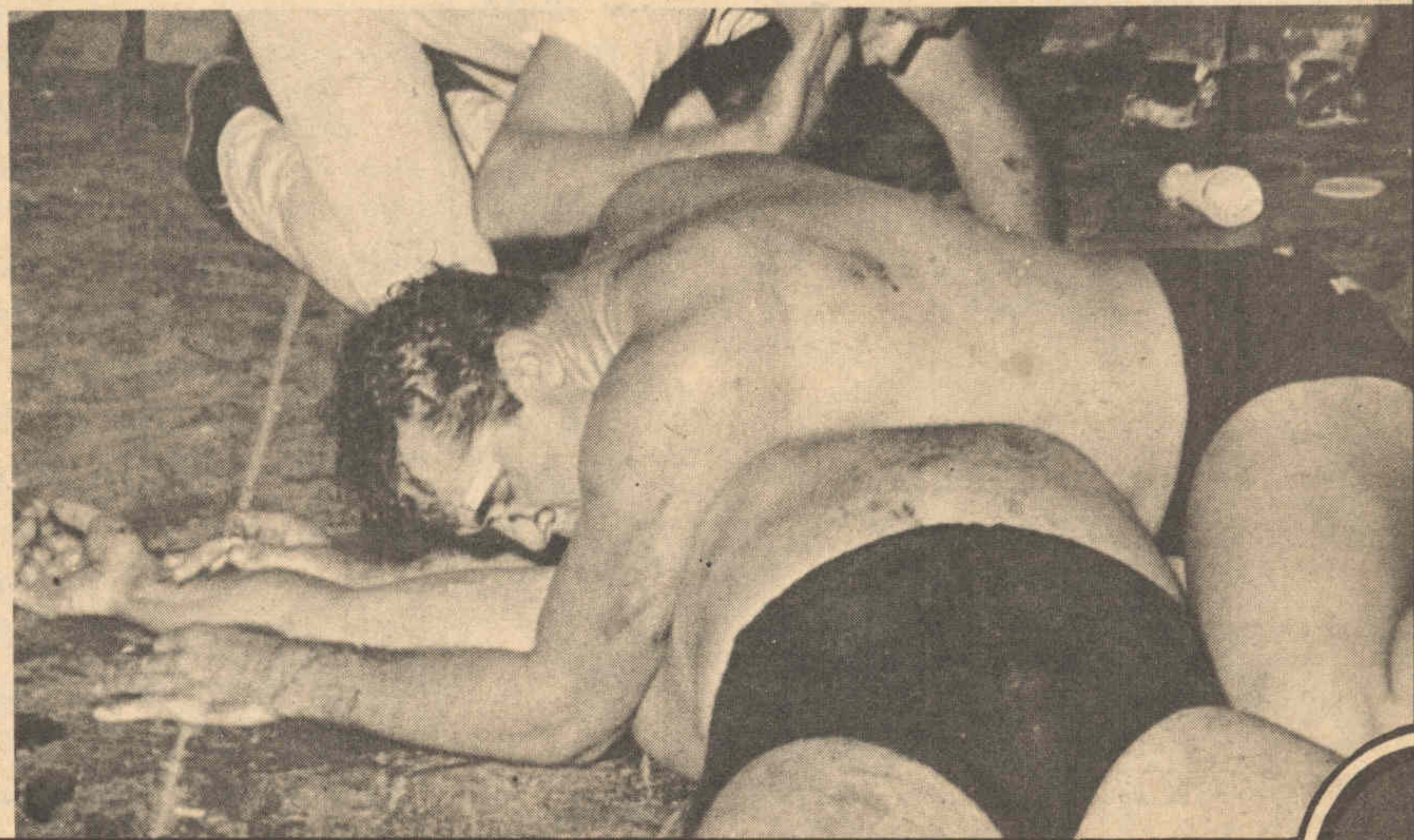
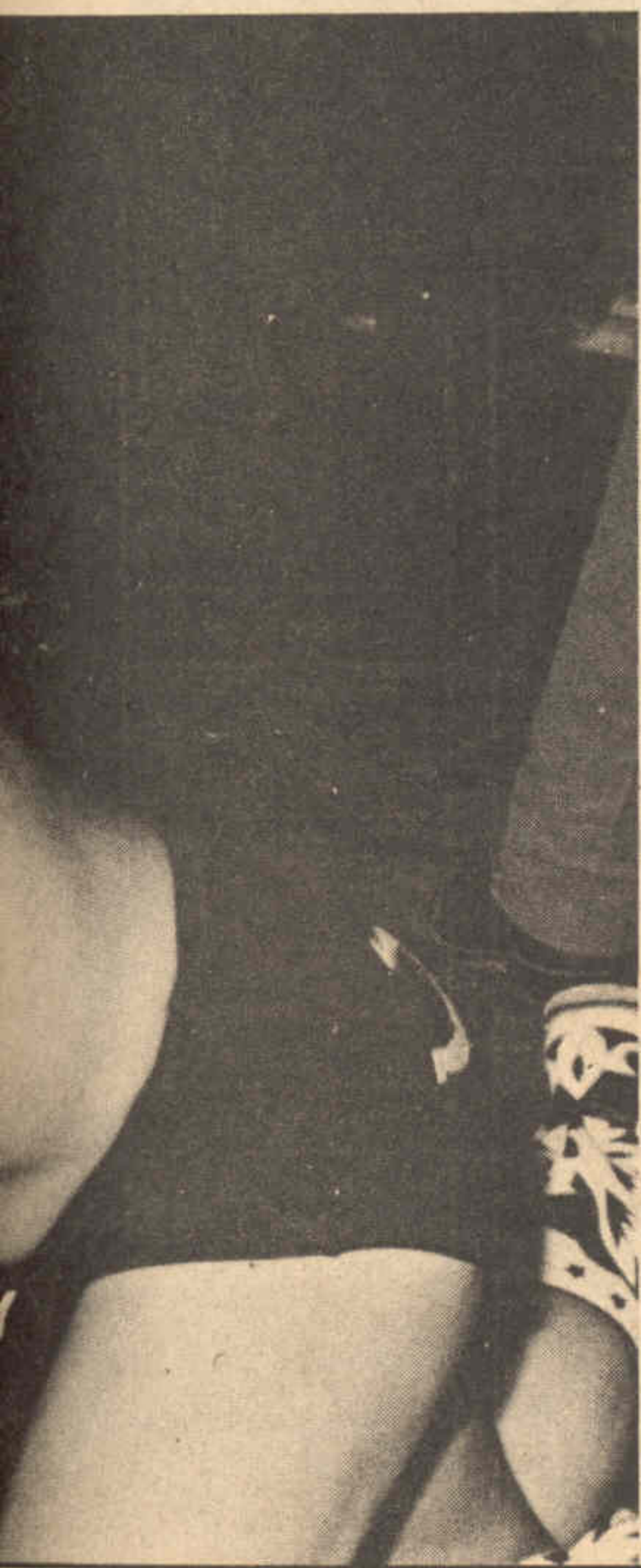
*By Bob Ellis*



I needed a blood transfusion after this bout, as you can see by looking at the pictures. But Maphisto needed a transfusion, too. There was nothing he would stop at, nothing he would not do if he figured it could help him win. He slugged me so much my head felt like a punching bag, and I spent a lot of time crawling around on my knees (below). If ever I considered myself lucky to win a match, this was it (bottom, opp. page).



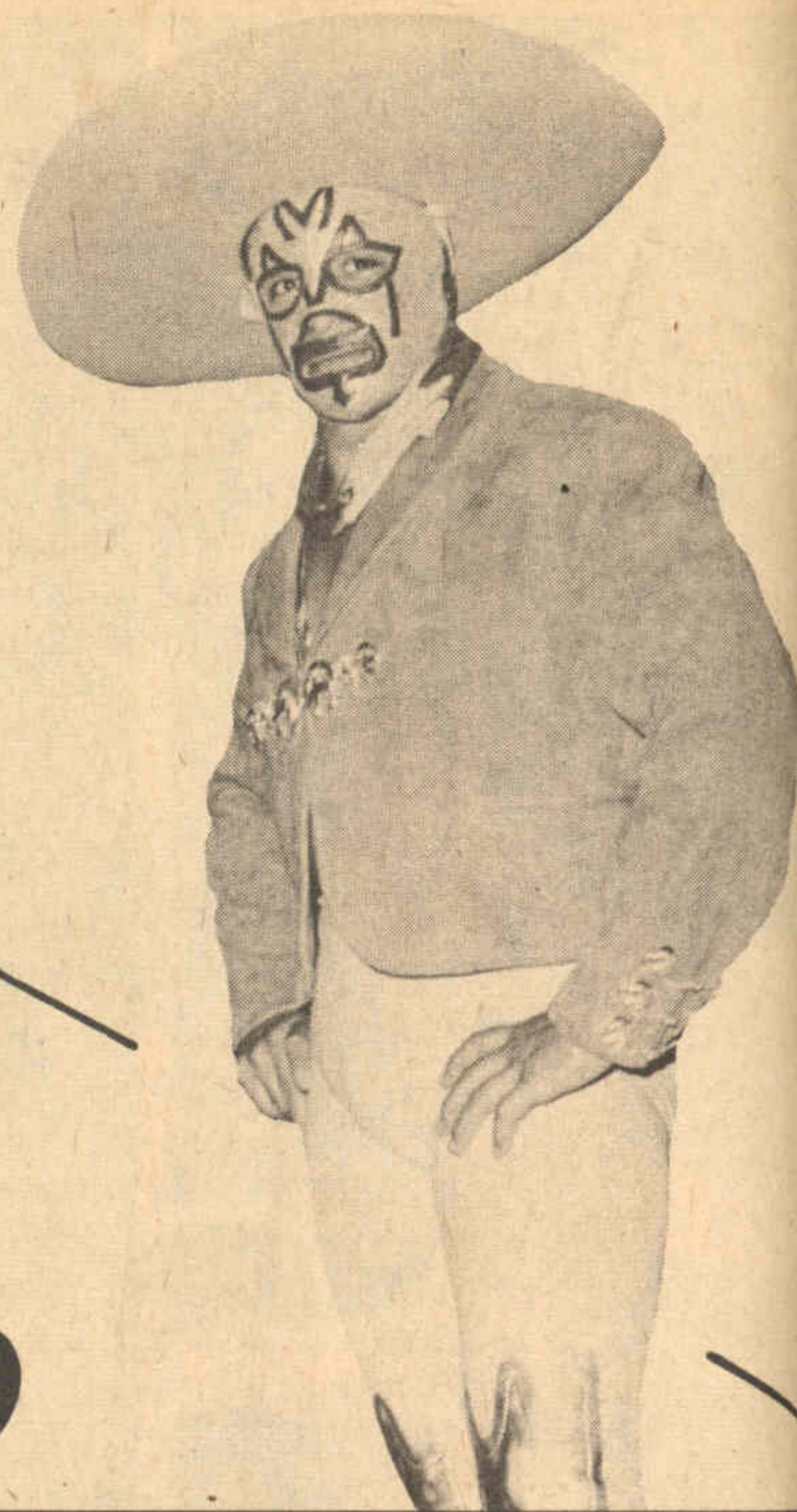








## MIL MASCARAS' OWN STORY:



Mascaras entered the ring wearing colorful Mexican sombrero (right). And he got the shock of his life when he saw the man he was scheduled to wrestle (below).

# 'THE NIGHT I TRIED TO

# MURDER

## MY BROTHER!



When Mil Mascaras stepped into the ring to wrestle a newcomer called "El Sicodelico" Mil thought he was looking into a mirror. This guy had the gall to try to copy his style and he even wore the same kind of costume Mascaras had made world famous—right down to the elaborate mask. "Who in hell is this guy anyway?" Mil wondered. Then he got so mad he wanted to kill the imposter! But as it turned out, he's glad he didn't...



## BY MIL MASCARAS

AS I LOOK back on it now I can chuckle. But when I think back to that night in Los Angeles and remember how I first felt—I still get embarrassed. I am not a man who angers easily. But when I looked across the ring and saw *myself*—I was first stunned and then boiling mad.

It all began the week before when I asked the promoter who I was wrestling next Saturday. He told me I would be in against a very talented newcomer, someone who called himself "El Sicodelico." He said El Sicodelico had once been the lightweight champion of Mexico.

"Fine," I thought to myself. "I will welcome my fellow Mexican to Los Angeles."

Then the promoter said something else, which I kind of brushed off at the time. "As a matter of fact," the promoter told me, "this El Sicodelico is pretty good. He reminds me of you."

I didn't give it much thought then. But a week later those words would come back to haunt me. During the week, I asked around at the gym if anybody ever heard of El Sicodelico. Nobody had. Or if they did they

were certainly keeping it a secret from me.

I didn't train any differently that week. I was more curious than usual but that happens to every wrestler whenever he meets an opponent nobody ever heard of. In all honesty, I really didn't think much about it until I stepped into the ring. The first thing I noticed was that all the wrestlers on the card had come out of their dressing rooms. I thought they were all smiling and I wondered why. I would find out later.

I was in the ring waiting for El Sicodelico to make his appearance. Then, when I saw him, I nearly passed out. Then I got angry. Very angry.

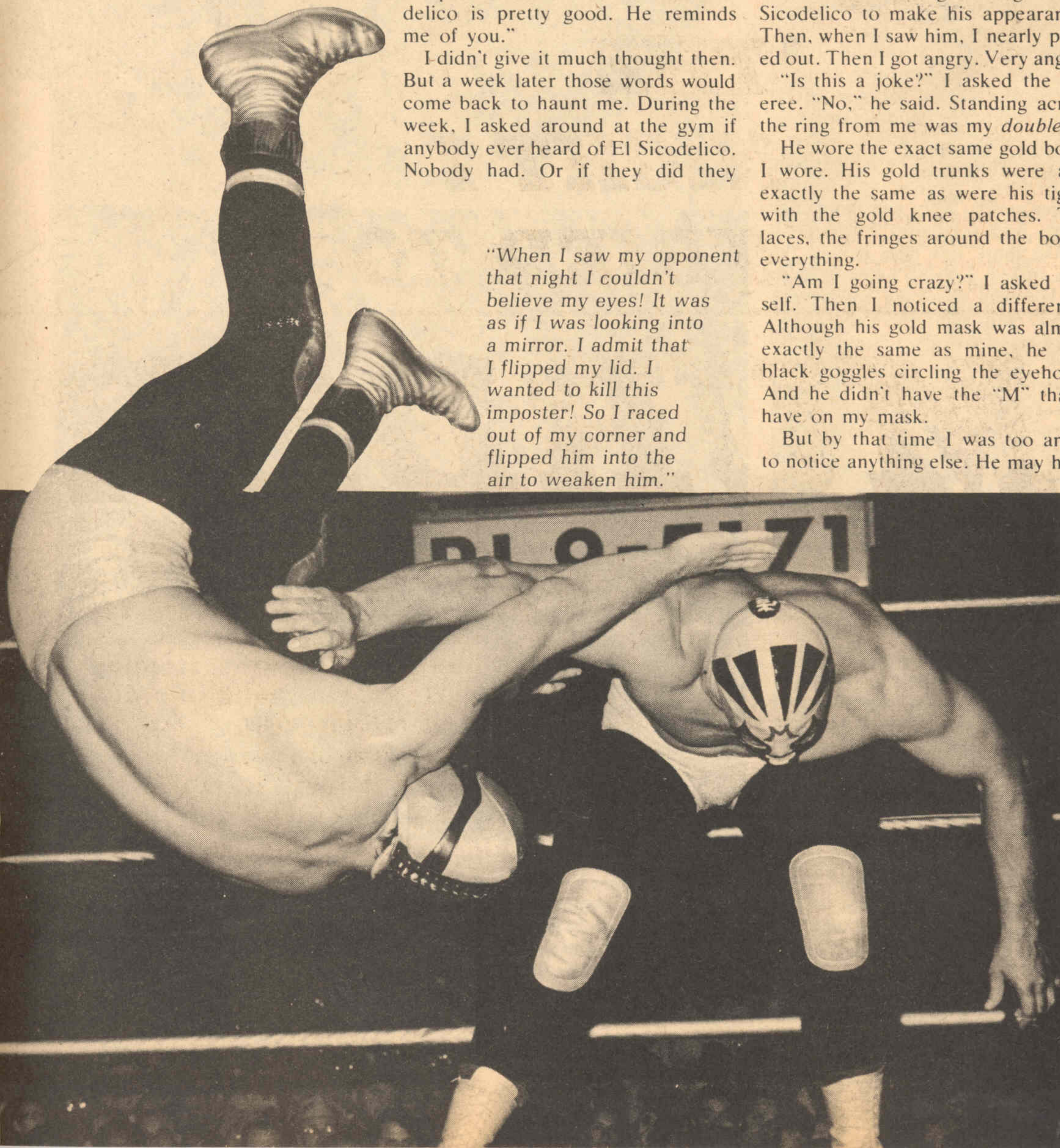
"Is this a joke?" I asked the referee. "No," he said. Standing across the ring from me was my *double*!

He wore the exact same gold boots I wore. His gold trunks were also exactly the same as were his tights with the gold knee patches. The laces, the fringes around the boots, everything.

"Am I going crazy?" I asked myself. Then I noticed a difference. Although his gold mask was almost exactly the same as mine, he had black goggles circling the eyeholes. And he didn't have the "M" that I have on my mask.

But by that time I was too angry to notice anything else. He may have

*"When I saw my opponent that night I couldn't believe my eyes! It was as if I was looking into a mirror. I admit that I flipped my lid. I wanted to kill this imposter! So I raced out of my corner and flipped him into the air to weaken him."*





*El Sicodelico sends Mascaras crashing to the mat with a perfectly executed arm-draw. "I was amazed," Mil would say later. "The arm-draw is one of my favorite holds!"*

been wearing gold but all I saw was red! What nerve! How dare he mock me in front of all these people! For the first time in my life I was mad enough to kill!

When the referee gave us our instructions El Sicodelico never said a word. Throughout the match he never said a word. He just wrestled—cleanly and very scientifically. I tried everything I could on him. Nothing worked. He seemed to know everything I was going to do. For every hold I applied he had the counter-hold. It was like I was wrestling against myself!

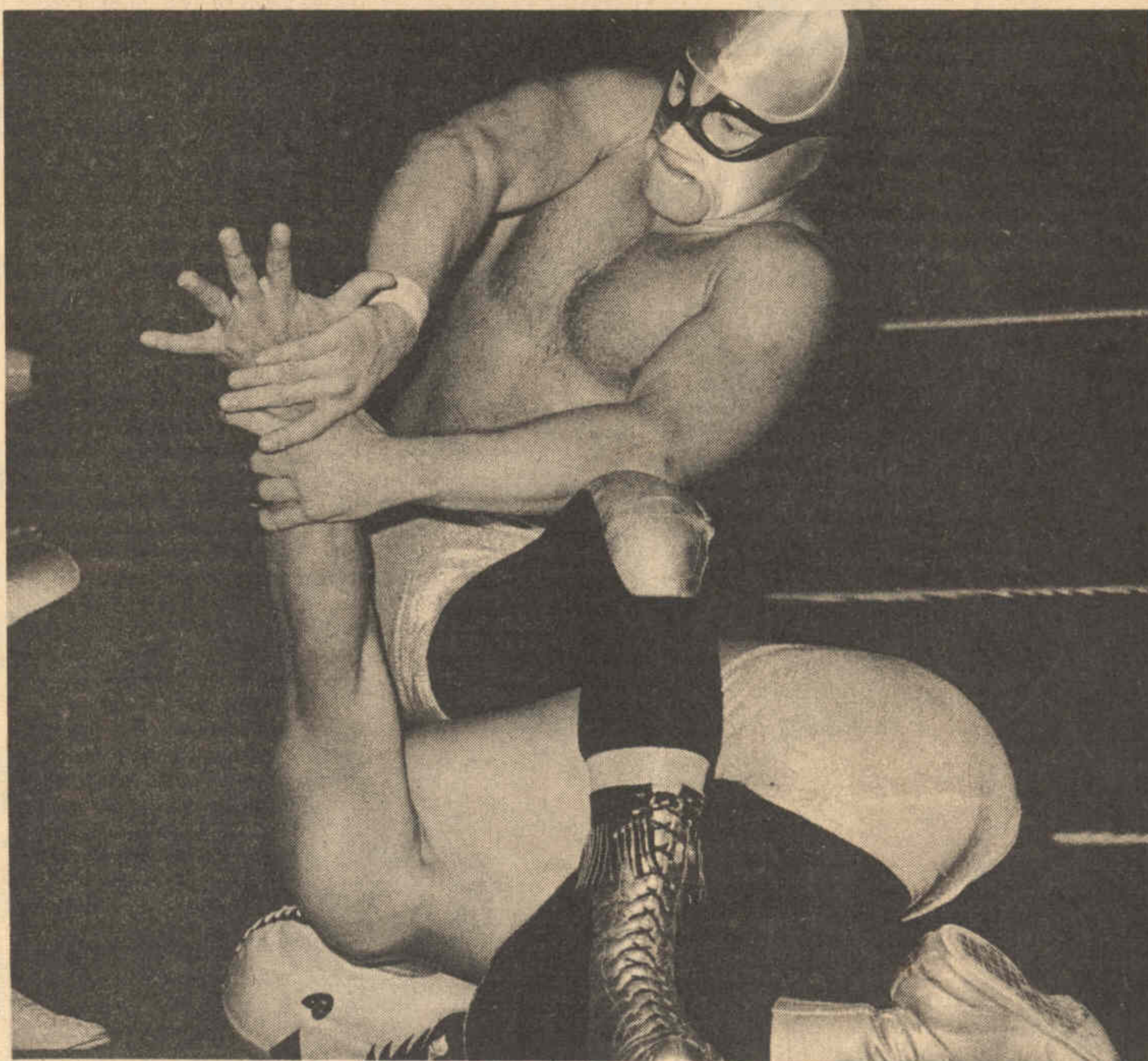
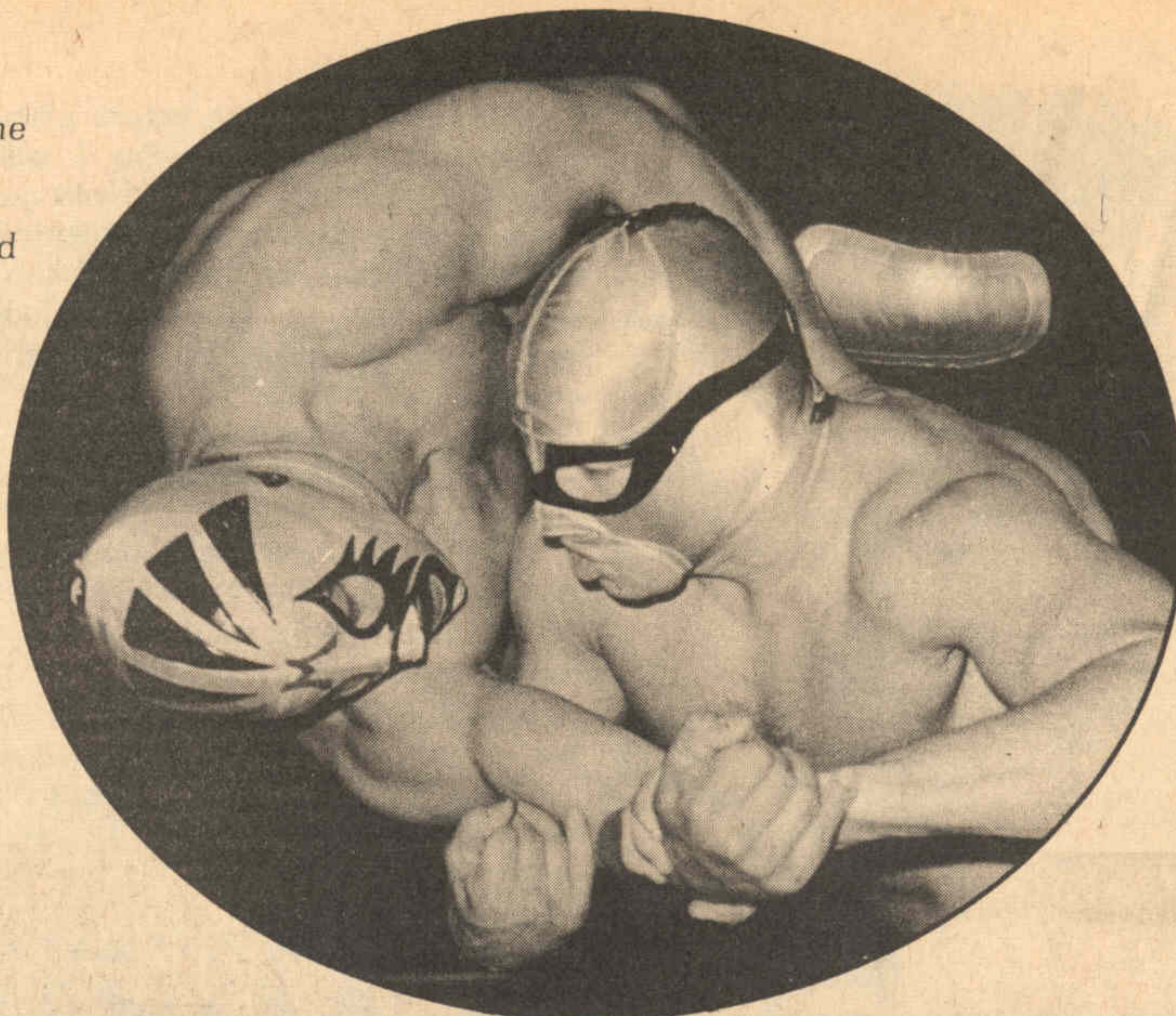
I was getting more and more frustrated. And the more frustrated I got the more this man behind the mask smiled. I didn't know what to do. He was mocking me and I couldn't stop him. He knew every one of my pet holds. It was a nightmare!

For 15 minutes we wrestled and I could not get an advantage. I tried a spinning toe-hold. He spun right out of it. I applied an arm bar. He flipped me. A step-over-toehold. He kicked out. He did everything I would have done. By now I was so mad I couldn't see straight. I tried to pull off his mask. He wriggled away. For the first time in my life I hoped the bell would ring so I could at least get a draw!

The bell did ring and the match was over. I walked back to my corner with my head down, dejected and disappointed. I felt as if I had lost. Never had I met a man who was so much my equal and yet refused to resort—even once—to foul tactics.

I looked around and the other wrestlers were still laughing. I couldn't understand why. I thought they liked me. Why would they laugh? I did the only thing left to do. When the ring announcer announced the decision I went over to El Sicodelico.

"Hombre," I said, "I never wanted to beat anybody as much as I wanted to beat you tonight. When I saw you dressed like me I wanted to kill you.



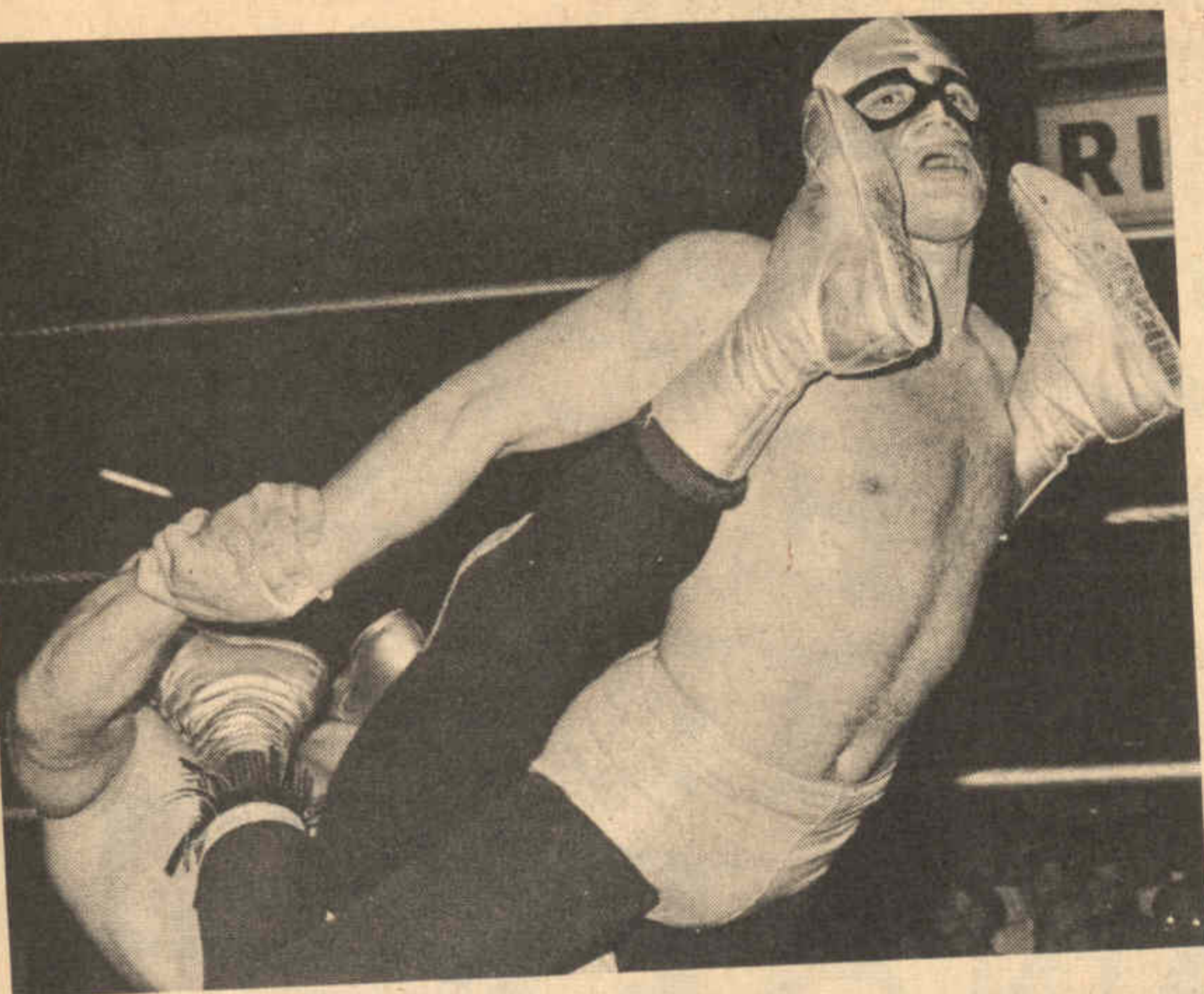
But now I respect you. I am not happy you chose to make fun of me by wearing my costume. But I must be man enough to admit that you are one of the finest and cleanest wrestlers I have ever met."

When I said that he smiled. And his reply sent my heart into my mouth.

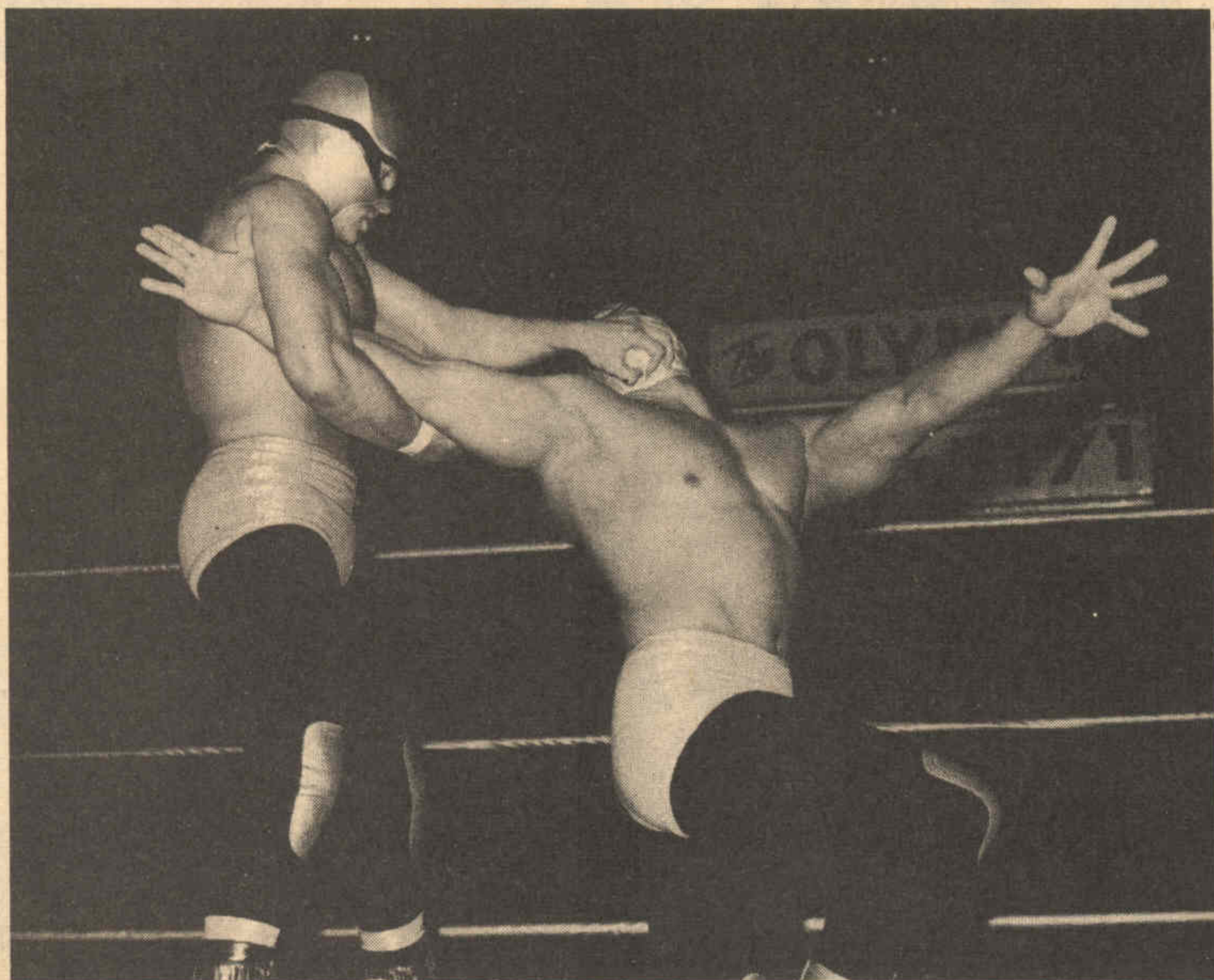
"I should be one of the best wres-

*When El Sicodelico had Mascaras on the mat he immediately punished Mil with an array of arm and wristlocks that had Mascaras groaning in agony.*





The crowd howled with glee when Mil and El Sicodelico locked themselves in the same hold—a "rocking chair"—and proceeded to roll back and forth on their stomachs. Right: Soon after their sensational match, Mil and Sicodelico (rt) joined together in what seems an unbeatable team.



Sicodelico about to force Mascaras to the floor with combination arm and chinlock.

ters you ever met," he answered. "I had the best teacher."

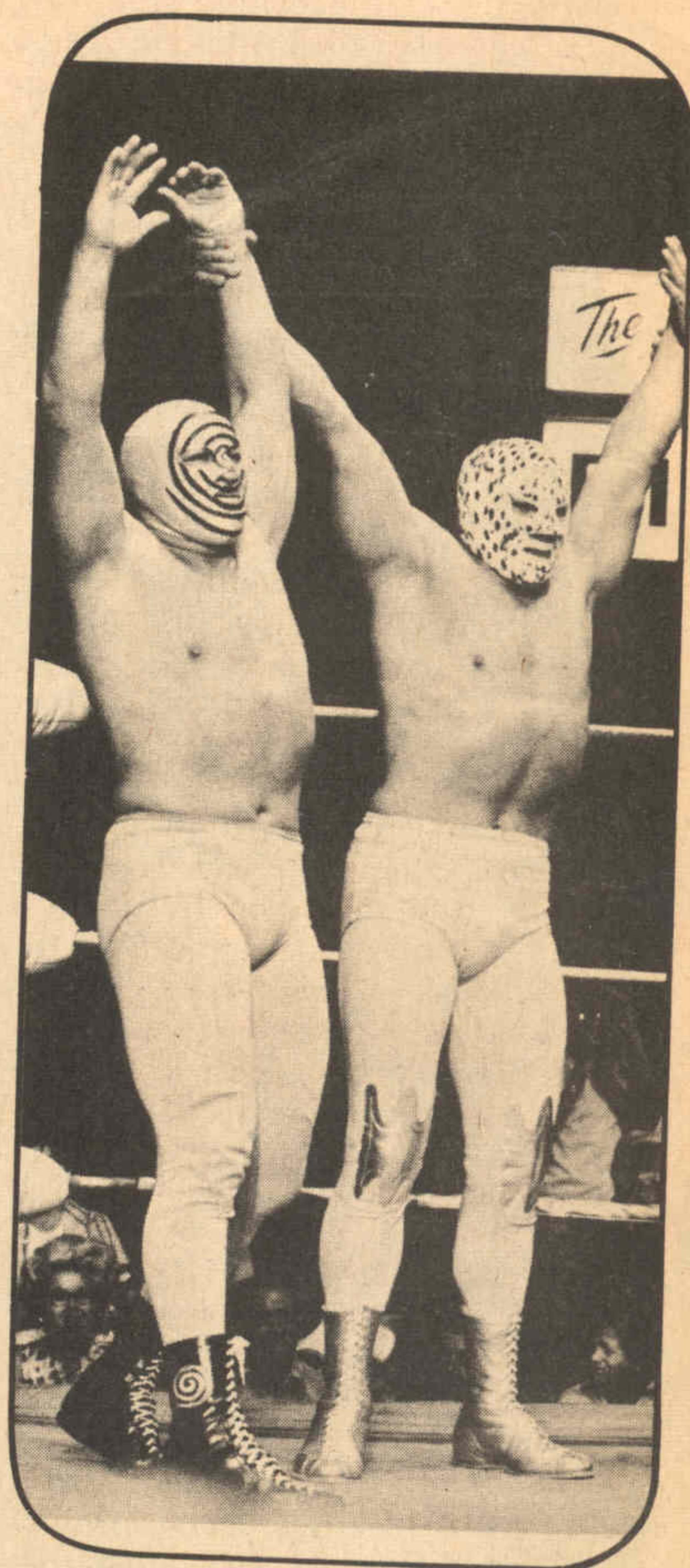
At first I didn't believe my ears. It couldn't be. But it was. My brother! My baby brother whom I hadn't seen for six years! I looked around and the other wrestlers were laughing even louder. Now I knew why. They knew. They were in it all the time.

"Hey, Mil," the promoter hollered at me. "I told you El Sicodelico reminds me of you."

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry I was so happy. We threw our

arms around each other and embraced. I was too stunned to speak. I later found out that the whole thing had been carefully planned and just about everyone except me was in on it. But I was so happy to see my brother I didn't care if I had been tricked. It was the best trick anybody ever played on me!

He told me he had been wrestling in Mexico and showed me the belt he won for winning the Mexican championship. He said the Mexican promoters told him he was good enough to come to the United States and make big money. So they contacted the Los Angeles promoter and set it up. It wasn't easy. Earl Maynard told me he had to strain



himself to keep a straight face when I asked him in the gym if he ever heard of El Sicodelico. Earl said he thought he would crack up.

Later, we all went to a party and my brother told me, "You trained me too well when we were boys. Every day I watched films of your matches. I try to imitate you. When you taught me those holds you also taught me all the counterholds."

From now on you will be seeing a lot of El Sicodelico. My brother and I are going to win the World's Tag Team Championship. And on the night we do we'll probably sit around and laugh about the time I was so angry I tried to murder him in the ring! □



# THE BIZARRE CASE OF THE KIDNAPPED WRESTLER



Dale Lewis (above) as he looked in motel after the incredible incident. The picture (left) may be Lewis dressed as the Grappler before bout, trying to hide his face from photographer.





**Here's the inside story of how a popular wrestler was forcibly kept from appearing in an important television match so that an evil imposter could take his place**

**I**T WAS GOING to be a big night for the Florida Wrestling Association. It had just signed a contract to televise the main event from Ft. Meyers, and if all went well, a big TV contract waited.

To make sure TV fans would see an exciting match, the promoters lined up Jack Brisco to go against the Grappler, two of the country's most scientific wrestlers.

But J.C. Dykes, manager of the Infernos and Dale Lewis, had another idea.

"I had gotten to the dressing room a little earlier than usual," the Grappler remembers. "I didn't want to take any chances on being held up in traffic. This was an important TV match for Florida. I knew I was going in against a very good wrestler and I wanted to be as ready as

possible.

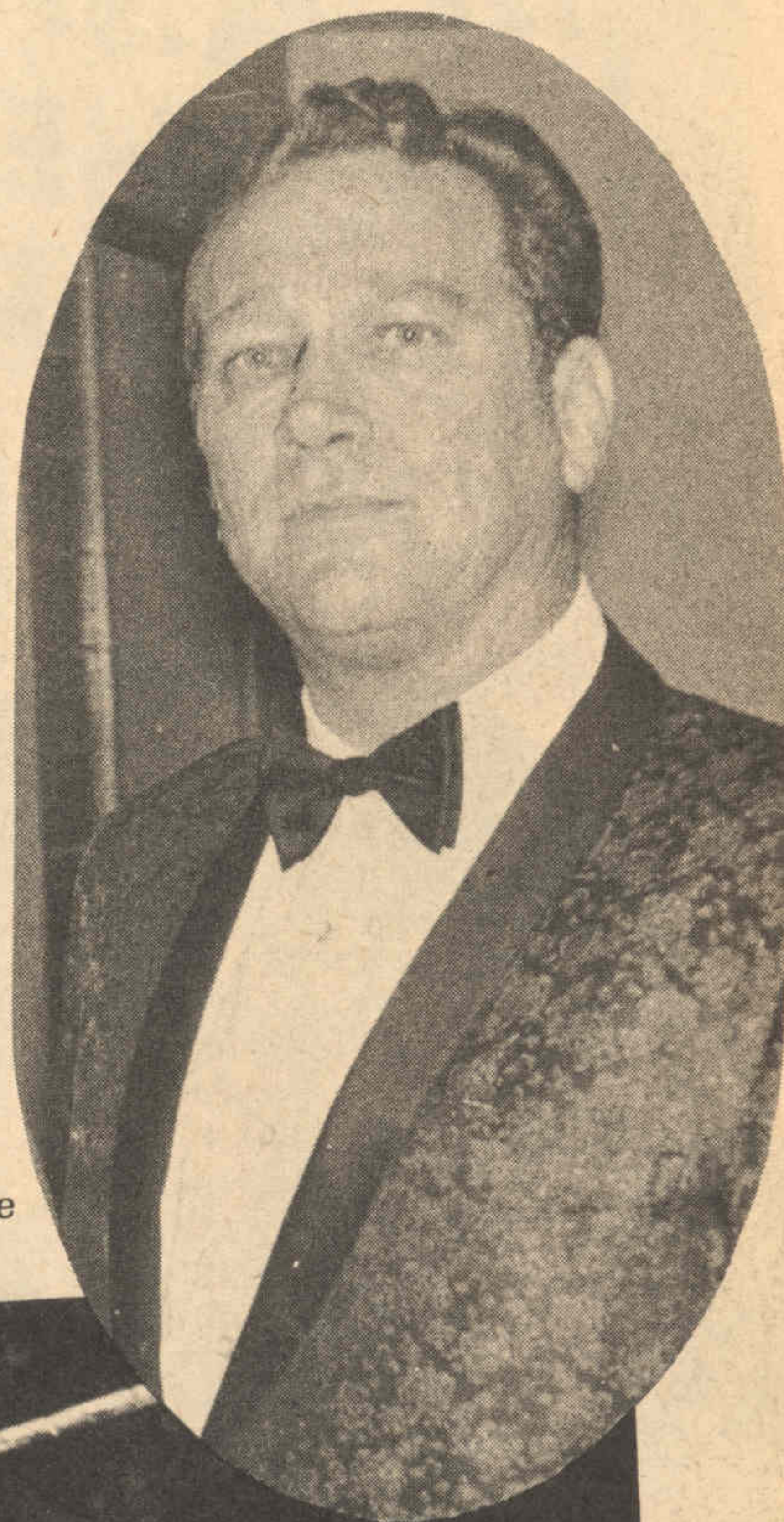
"The early matches were pretty well over and I changed into my trunks and was about to put on my mask. The dressing room was deserted except for Dykes and Lewis. I nodded 'hello' but didn't say anything.

"Suddenly, Dykes and Lewis jumped me, threw me off the bench and onto the floor. Before I could react I was handcuffed—one hand to the heavy wooden bench and the other to the metal drainpipe.

"Then Dykes ripped my mask off my face and stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth so I couldn't yell, but I could tell what they were planning. Lewis was putting on my mask and my trunks. He was going to impersonate me and turn this important TV match into a shambles. Jack Bris-

*(Continued on page 53)*

Manager J.C. Dykes (right), who masterminded the plan, called the incident "My proudest moment in my many years in wrestling. Nobody but a genius like me could have done it." Dykes leaps into ring to help the Grappler (below).



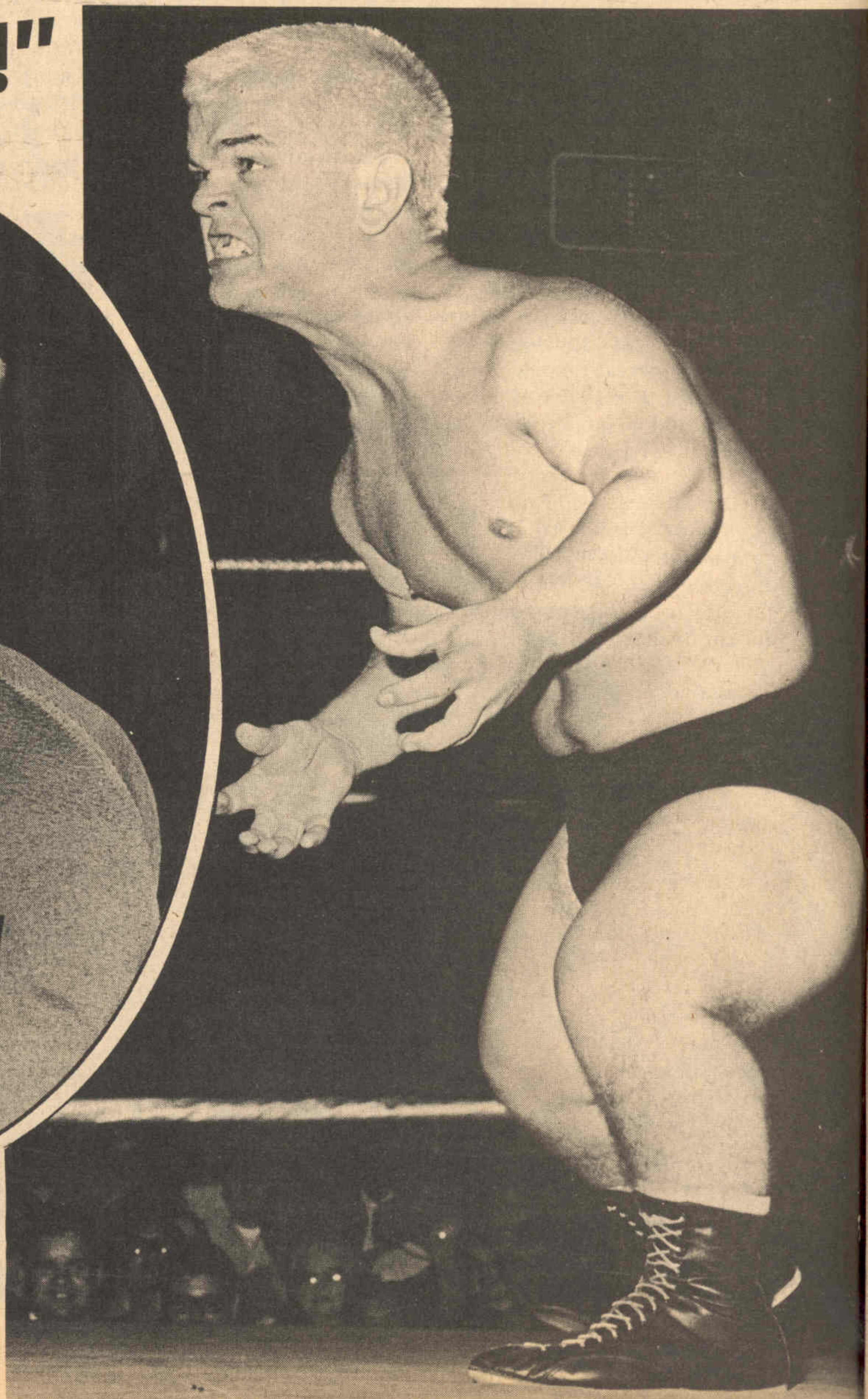


# LITTLE BRUISER ADMITS:

**"I'M ASHAMED OF  
DICK THE BRUISER—  
HE'S A DIRTY DOUBLE  
CROSSER!"**



Little Bruiser (right) is a smaller version of his former idol, Bruiser (above). They have the same blond crewcuts and even the same snarl.





**"He's ancient history... an ex-Bruiser. Who ever heard of anybody with a name like 'Bruiser' being a nice guy? He oughtta get out of wrestling and take up flower arranging or something!"**

**W**RESTLING'S MOST dynamic, deadly and diminutive villain was on his way back to the dressing room after being disqualified in his match against Lord Littlebrook when a fan's voice made him stop in his tracks.

"Hey, you!" the voice called. "You may *look* like The Bruiser—but you sure *don't* wrestle like him!"

Without warning, the midget wrestler, the one called Little Bruiser, turned and streaked toward the fan.

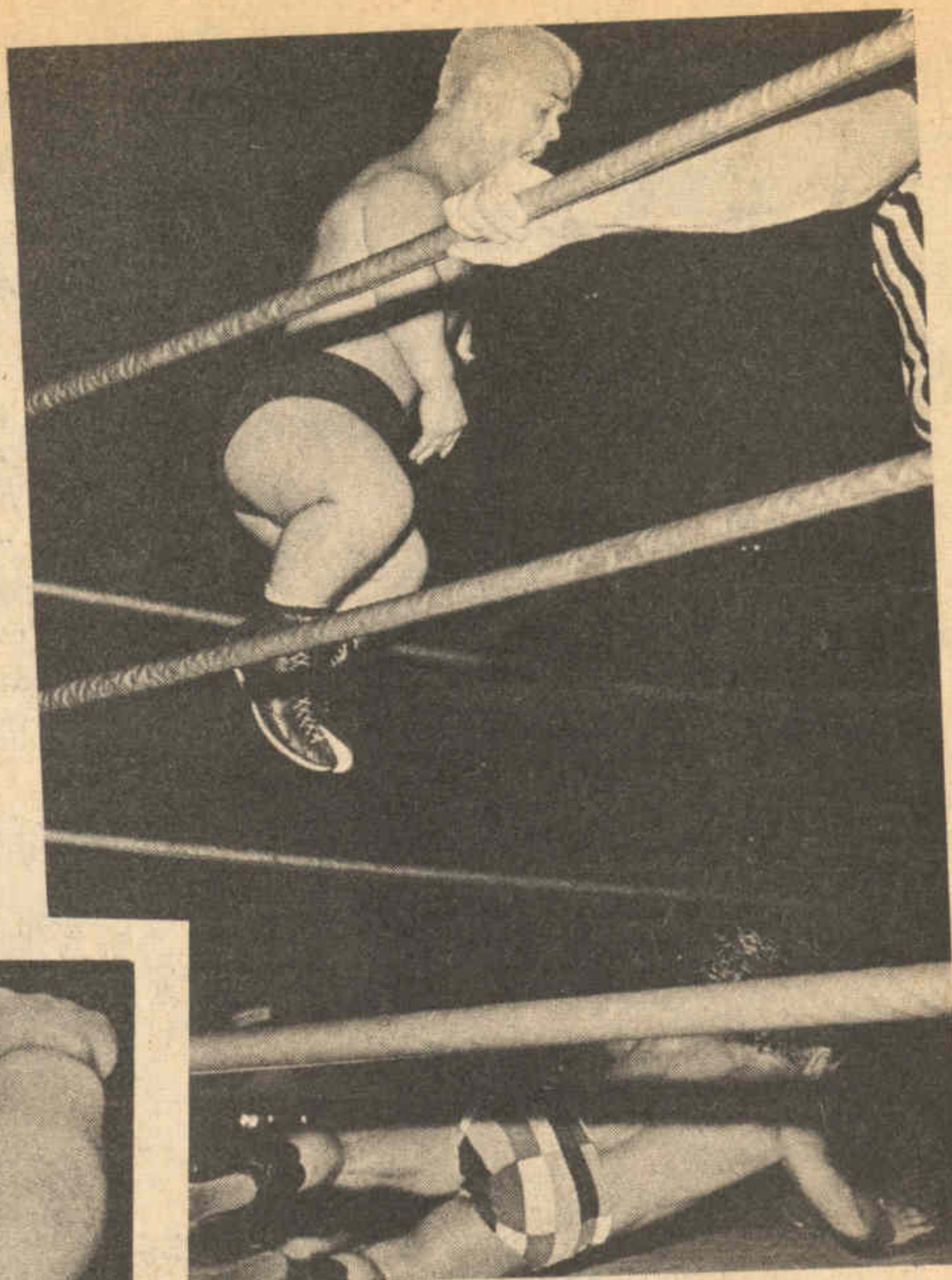
"Listen, you!" he roared. "Don't you ever mention that bum's name in my presence again! He's nothing but an overgrown beachball!"

With that, Little Bruiser turned and stalked back into his dressing room, still fuming. Why had a man, who admired The Bruiser so much that he took his name, suddenly sour on his hero?

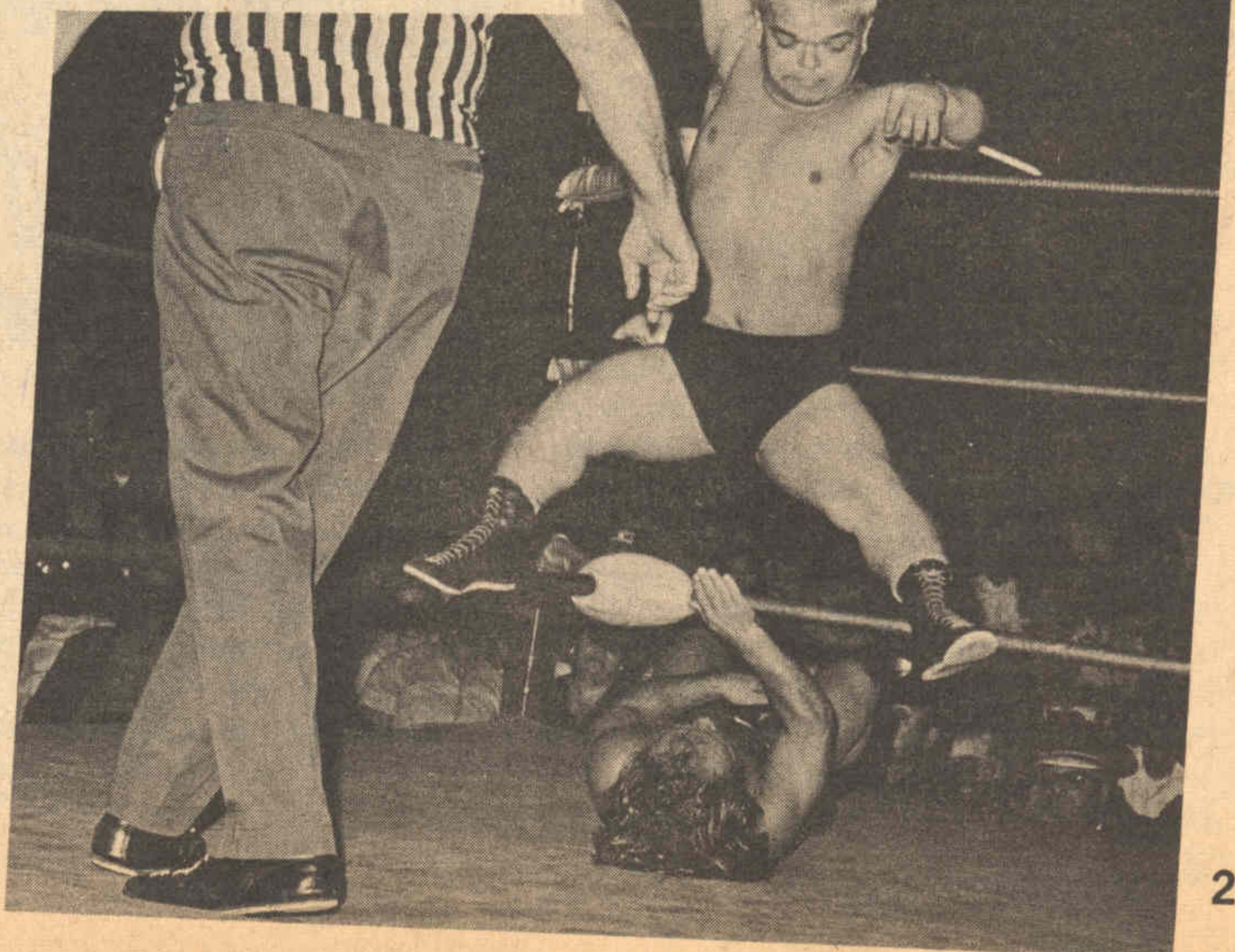
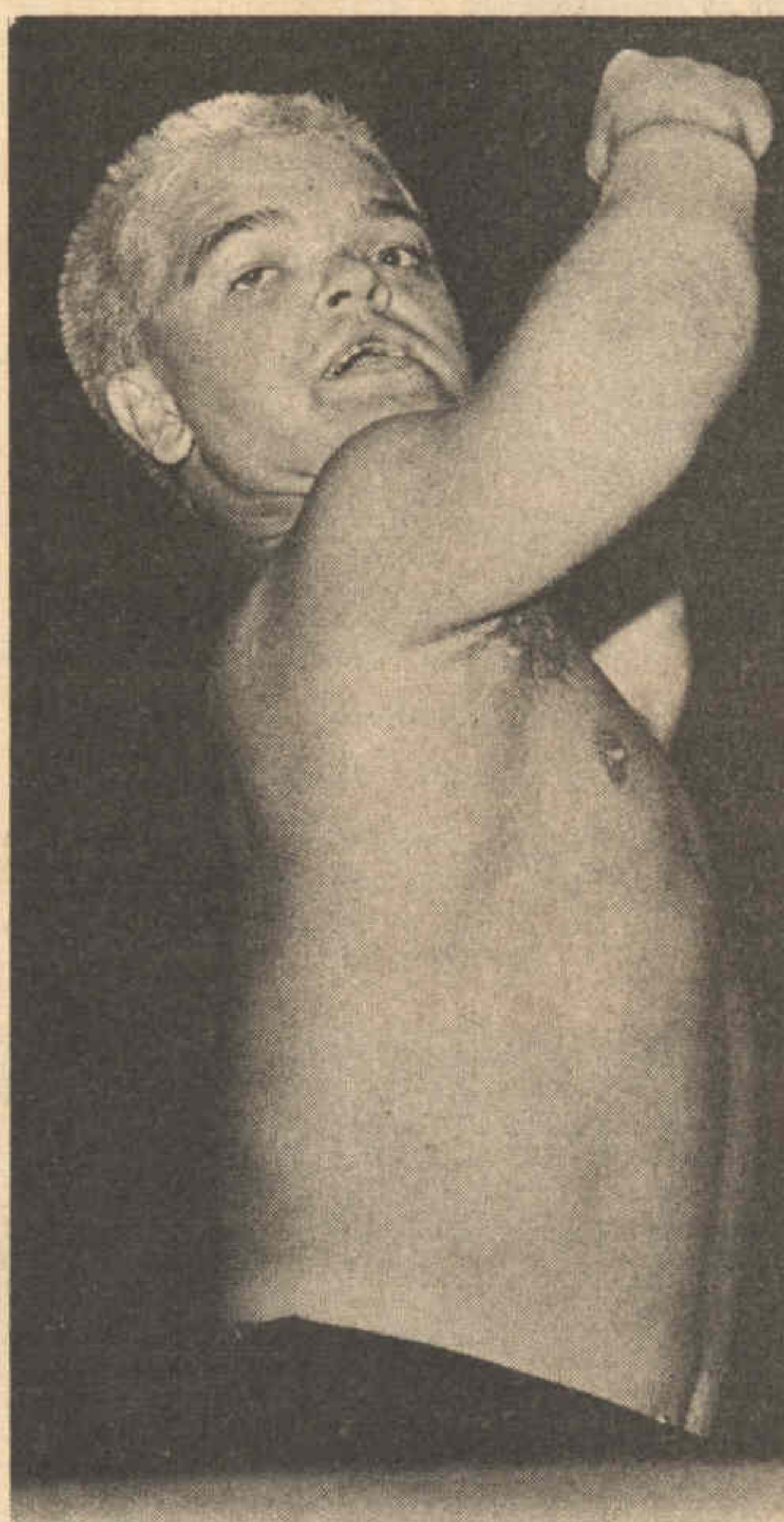
"Hero?" Little Bruiser snapped. "Hah! That's a laugh. Some hero! Sure, he was my idol once. But no more. You want to know the truth? I'm ashamed of The Bruiser. I'm ashamed I look like him and I'm ashamed I took his name! The Bruiser is a low-down, dirty double-crosser! And you can tell him I said so!"

Little Bruiser's outburst was amazing—for years he has been telling everyone that The Bruiser was his idol. They look the same. They have the same blond crewcuts. Even the same snarl. And, in fact, until Big Bruiser changed his ways, he and Little Bruiser had exactly the same wrestling styles. And *that* is what turned Little Bruiser off on his former idol.

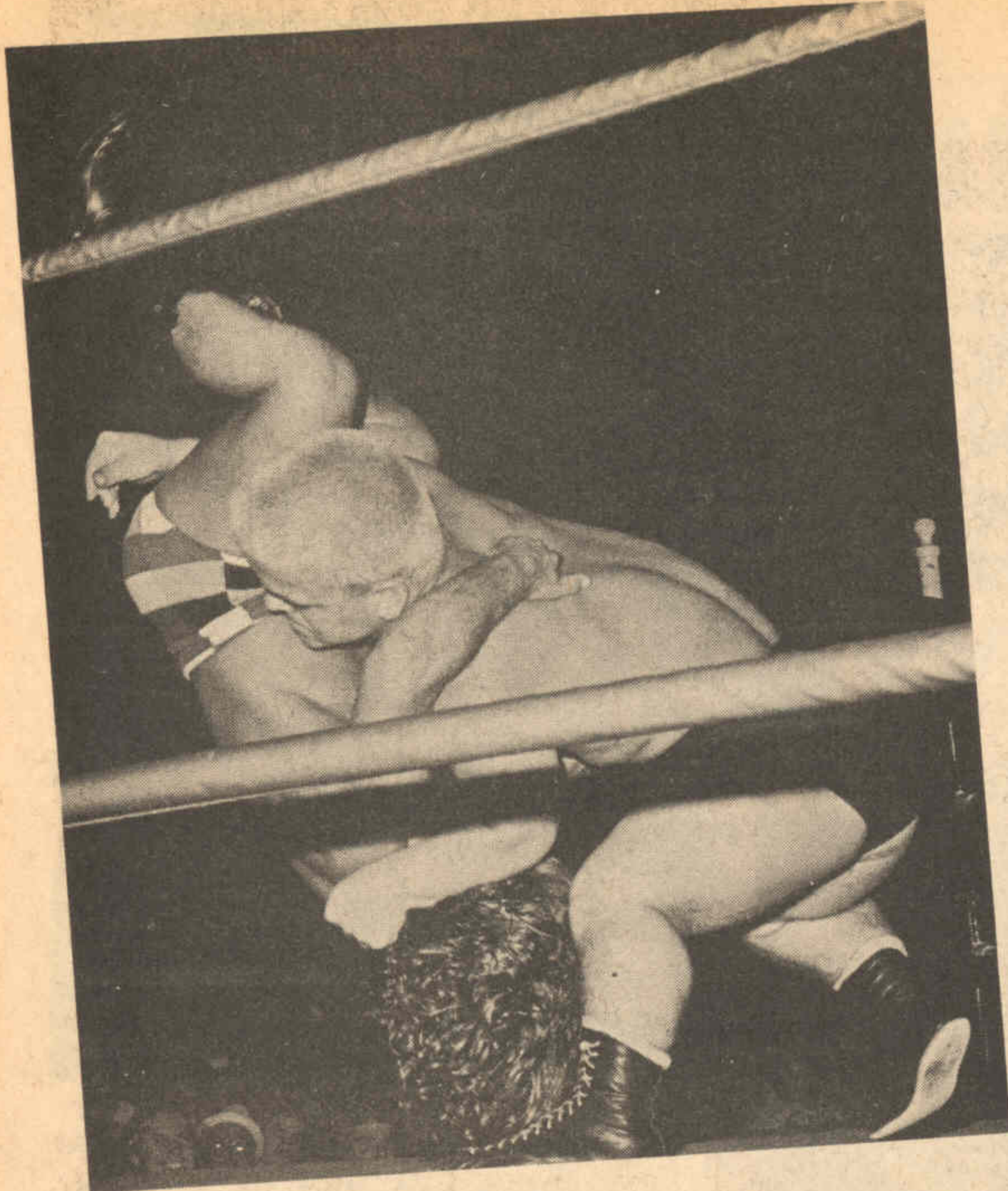
"I loved that man," the midget mighty-mite said. "When I first saw him wrestle he was a holy terror! Some of my friends noticed we looked alike and that was all I needed



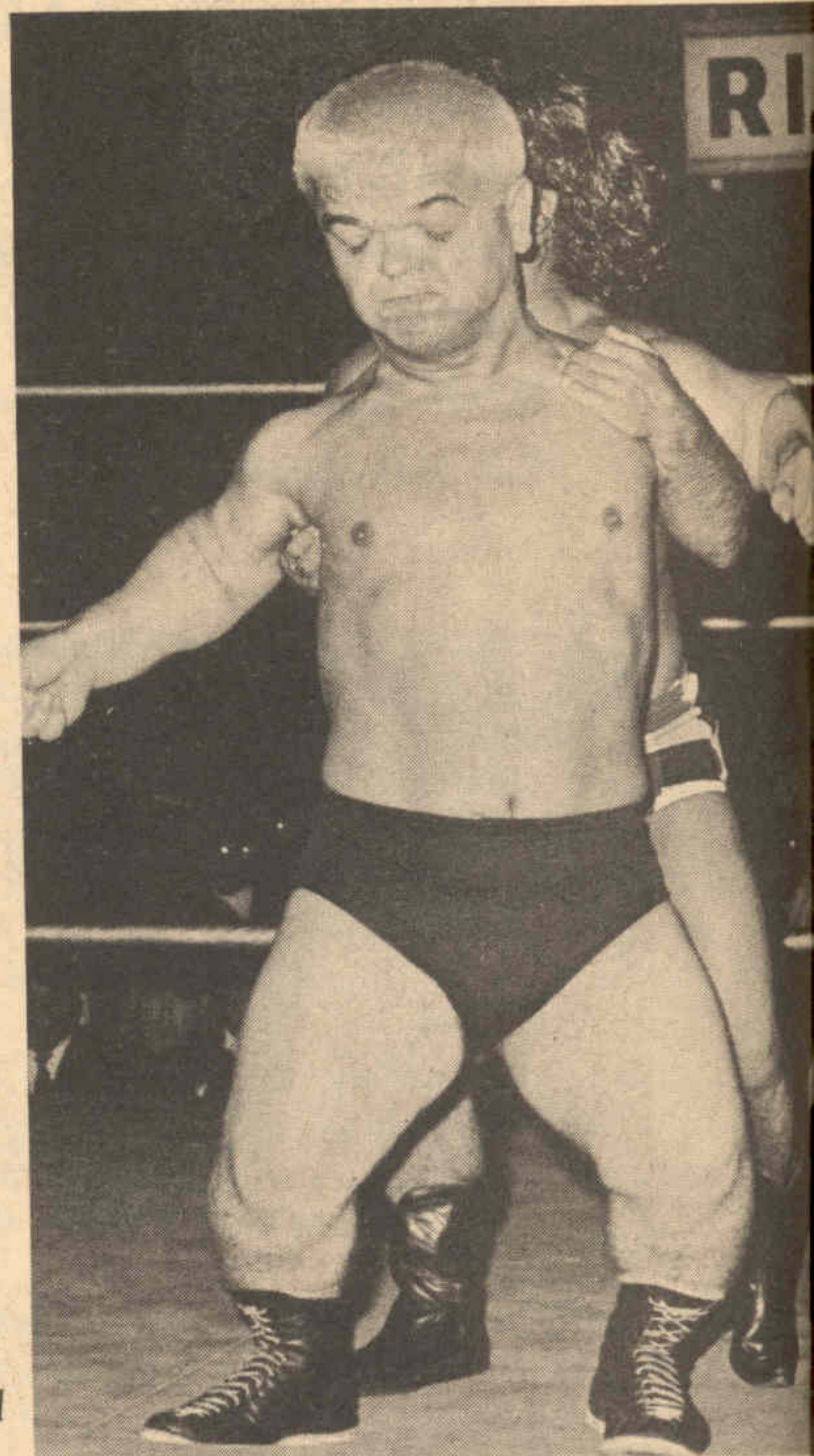
Little Bruiser zeroes in on Lord Littlebrook (above), coming down with both feet landing in the small of Littlebrook's back. When letting the crowd know what he thinks of them, Little Bruiser uses gestures similar to those Big Bruiser once used (left). Below, he crashes down on the helpless Lord Littlebrook. "You can look at films of Bruiser's old matches and know exactly what to expect from Little Bruiser," Lord Littlebrook insists.







Little Bruiser sends Lord Littlebrook onto the canvas with his vicious body slam. Big Bruiser attended Little Bruiser's first professional bout and told him it was "like watching myself in the ring." Now Little Bruiser feels ashamed for ever considering Big Bruiser his idol.



to hear. Pictures of The Bruiser went up all over my bedroom walls. I had scrapbooks with photos and stories about him. I thought he was the greatest. I thought he was so great that I decided to become a wrestler and pattern myself after him. And if I became good enough—I knew what I was going to call myself. I'd be known as 'Little Bruiser' and be as much of a terror in midget wrestling as *he* was to the big guys.

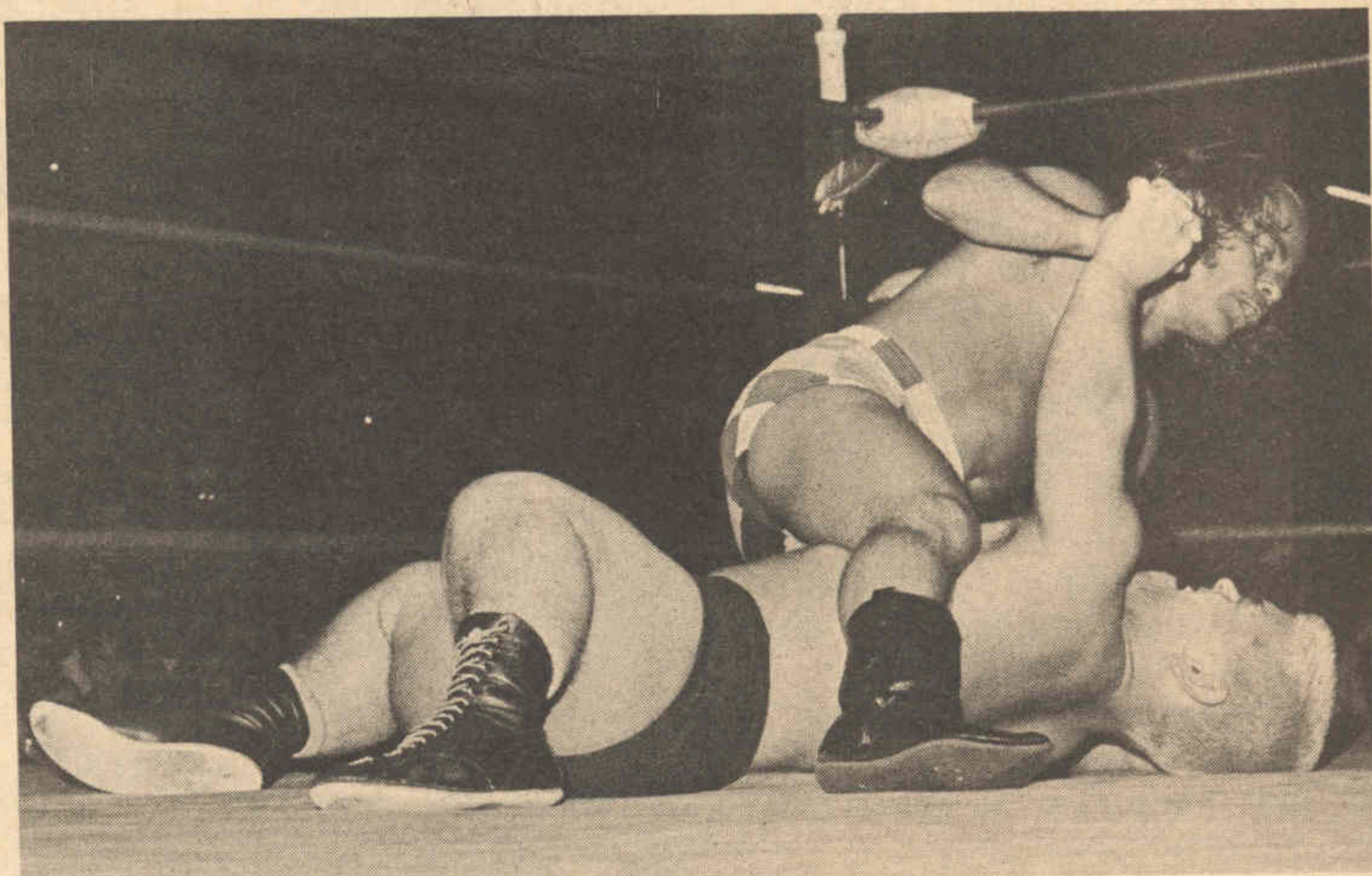
"I'll never forget the first time I met him. I had written him a letter telling him about myself and asking him to come to my first match. I was so happy when he walked into my dressing room before the match to wish me good luck and to give me some pointers. He said he'd be proud for me to call myself Little Bruiser and told me never to do anything to bring disgrace to that name. That's a laugh. Who disgraced that name?

"After he saw my match he came back again to congratulate me. He said he'd never seen anyone who came so close to his style of wrestling. 'It's just like watching myself in the ring,' he said. You can imagine how proud I felt."

But what changed all that?

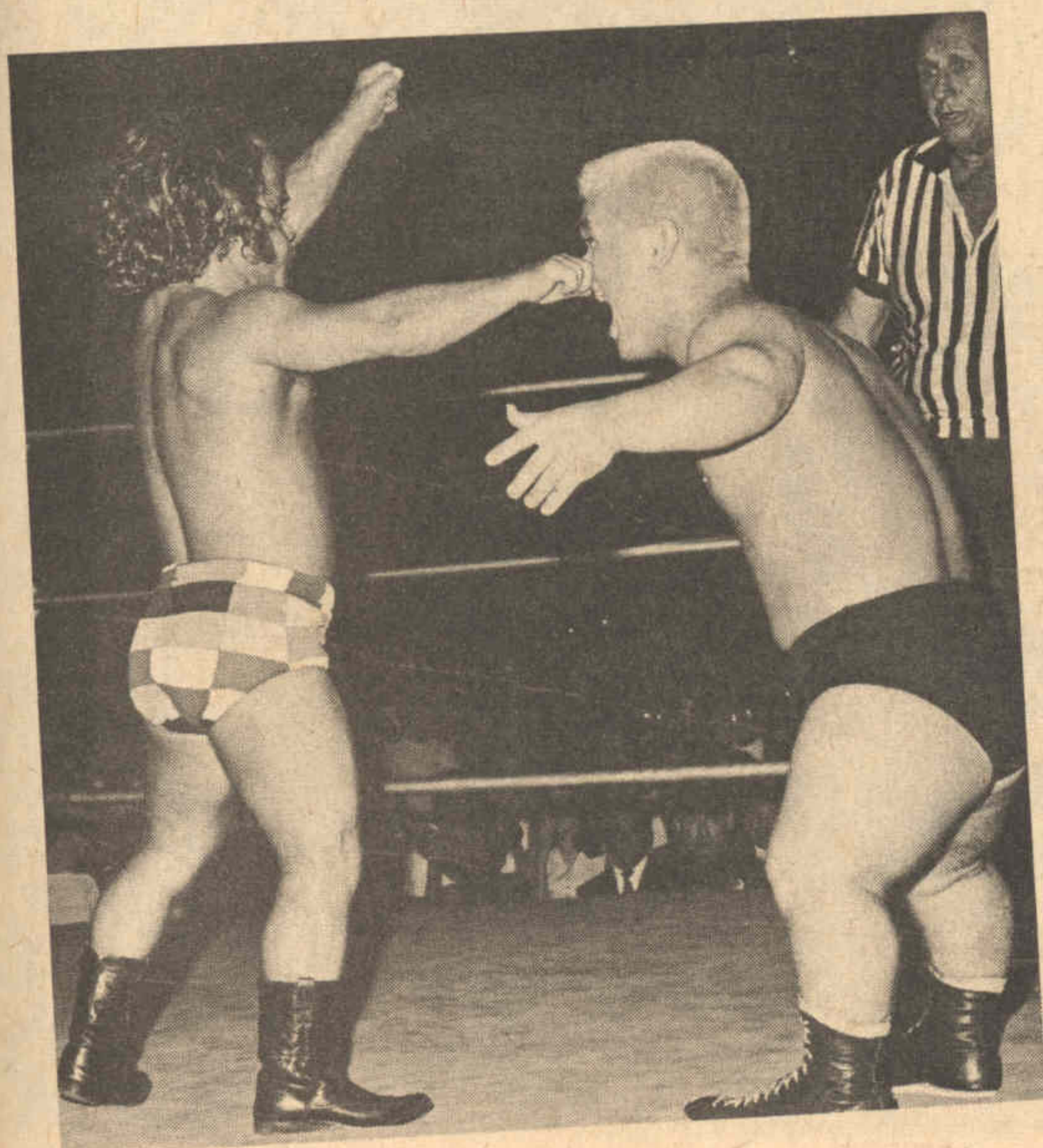
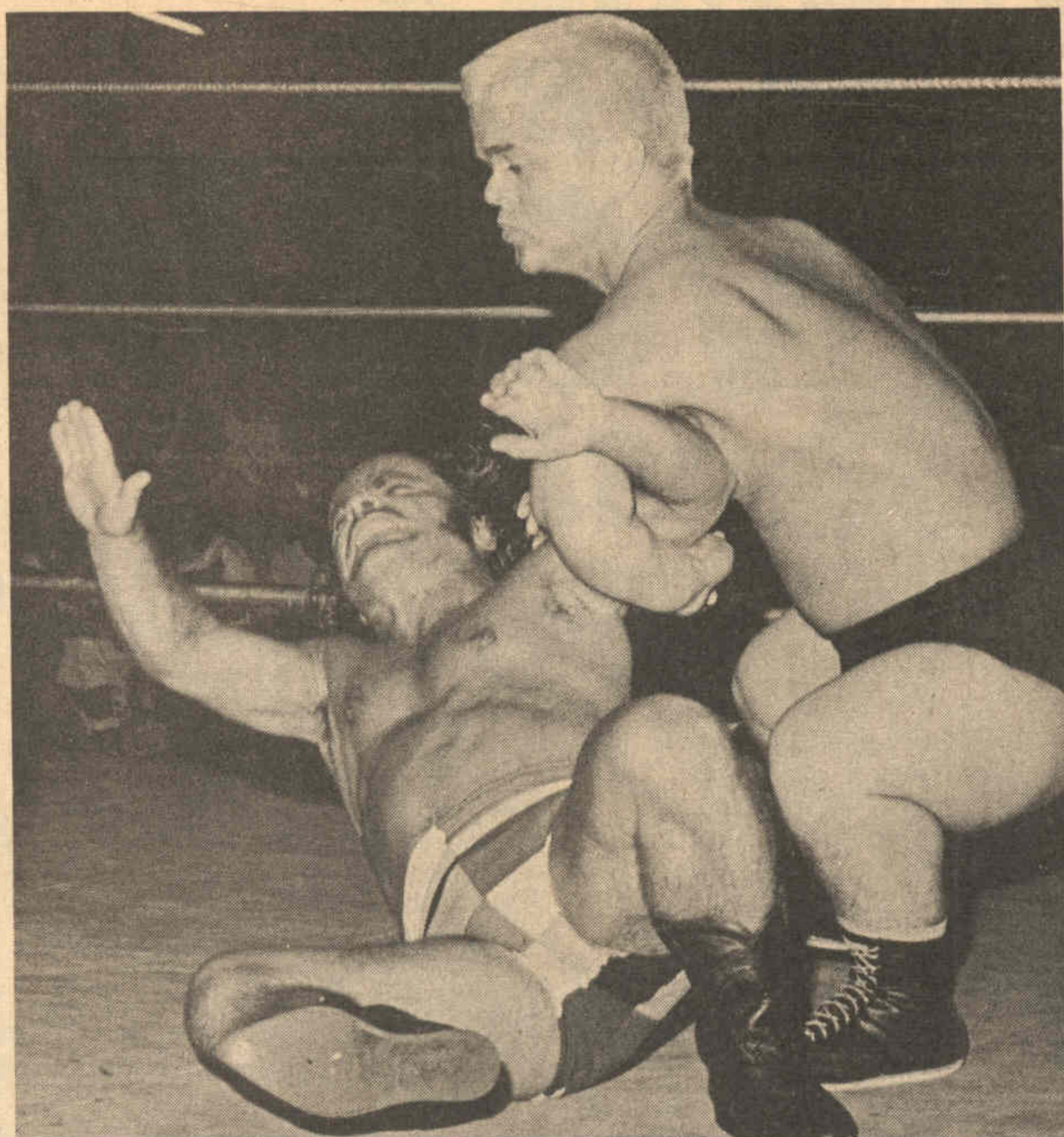
"I'm coming to that," Little Bruiser added. "Before I came out to the west coast, I saw Bruiser wrestle in Chicago and I wanted to cry. He had turned into a good guy—a regu-

lar hero! He didn't ram his opponents into the turnbuckles hoping to break their faces open. He didn't stomp them. He didn't even pull hair or gouge eyes or anything! The old Bruiser—the Bruiser I had admired and tried to be like—well, *he* no longer existed. In his place was a guy who *looked* like Bruiser—but he sure didn't wrestle like him! I felt



ashamed. The man I had admired more than anyone else in the whole world turned out to be something other than what I thought he was. "He didn't have to do that. He didn't have to play up to those idiot fans like other wrestlers do. Why'd he have to turn good? Bruiser was the greatest villain of all time! Now he's just another dime-a-dozen hero.





*Littlebrook's face contorts in pain as Little Bruiser twists his arm practically out of its socket (above, right). He then brings the Lord to the canvas with an arm roll (above). Note Little Bruiser's facial expressions in these two photos and their similarity to those of the Bruiser. At left, the similarity ends when Little Bruiser gets his nose pinched. That never happened to Bruiser!*

He let me down and he let a lot of fans down. I said it before and I'll say it again—I'm ashamed of Dick the Bruiser! I just wish I was his size so I could knock some sense into his head!"

Little Bruiser's resemblance to his former hero is astonishing. During his bout against Lord Littlebrook, Little Bruiser rammed his opponent

into the turnbuckle, shot off the ropes with knees zeroed in on Littlebrook's neck and chest, pulled the Lord's hair, punched, kicked, stomped and committed all sorts of mayhem—just like the old Bruiser used to do.

"You can look at films or pictures of Bruiser's old matches and you'll know exactly what to expect from

Little Bruiser," said Littlebrook, World Midget Wrestling Champion. "What The Bruiser was to the big guys Little Bruiser is to us midgets. He'll stop at nothing to win and he uses every dirty trick in the book. He's strong and mean and as violent as his namesake. Who knows? Now that Big Bruiser has given up breaking the rules—maybe Little Bruiser will do the same. But I wouldn't bet my last nickel on it. He's got a mean streak in him a mile wide!"

Lord Littlebrook had brought up an interesting proposition. Perhaps if Little Bruiser could talk to The Bruiser, the Little Man could convince him to mend his ways.

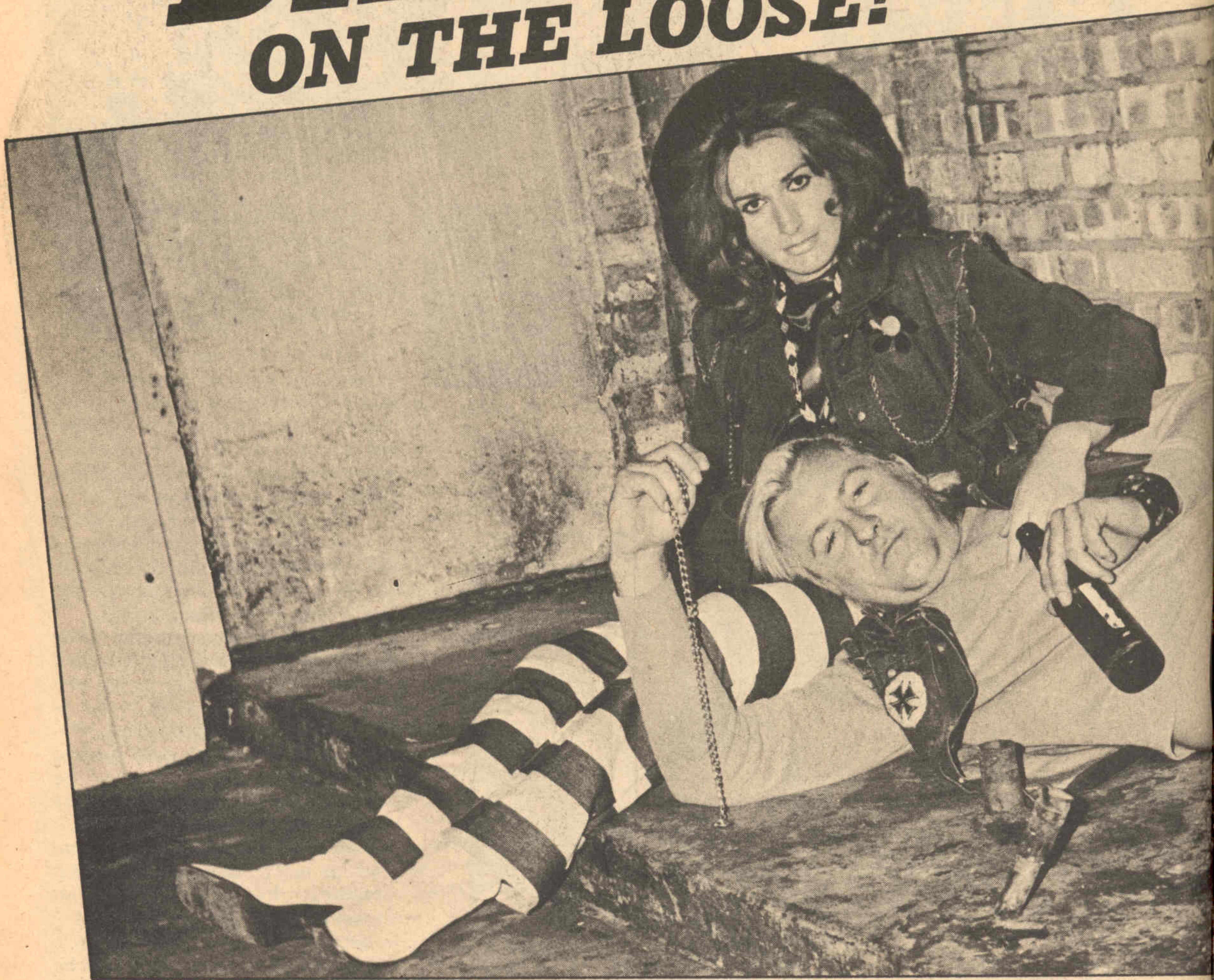
"Not a chance," insisted Little Bruiser. "I wouldn't even talk to that jellyfish! I want nothing to do with him! He's ancient history so far as I'm concerned—an ex-Bruiser! Who ever heard of anybody with a name like 'Bruiser' being a nice guy? He oughta get out of wrestling and take up flower arranging or something!"

Little Bruiser has no immediate plans to meet his former idol. But should they by chance wind up on the same wrestling card some night—would Little Bruiser speak to him?

"First of all, I don't think he'd be able to look me in the eye after what he's done," Little Bruiser growled. "I wouldn't go out of my way to talk to him. But if he talked to me—I'd tell him exactly what I told you. I'd let him know what I think of him. I'd tell him he double-crossed fans all over the country. And I'd let him know that there's still *one* 'Bruiser' in wrestling who's worthy of that glorious name!" □



# LOOK OUT! THERE'S ANOTHER DILLINGER ON THE LOOSE!



**W**HEN FRANK DILLINGER got shot in a Milwaukee bar in early 1970, everyone figured that would be the end of the notorious Dillinger brothers, known as the "Chain Gang."

It was—for two years. But now there's another Dillinger on the loose—younger brother Ken—and insiders report he makes Jack and Frank

look like pussycats.

"Sure I remember the 'Chain Gang,'" Moose Cholak said. "Wilbur Snyder and I were in a match against them that I still have nightmares about. But this new one is unbelievable. He's a one-man 'Chain Gang' all by himself!"

Ken Dillinger fits into the exact same mold as his older brothers did.

He lives in alleys or abandoned warehouses, travels around on his motorcycle, drinks little else but beer and is as dirty and crude and cruel as his brothers. There's also an added attraction—a girl friend he calls "Momma." He won her in a gang fight a few years ago and they've been together ever since. To interview Jack and Frank Dillinger a few years ago,

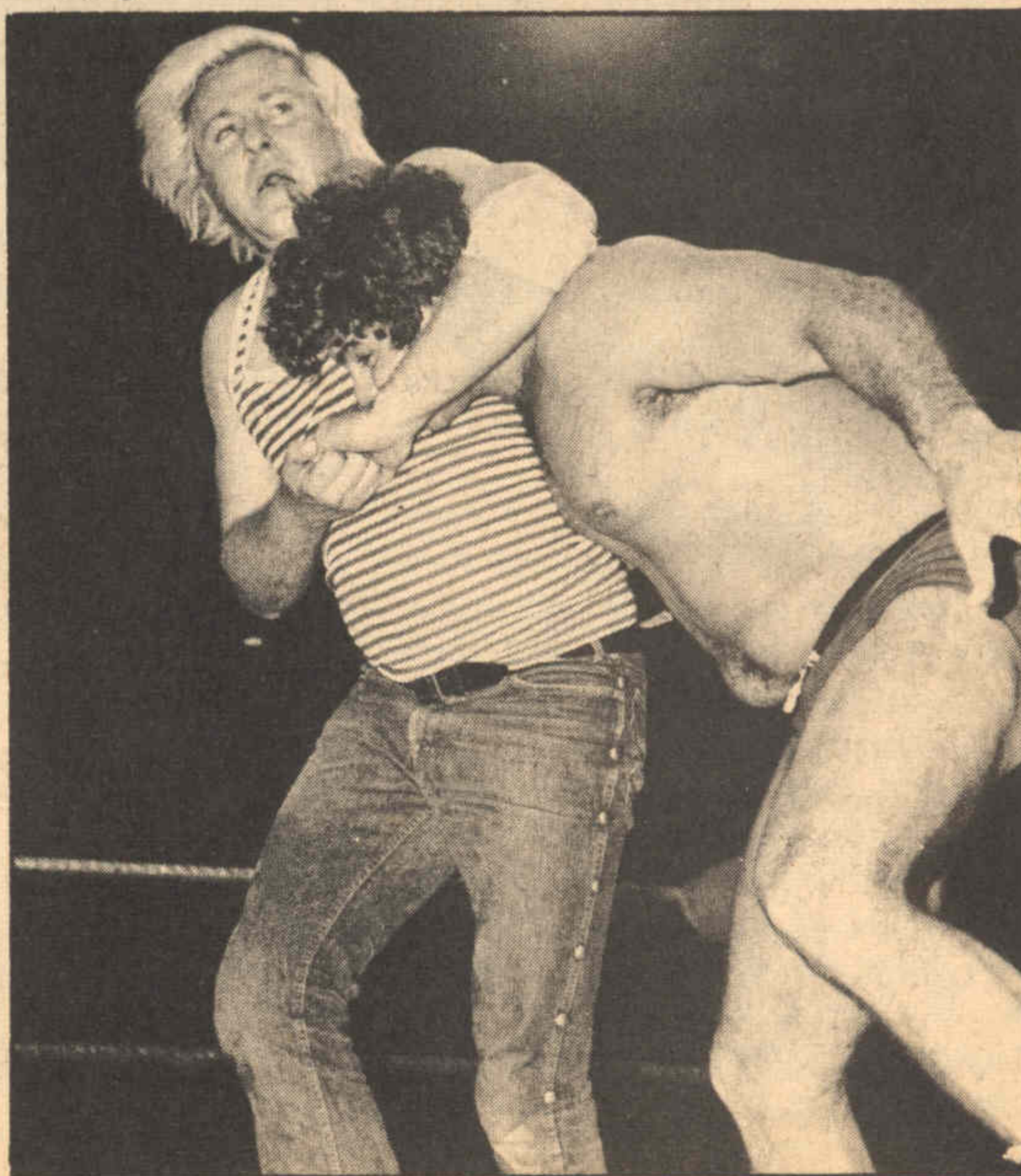


**Remember the notorious "Chain Gang"—Jack and Frank Dillinger? Well there's a new Dillinger brother. Ken. And along with his girlfriend, "Momma," he is spreading a brand of terror and violence not seen since his older brother's notorious rampages!**

Ken and "Momma" Dillinger relax in their home, sweet home—an alley! Ken is the youngest Dillinger among the brothers who comprised the notorious "Chain Gang."



Ken clamps a headlock on popular Don Muraco in a wild Chicago match. Wilbur Snyder insists the new Dillinger brother is the most vicious of them all.



we had to find the alley they were living in. It was the same way with Ken.

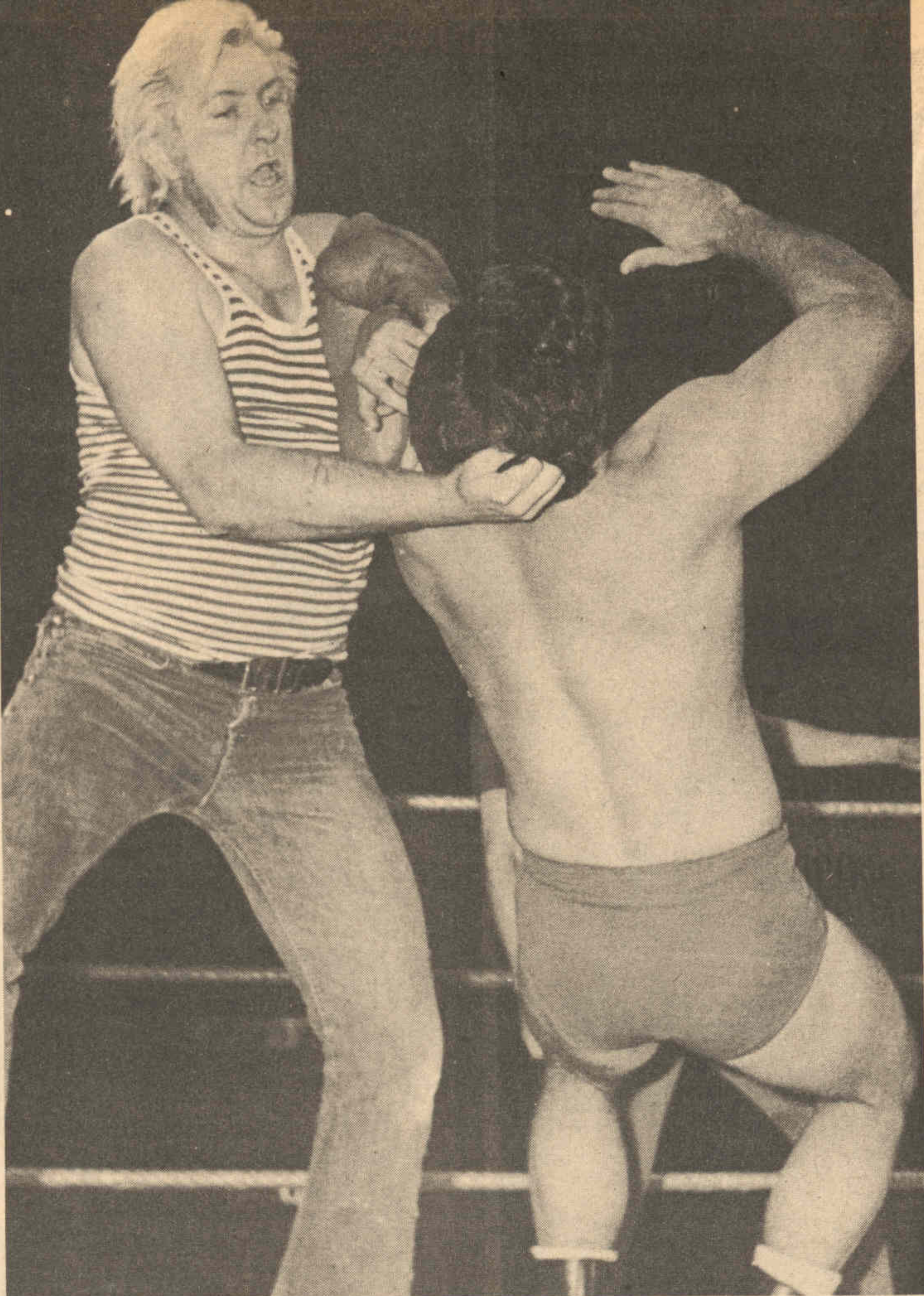
"Whadda you want," Ken roared menacingly as we nervously walked down the alley he and Momma were occupying. The broken beer bottle he held in his hand didn't soothe our nerves any. Trying to keep our knees from shaking, we ex-

Ken and Momma defend their alley against reporters. Ken won Momma in a gang fight a few years ago.





Momma shouts instructions to Ken from the corner (above). Right: Ken loses strength test so he gets even by pulling Don Muraco down by his hair.



plained who we were and why we had invaded their "turf."

"Yeah, I heard of your magazine," Ken grumbled. "I remember the story you guys did on Jack and Frank. It wasn't much but at least it was fair. You wanna interview us? Okay. But you better write what we tell you. If not we'll rake these beer bottles over your eyes and stomp you into the gutter! You and your camera friend over there will never see or walk again!"

With the added incentive of staying alive spurring us on, we told Ken we'd "tell it like it is" and accurately report what he told us. He then told us to pull up a piece of gutter and sit down.

"I guess you wanna know about Momma," he said, putting his arm around the attractive but tough looking girl next to him. "Well Momma and I have been together a while now. We met out in L.A. She was running with a motorcycle gang out there and I dug her when I saw her. I joined the gang just so I could talk

with her. The way it is with us, you know, a broad won't even talk with you unless you're in the gang. She ain't allowed to. So I joined, did some heavy riding and decided I had to own her.

"She was some other cat's property and the only way I could spring her from him was to fight him for her. If I beat him she was free and could be claimed by anybody. Well I stomped this guy real good. He had to give her up. But seven other cats besides me claimed her. Man that was a war. But Momma came through. She smashed two guys with a motorcycle chain. She dug me and didn't want to wind up with any of those other creeps. So I won her. We've been together ever since."

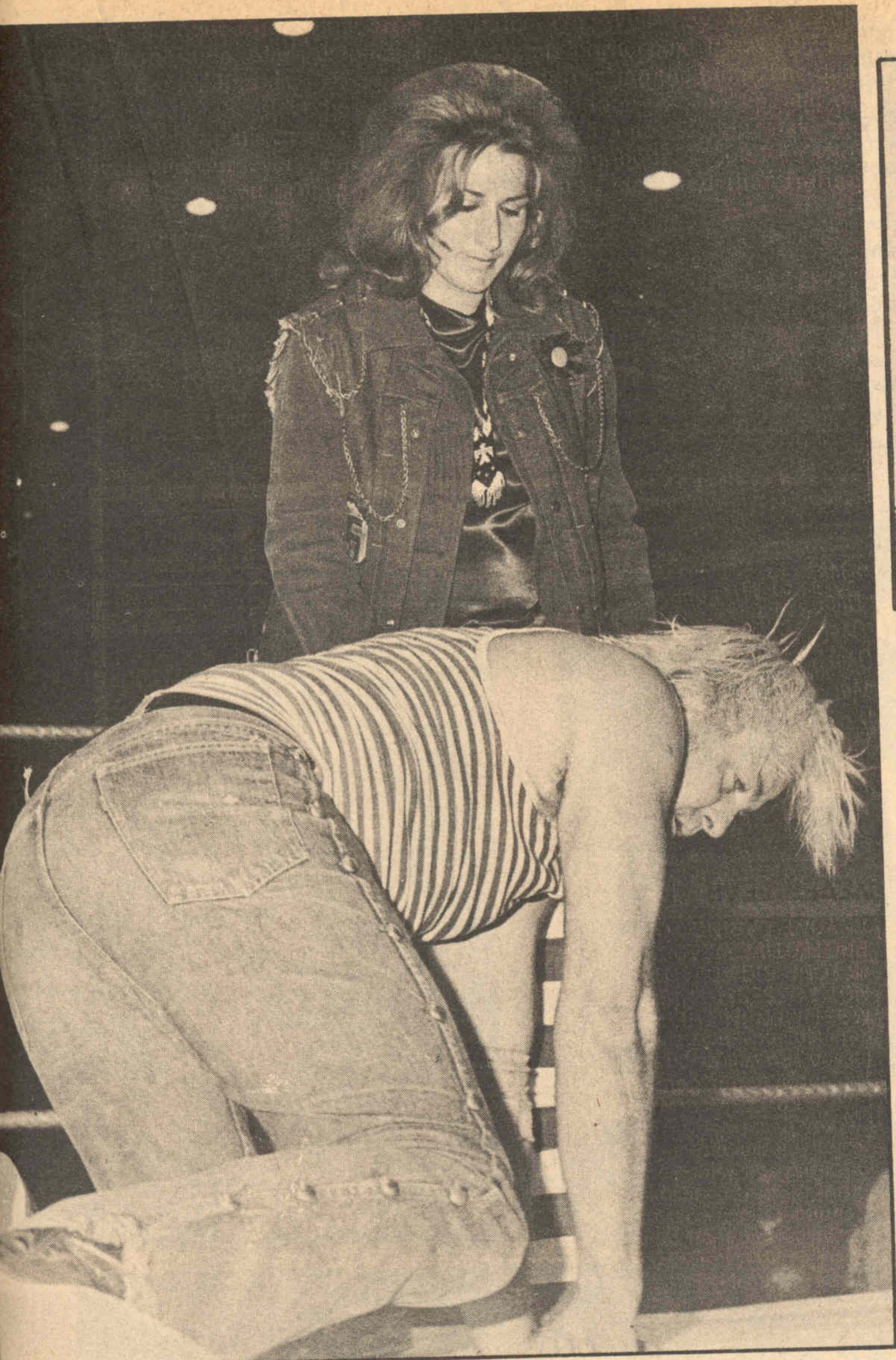
"I been bummin' with cycle-freaks since I was 14," Momma said. "When I met Ken he was kinda different, ya know. He didn't need a whole

gang around him. He was a loner. I dug that. So when he joined the gang to fight for me, I decided he'd better win. I didn't want to take no chances. So I split two guys' skulls with a chain. We been bummin' and drinkin' and hangin' together ever since."

Ken and Momma were busy bumming around the country when he got word his brother had been shot in a bar and lost his leg. That was when Ken decided to carry on the family tradition and go into wrestling.

"I'm a lot like my brother," he went on. "I enjoy busting skulls, rumbling, stuff like that. I told Momma we were going into a new profession. She didn't even know what wrestling was. She was shocked when I told her you could get paid for busting people up. She was disappointed when she found out she couldn't brawl





Momma helps the dazed Dillinger up after he was ambushed by Muraco during the second fall (above). Right: Momma, who many say looks like Barbra Streisand, tells about the time she and Ken were banned because "I took Ken's 'love chain' and smashed an Indian's head."

alongside me. She can't understand why if there are men wrestlers and girl wrestlers there can't be matches where there are men *and* girl wrestlers together. I can't either. She'd wipe up the floor with all the broads and half the men. She's a tough little broad, my Momma."

So Ken did the next best thing. Momma became his manager and is in the corner in every one of his bouts. It has caused problems.

"One time we were in some jerk-water little hick town in Nebraska or Iowa or some hole like that," she remembered, "and I was in the corner while Ken was stompin' some Indian cat. Well they were wrestlin' near my corner and I was yellin' up to Ken to stomp the bum. The dumb Indian told me to 'shut up' and called me a 'tramp.' I don't take that crap from nobody. I took Ken's 'love chain' and smashed that Indian's



Ken sits in his favorite chair in the abandoned warehouse he and Momma live in when it's too cold to sleep in alleys.



head with it. I think he's still in the hospital. Me and Ken were banned. Big deal. Can you imagine that? They banned us from this hick town like it was some place we would wanna come back to, ya know? Hell. Who needs 'em?"

Because of that incident, both Ken and Momma are searched for hidden weapons before each match. But it doesn't stop Momma from conceal-

(Continued on page 50)



**A** HOSPITAL EMERGENCY room is not a pleasant sight. People who've been knifed, hurt in auto accidents and mutilated can be seen there almost every day.

In an Atlanta, Georgia hospital emergency room the most gory sight ever seen there rolled in on a stretcher at about 11 p.m. Lying there was a man about six foot, three inches tall. His face was covered with blood. There were wounds marking the places the blood was still pouring from. He was losing so much blood it was dripping down his thighs. He kept mumbling "Duncum, Duncum," over and over again. He was delirious.

He was taken off the stretcher and placed on a table where three doctors worked feverishly sewing up his wounds. After two long hours the job was completed. He looked like Frankenstein's monster. Then they took him in a wheelchair to a room. All the way to the room he kept repeating, "Duncum, Duncum."

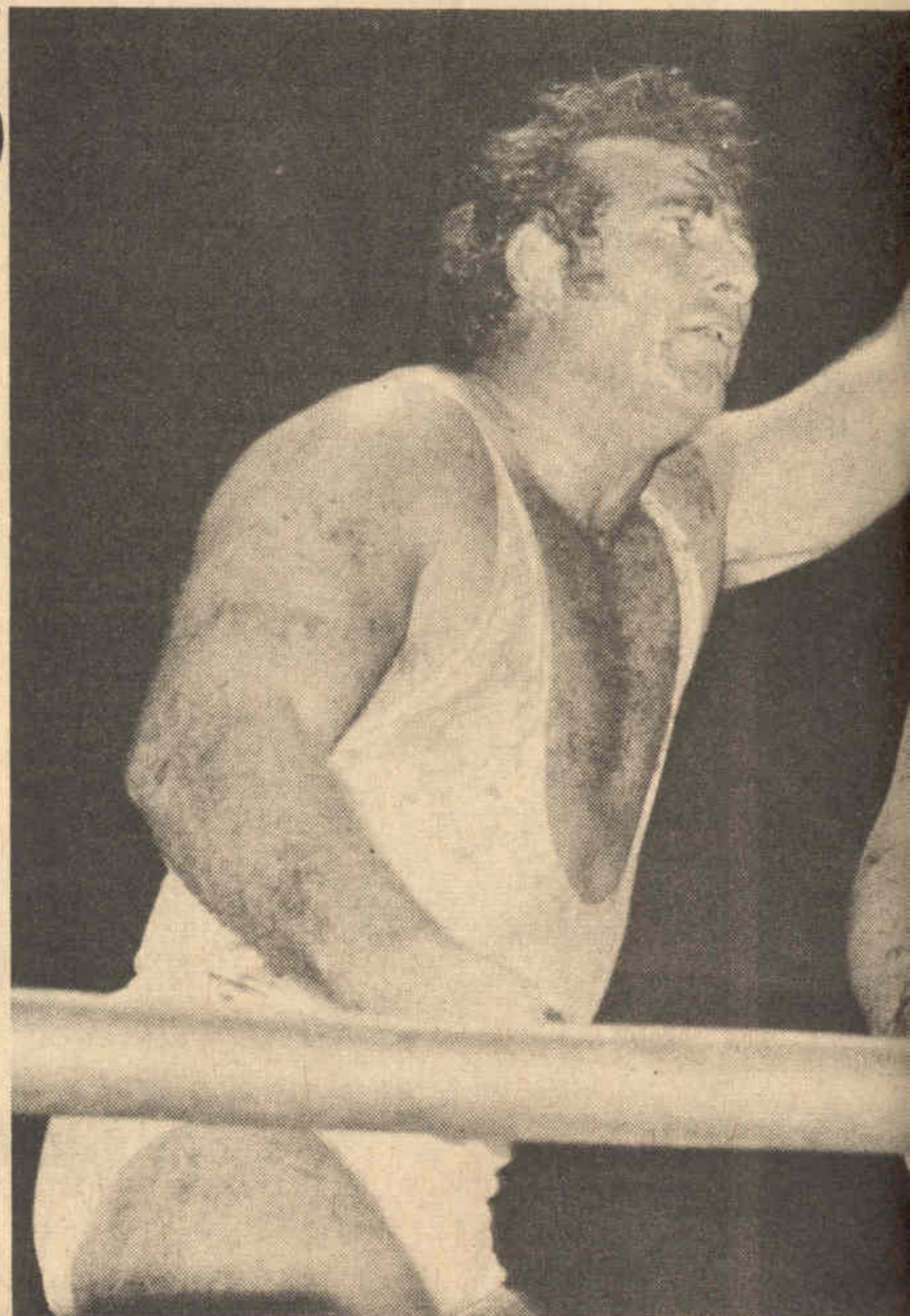
Nurses kept a vigil over him during the night. Several times he woke up, sweating and punching into mid-air. They gave him a sedative and he fell back to sleep.

Early the next morning the man who accompanied the bloody man to the hospital, an Atlanta reporter and friend of his, Ken Durbum, filled out an "accident report." It revealed a lot. First, the unknown man's name—Bob Armstrong. His occupation—professional wrestler. Cause of the "accident"—Duncum. More specifically, Bobby Duncum, also a professional wrestler.

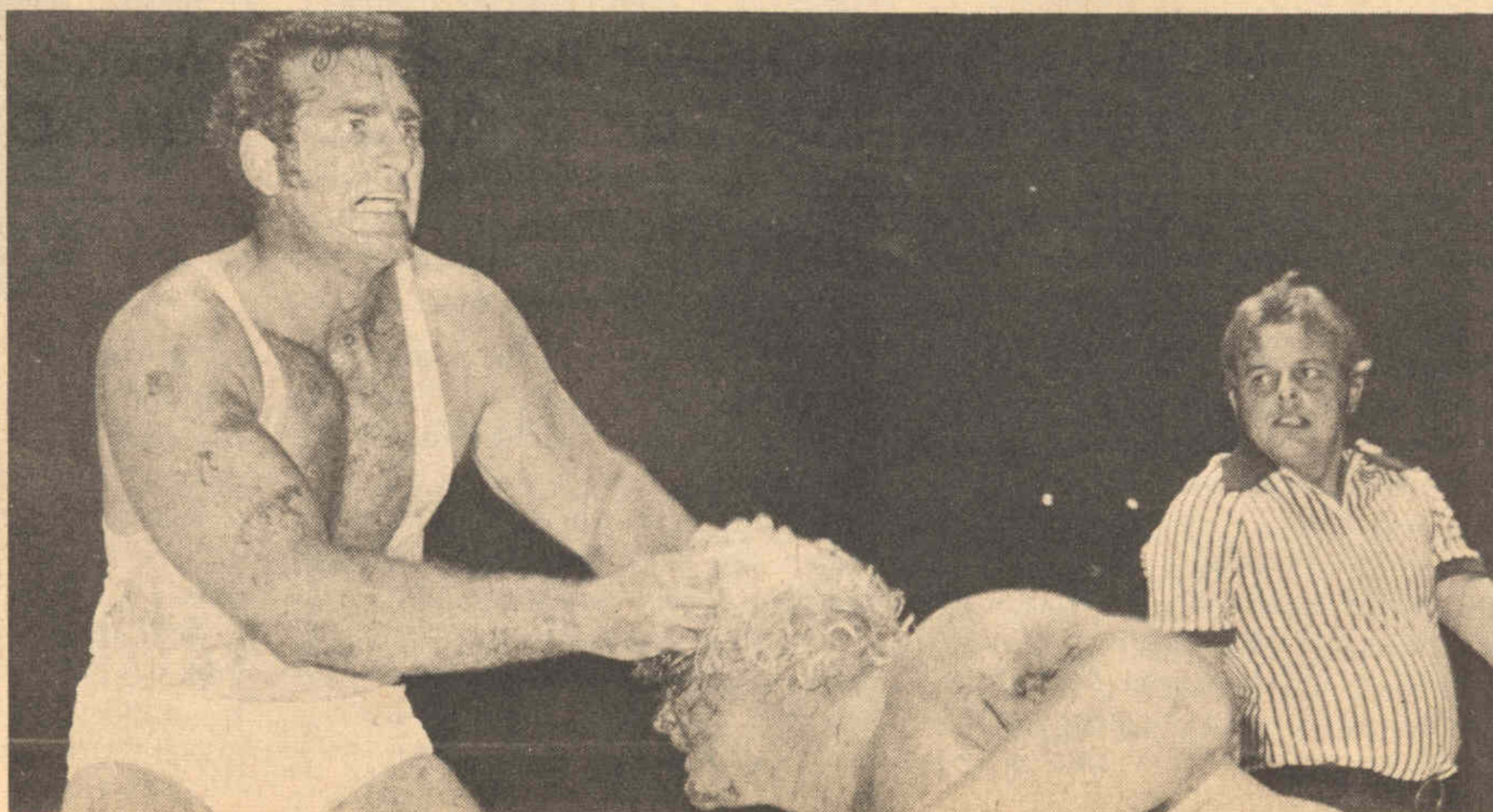
Armstrong had wrestled Duncum earlier the previous evening but did not receive any injuries during the match. He received them in the parking lot outside the arena. Duncum

# ATLANTA'S NIGHT OF BLOODY TERROR...

**How long can a wrestler carry a grudge? Bob Armstrong did for five years. And it cost him!**



After waiting five long years to get his hands on Bobby Duncum, Bob Armstrong slugs away, making Duncum a bloody mess. Duncum was responsible for putting Armstrong in the hospital five years ago with multiple injuries. Armstrong has never forgotten it and is making Duncum pay in blood.





became enraged when he was disqualified in their match claiming, "one of Armstrong's buddies was the referee." So he beat the hell out of Bob with a crowbar outside the arena when Bob was going to his car. The next step was a phone call for an ambulance by reporter Durbum, who witnessed the incident, and then finally to the hospital.

All that happened about five years ago and Armstrong has never forgotten it. He tried to get revenge a week after he was released from the hospital, but Duncum had left town and gone to Japan. That was that. Arm-

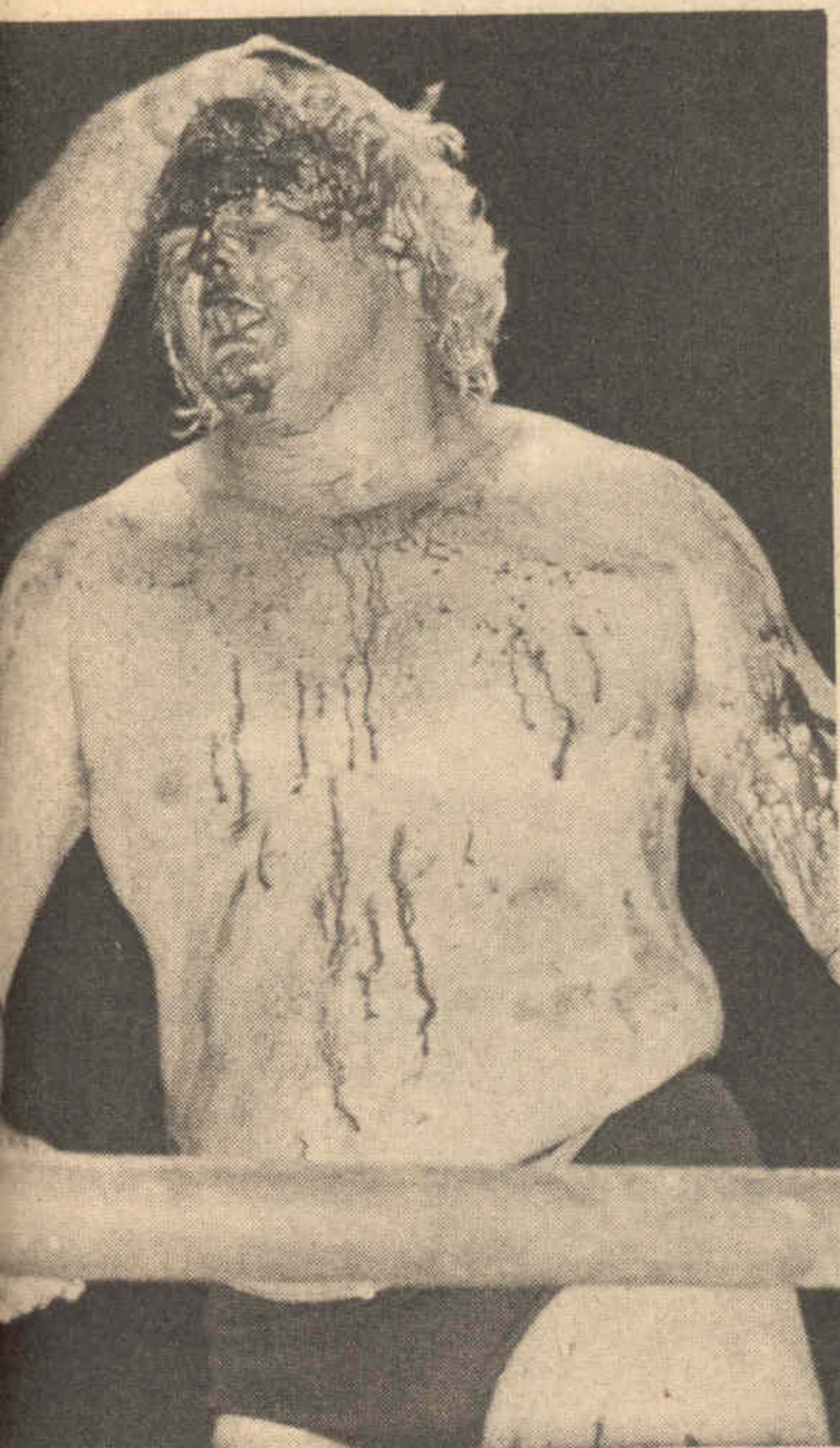
strong wasn't about to chase him around the world. He figured Duncum would come back eventually.

Armstrong waited and waited. One, two, three, four years. Still no word of Duncum returning to Georgia. But now Duncum was getting closer. He was in Texas being managed by Bronco Lubich. A phone call to Lubich trying to get a match with Duncum proved no dice. So Bob flew to Texas to challenge him in person. But again, no dice. Duncum broke his contract with Lubich when he heard Armstrong was looking for him and went overseas again.

Figuring Duncum would always keep running from him, Armstrong let it be known on television that, "I'll try to forget that incident." And for awhile it really looked like he would. He would joke about it with the fans saying, "I thank Duncum because I never had time for a vacation so he made sure I got one. Unfortunately I didn't care for the luxury hotel he set up me at!"

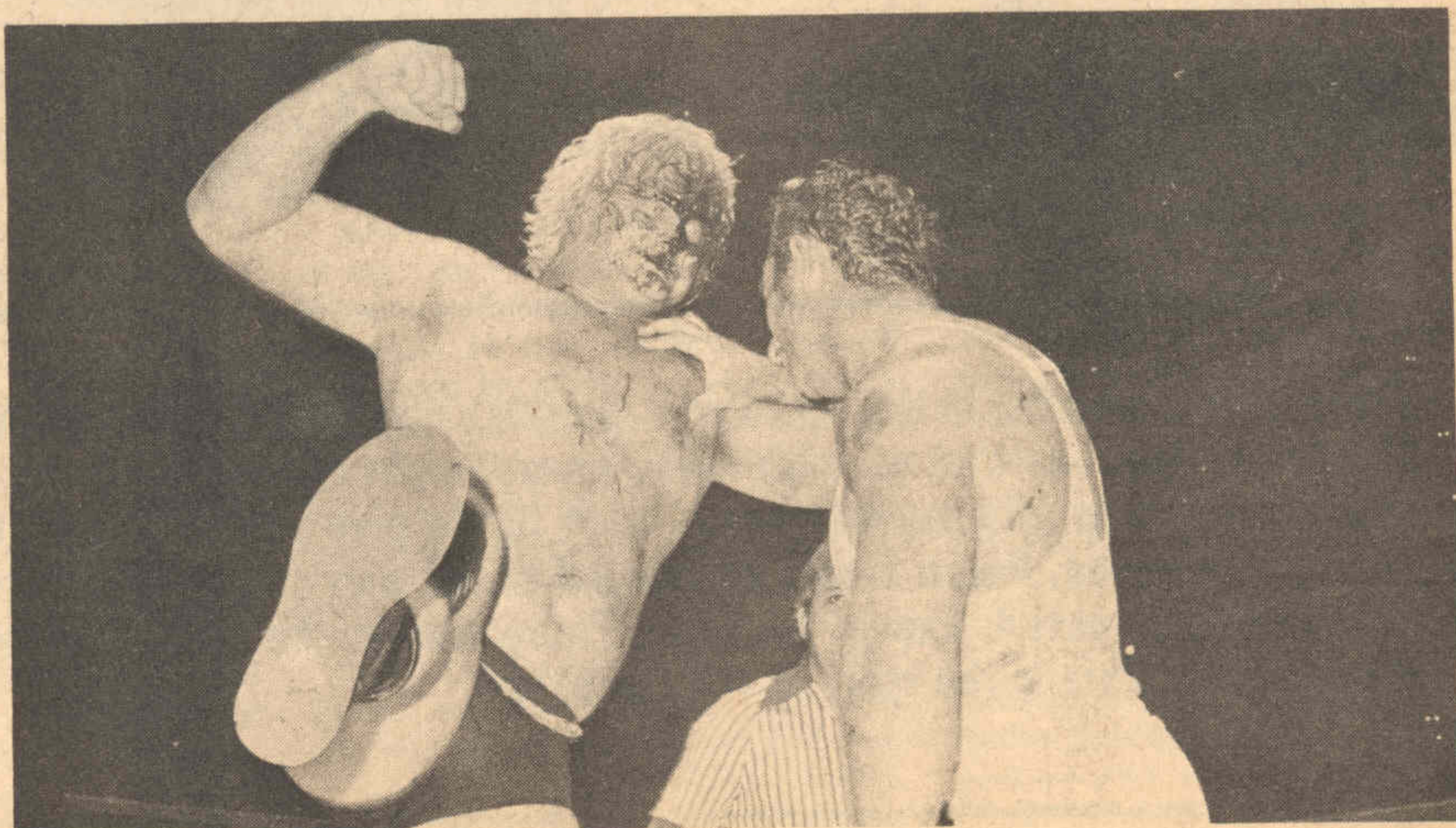
Because Bob was taking it so lightly, word got around to Duncum through the grapevine that Armstrong didn't hold a grudge any more.

*(Continued on page 56)*



# ...WHAT KIND OF MANIAC WOULD DO THIS???

Armstrong (above) seems to be in a world of his own as he repeatedly smashes Duncum's head open. But the tide turns (right) and Bob's on the receiving end. If it hadn't been for Armstrong's tricking Duncum into leaving a world tour and coming to Georgia, the revenge match might never have taken place at all.





*Pedro Morales poses for a  
photographer before title  
defense against Jim Valiant.*

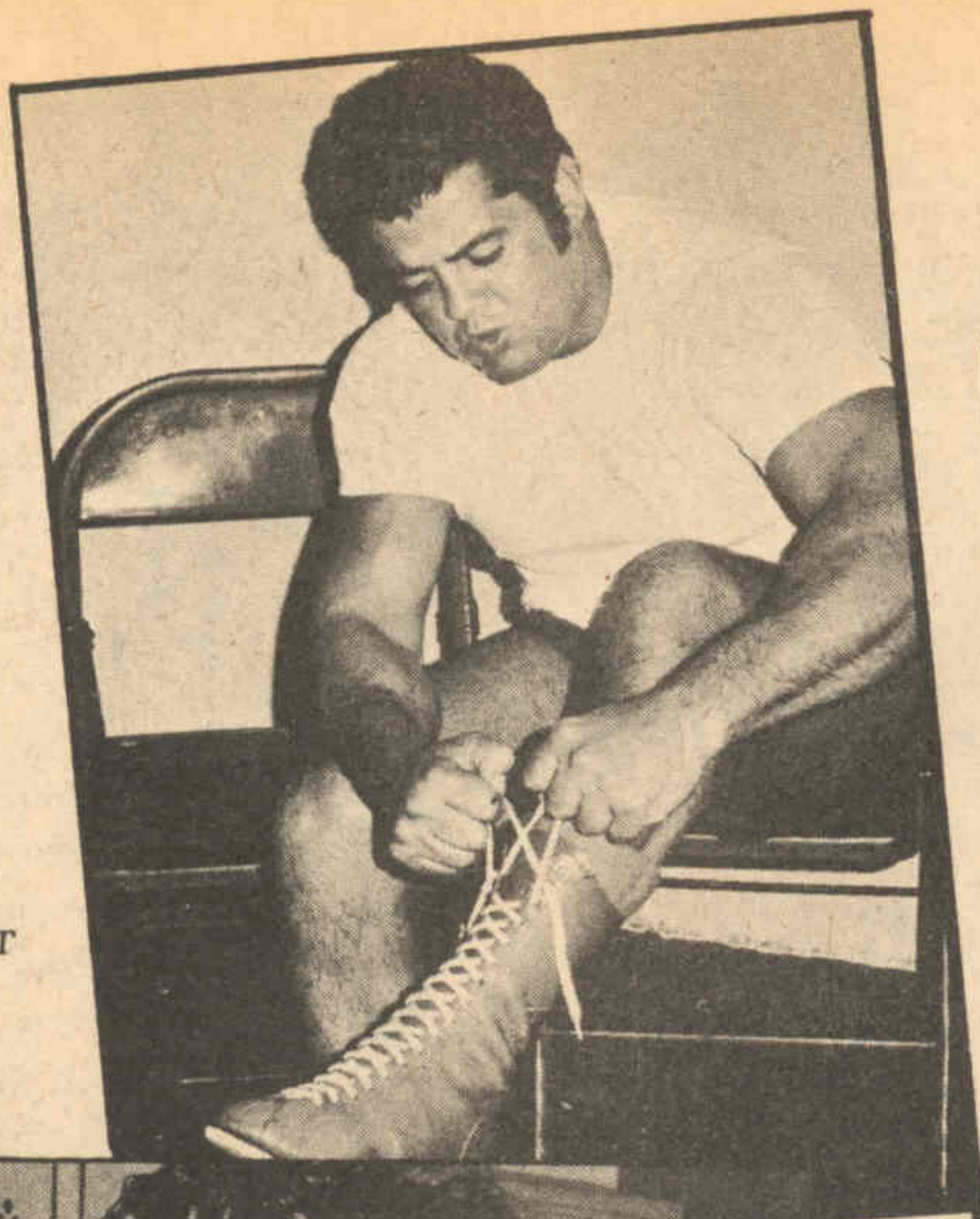
# **24 HECTIC HOURS IN THE LIFE OF WORLD CHAMPION PEDRO MORALES**



**There's not a wrestler in the world who wouldn't want to be in Pedro Morales' place. But the obligations that go with being heavyweight champion of the world would make you wonder why anybody would want to. To give you an idea of what it's like to be a champion, Pedro kindly consented to let one of our reporters accompany him on one weekend. Except for when Pedro was in the ring—our reporter never left his side. This is the story of that weekend.**



Pedro (right) ties his boots on after undergoing physical examination. Pedro is checked before every match. Below: An athletic commission doctor examines Pedro before match against Valiant. Doctors enjoy joking with Pedro and this time the physician told the champ he couldn't find a heartbeat. "Will I live?" Morales laughingly asked. "According to this," the doctor replied, "you've already been dead for two days."



The Grand Wizard prepares Jim Valiant before the Handsome One goes out to do battle with Pedro Morales in a title bout.



**T**HE ALARM CLOCK rings and an arm reaches out from under the covers to shut it off. It's eight o'clock in the morning and Pedro Morales sits up in bed, yawns, and wipes the sleep from his eyes. He's been sleeping for a little more than four hours and has another long day ahead of him.

Pedro stretches his muscular body and climbs out of bed, heading for the bathroom. Mechanically, he splashes cold water on his face and brushes his teeth. Then, alongside his bed, he begins his morning exercises, touching his toes, doing situps, stretching his muscles. Then he jumps into the shower and plans for another day. He is still yawning when he comes out. It had been a long night for the champ last night.

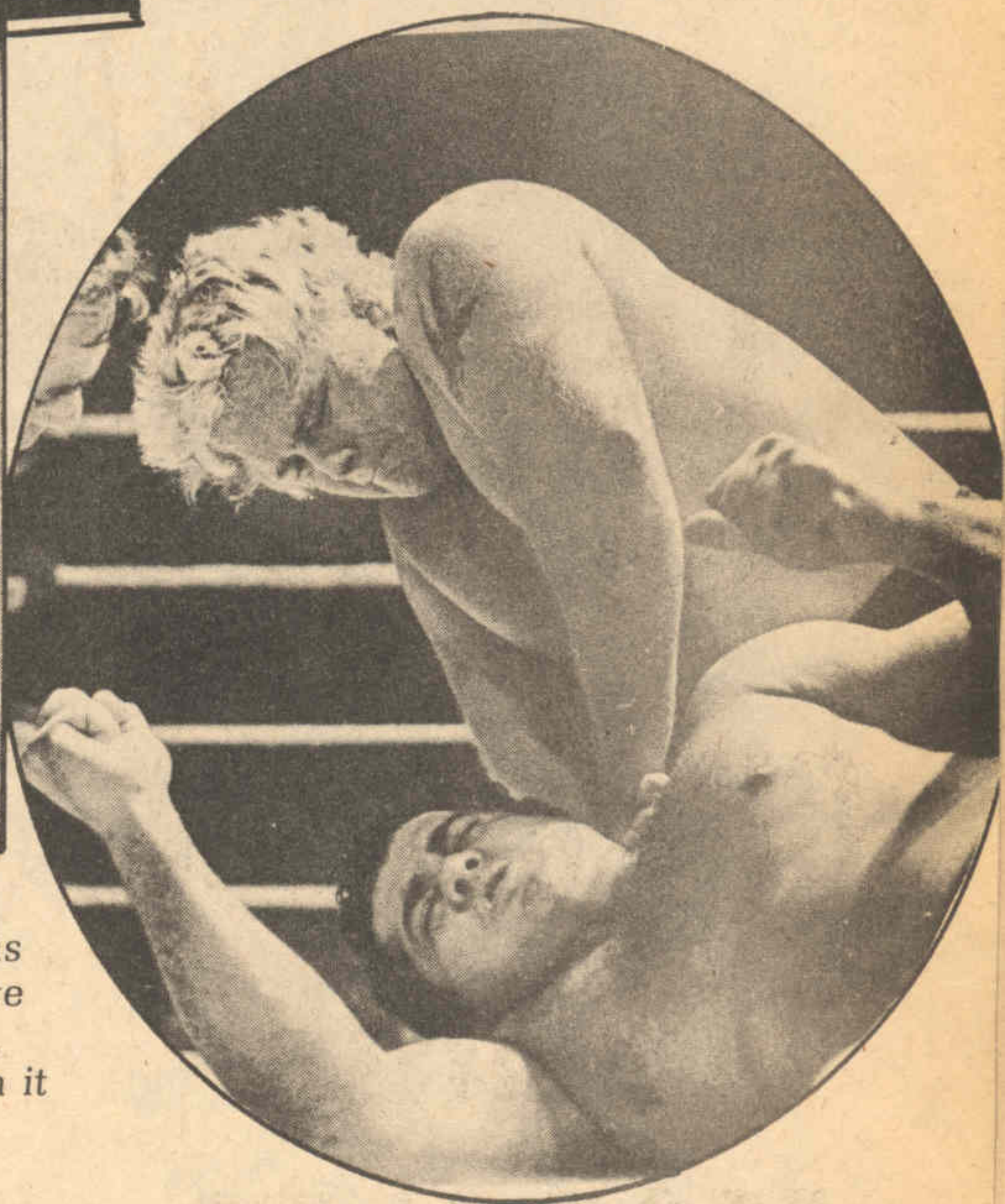
He'd wrestled Stan Stasiak for 30 grueling minutes and knew he'd feel the aches in his muscles the next morning. Stasiak is the kind of opponent who stays with you.

Pedro screams in pain as Valiant works on a nerve in the champion's neck. Pedro came back to win it with a reverse cradle.

You don't stop feeling the effects of a match against him for a day or two.

After that match, Pedro and some of his close friends went to Victor Rivera's Philadelphia night club. It would be his first few hours of relaxation for the entire week. Pedro planned only to stay for an hour or two, but word got out that the champ was there and half of Philadelphia, it seemed, dropped in to say hello. Pedro didn't get out of there until two a.m.

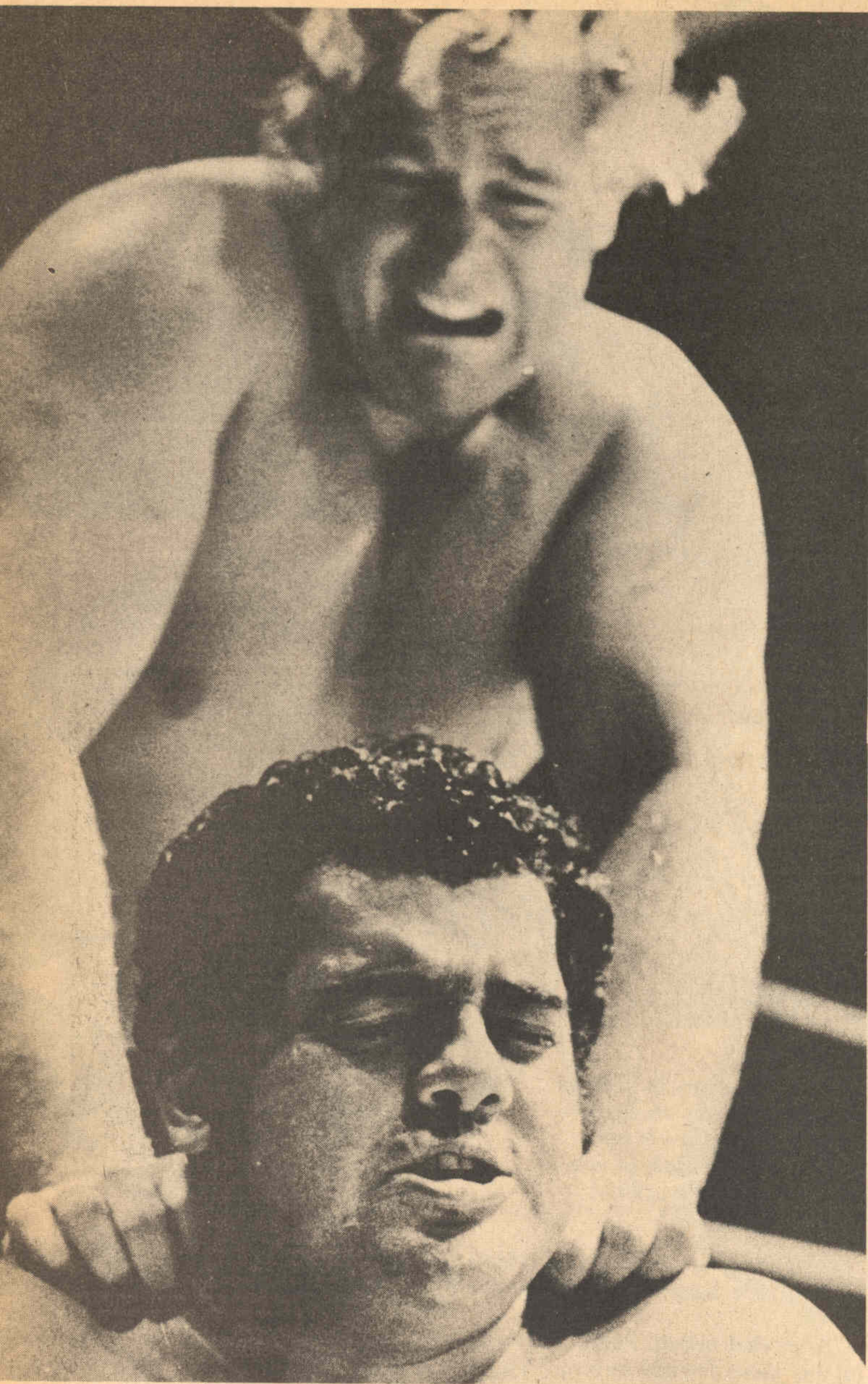
So it's quite understandable why Pedro seemed reluctant to leave the warmth of his comfortable bed. Today promises to be no better. At two p.m. he has to be at New



York's Sunnyside Gardens to defend his title against Handsome Jim Valiant. "Valiant is tough," says Pedro, "but his manager is what makes wrestling him really dangerous. You never know what kind of tricks the Grand Wizard will come up with next." After that match, Pedro will leave for Boston for an 8:30 encounter against Freddie Blassie, a match Pedro admits "not looking forward to."

Pedro is dressed and downstairs in the hotel's coffee shop by 8:45. A quick breakfast of orange juice, ham and eggs, toast and coffee and Pedro is ready to head for the airport to catch a 10 a.m. plane to New York. His bags are waiting and at





9:20 a limousine is ready to speed him to the airport.

In the back seat of the limousine Morales is signing pictures of himself. "If I don't have a couple of these ready to hand out," he notes, "I'll be signing autographs for an hour before I can even get into Sunnyside. I don't like to turn any kids down so this saves me time."

Pedro makes the plane with three minutes to spare. The flight to Kennedy Airport is a short one and

meeting him at the airport is close friend and fellow wrestler Manny Soto, also appearing on the afternoon's card. There's a traffic jam on the expressway leading out of the airport and Pedro and Manny begin a hilarious discussion about New York traffic. And an hour later, they complete the usually-15-minute drive to Sunnyside Gardens.

As expected, the kids are there, waiting for Pedro, pleading for autographs. Morales smiles, shrugs his

Valiant strains every muscle digging his fingers into the champ's neck and shoulder nerves—a trick Jim learned from The Grand Wizard. Jim stayed on even terms with Pedro for 11 minutes—and then even the Grand Wizard wasn't able to help him.

shoulders in a "What-can-you-do?" gesture and begins signing. One young boy has a picture he wants Morales to sign—a picture taken at the recent Puerto Rican Day Parade. Pedro tells the youngster he remembers him and the boy leaves walking on air. The autograph session over, Pedro walks into the dressing room.

He gets about five feet from the door when a screaming voice confronts him from a distance.

"This is your last day as champion!" the voice screams. "My Handsome Jim Valiant will destroy you today! You are through, Morales, through!" Who else but the Grand Wizard. Pedro laughs at the little man's antics and pushes open the dressing room door. He puts his valise down on a bench and falls heavily into a nearby chair. He has about 10 minutes before his pre-bout physical and he wants to relax.

"How are you, sir?" Morales asks a member of the State Athletic Commission who comes over to talk to him.

"Fine, champ," the man answers. "How you doin'?"

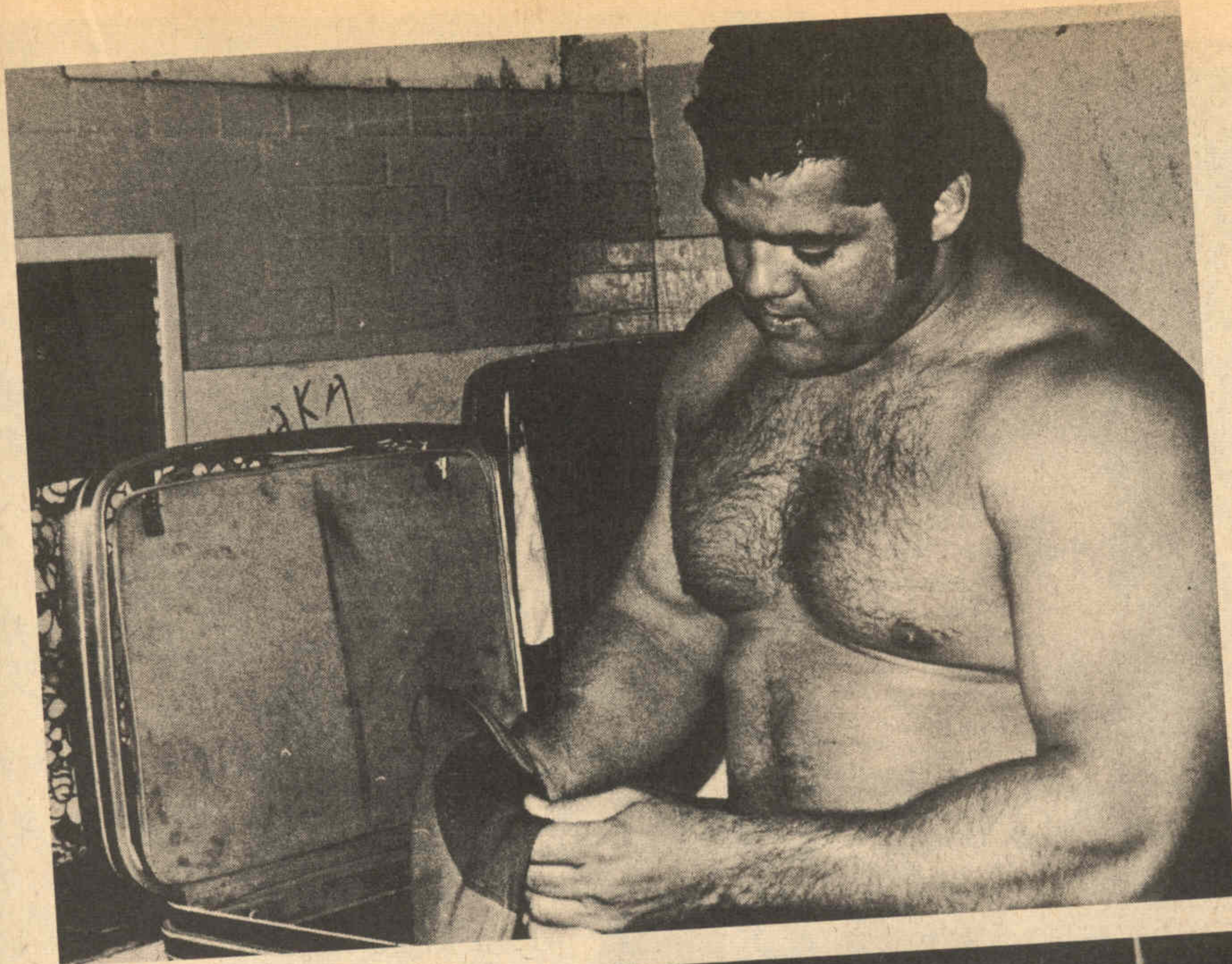
"I'll tell you as soon as I wake up," Morales jokes and both men share the laugh.

"C'mon," the man from the Commission says. "The doctor is waiting for you. He doesn't make house calls, you know."

Morales smiles and lifts his body out of the chair. He walks down the long corridor to the doctor's office, sticking his head into the various dressing rooms along the way, just to say hello.

"Get out of here!" screams Lou Albano as Pedro realizes he stuck his head into the wrong door. Morales slams the door, shakes his head and walks away. In another dressing room, from a distance, Pedro can see the Grand Wizard preparing Jim Valiant through the open door. Jim is posing in the mirror admiring himself while the Wizard is gently fluffing out the creases in Jimmy's jacket. Finally, Pedro





Pedro unpacks his suitcase after his arrival in Boston. He's become quite an expert on packing and unpacking. On this weekend, Pedro packed and unpacked 12 separate times! For a weekend like this, he carries three changes of wrestling clothes in addition to street clothes, suitbags and shoes and socks.

reaches the doctor's office.

"Have a seat champ and open your shirt," the doctor orders. Pedro complies and the doctor checks his blood pressure, reflexes and heart rate."

"Will I live?" Pedro jokingly asks the doctor.

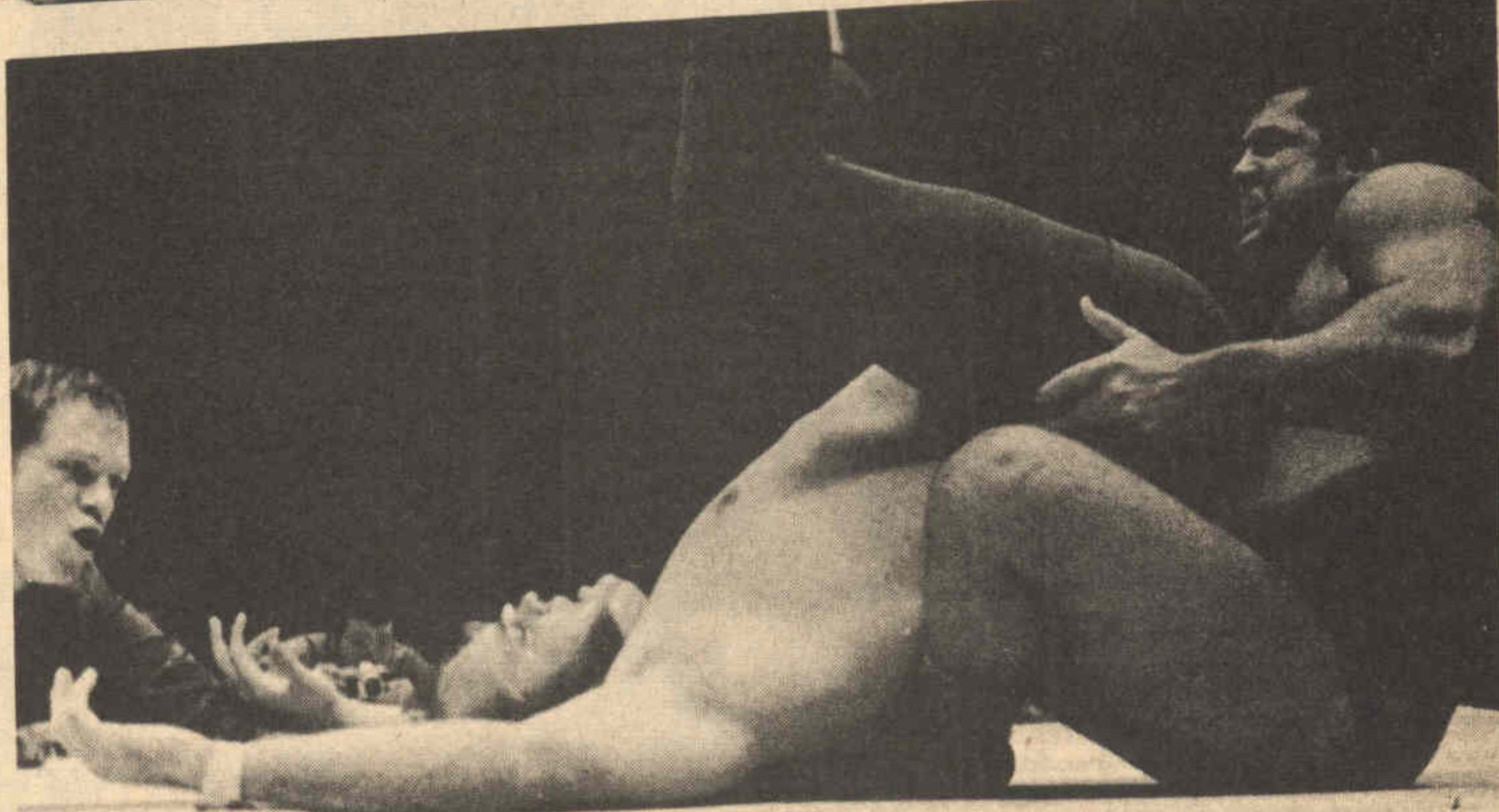
"According to this," the doctor says with a very straight face, "you've already been dead for two days."

Everybody laughs and the doctor pronounces Morales "A-OK" and Pedro heads back to his dressing room. He takes his shirt and trousers off and changes into his wrestling togs. He walks over to the scale to see how much weight he lost in his match against Stasiak.

"Wow!" he exclaims. "I lost 12 pounds!"

"What happened?" screams in the Grand Wizard, standing at the door. "Stasiak chop off your toes?"

Morales again ignores the Wizard's intimidations and goes to the sink where he washes himself and runs a comb through his black curly hair. Now comes the hard part—the waiting. Usually it is spent thinking about his opponent. But happily for Morales, a photographer comes in and asks him to pose for pictures. Pedro is happy to—it takes his mind off things. By the time the photographer is finished snapping the pic-



*Pedro upends Stan Stasiak in their grueling match. Morales considers Stasiak one of the sport's most physically punishing wrestlers.*

tures it's time for Pedro's match.

Upstairs in the arena, the fans are eagerly awaiting the champ's appearance. "Valiant and the Wizard must be coming down the aisle," Pedro says softly as he hears the boos and catcalls in the distance.

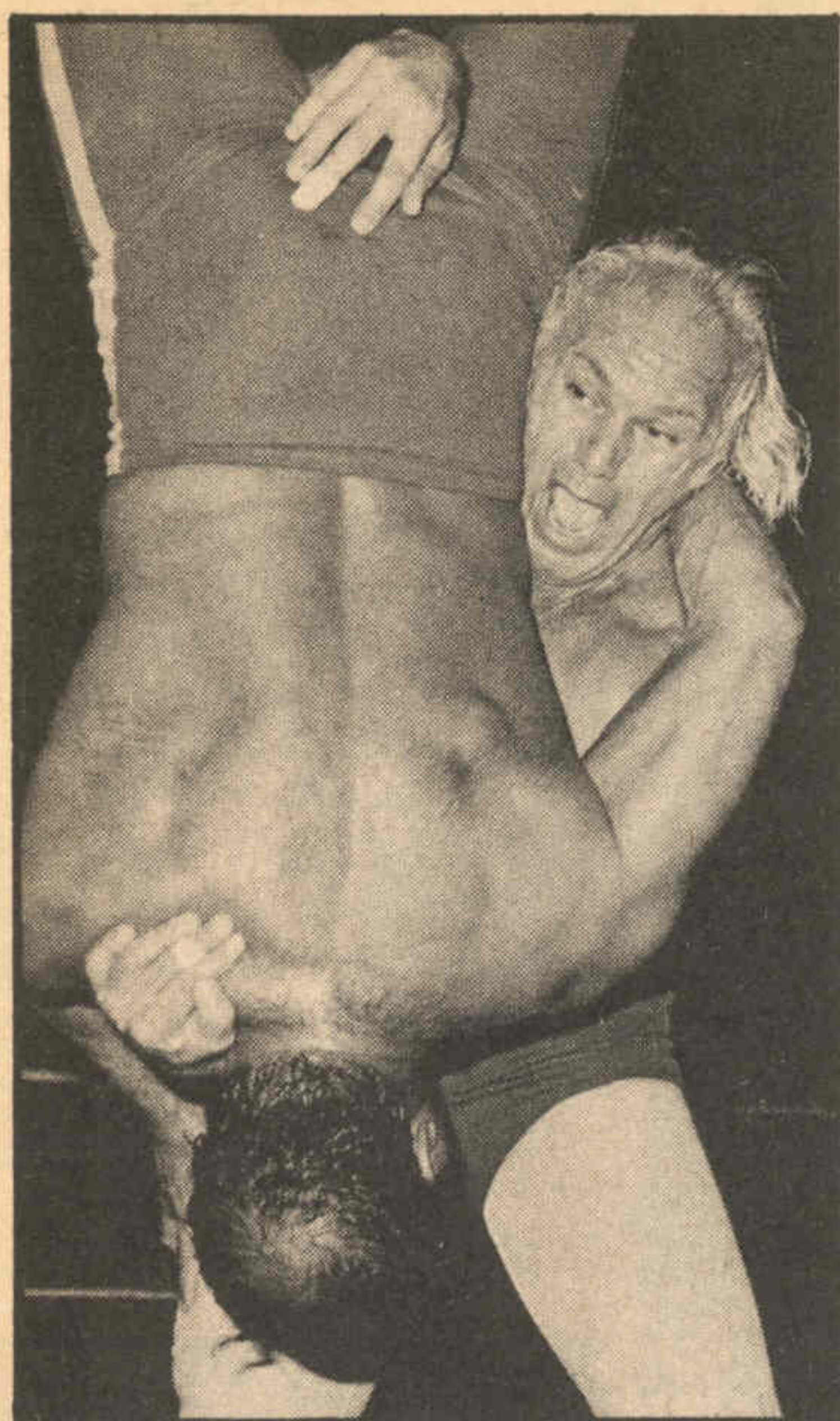
Suddenly the boos turn to cheers as Pedro heads down the aisle. He climbs into the ring and stares at the wild-eyed Wizard giving last-minute instructions to Valiant. Soon the Wizard will be herded back to the dressing room and Handsome Jim

will be on his own. Pedro still can feel the aches from the previous night's match against Stasiak, but he pushes that from his mind and walks to the center of the ring.

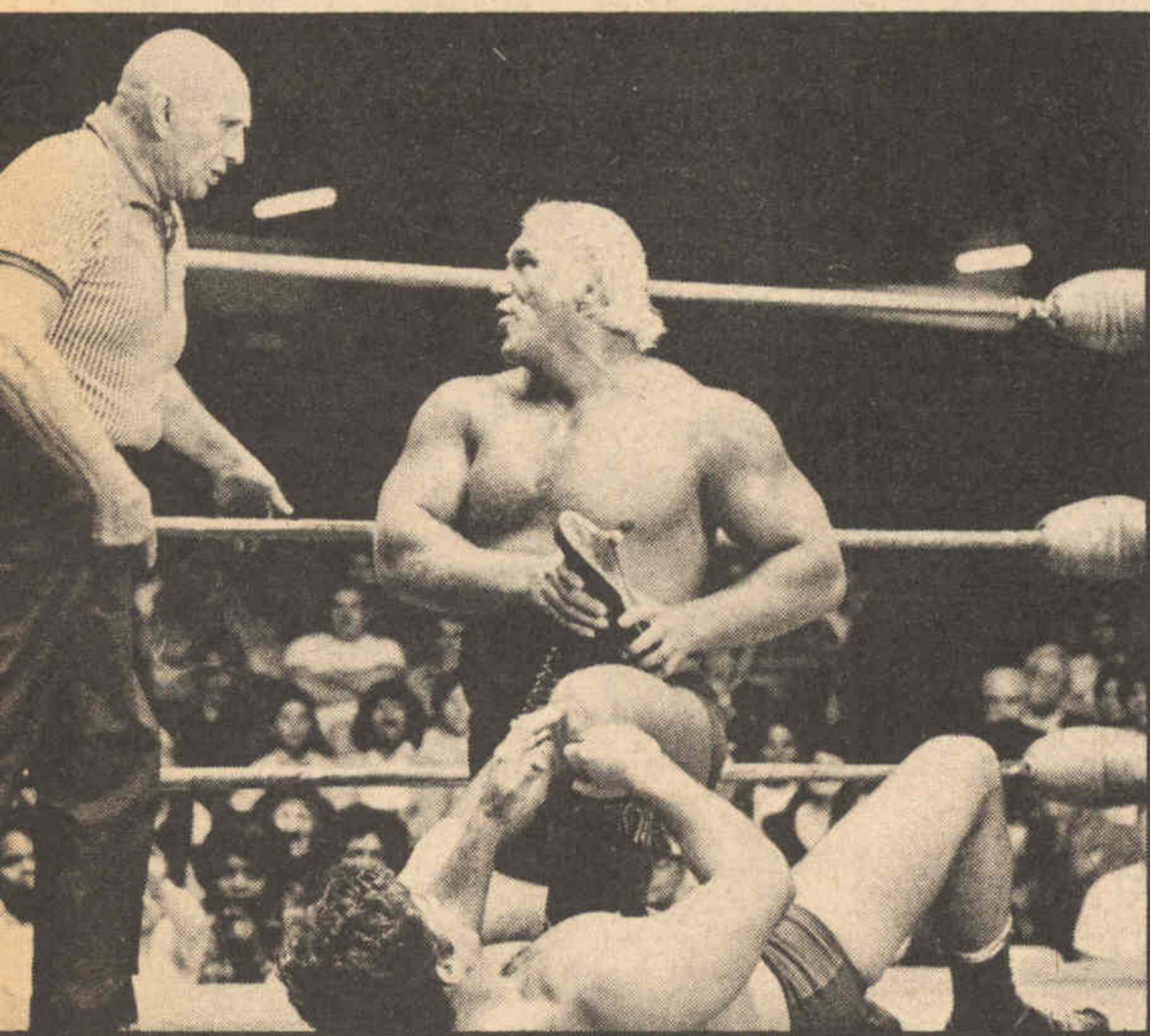
For 11 minutes the match is even. Valiant is holding his own against the champion who, he admits later, is trying to end it as quickly as he can. But at the 12-minute mark, Pedro applies a reverse cradle and Jimmy can't get his shoulders off the mat. Pedro retains his belt.

Valiant rushes down to the dressing room quickly, there to be consoled by the Wizard. Pedro stays in the ring for a few minutes to pose for pictures and sign a few more autographs. But he can't stay too long. (Continued on page 52)

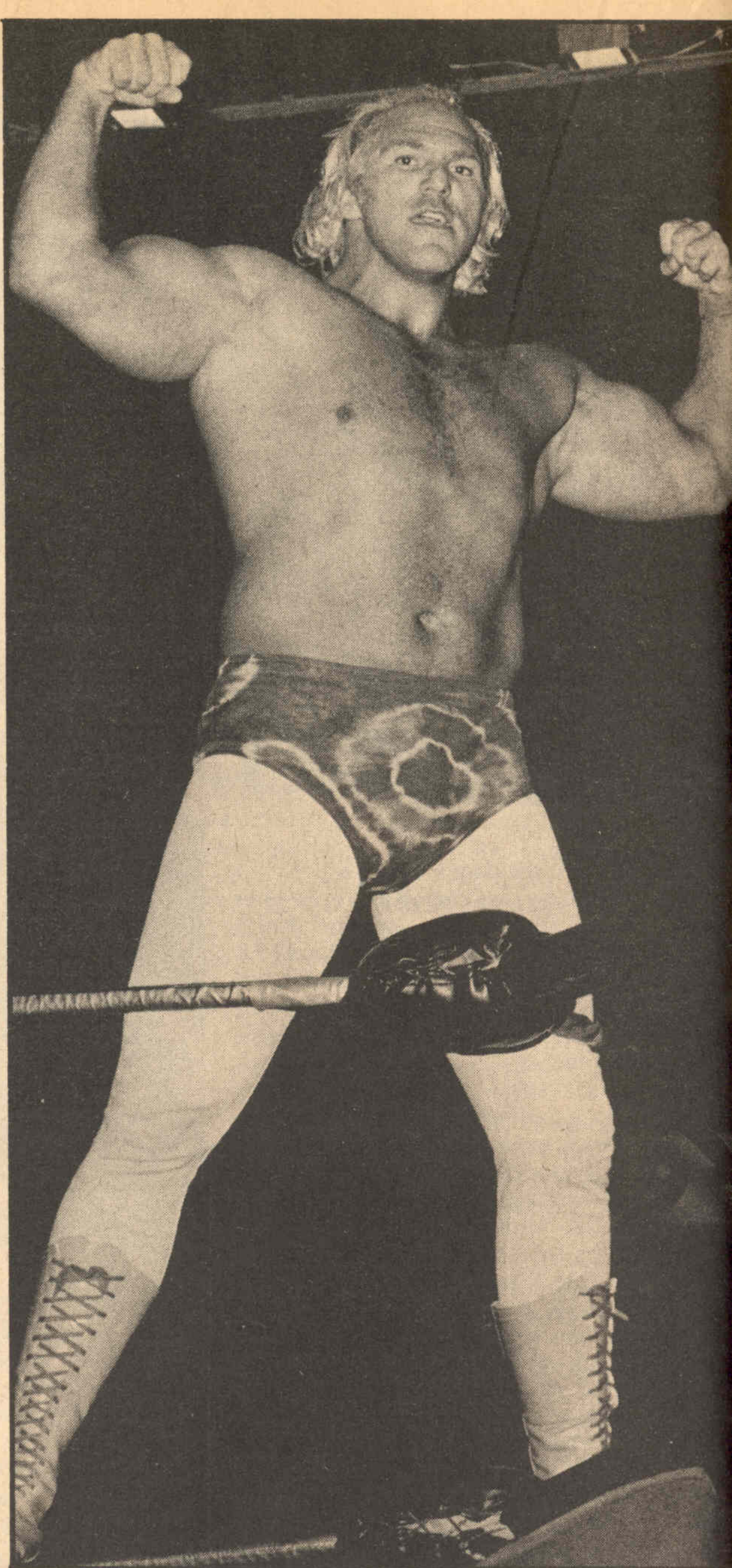




Graham viciously bodyslams John Tolos (left). At one time John and Billy were the best of friends. Then they had a fallout, followed by a series of bloody brawls. Billy (right) says, "I'm without a doubt the greatest thing that ever happened to wrestling. The sport would be dead without me." His legion of fans have nicknamed him, "Superstar." "It's appropriate," Graham modestly admits when asked.



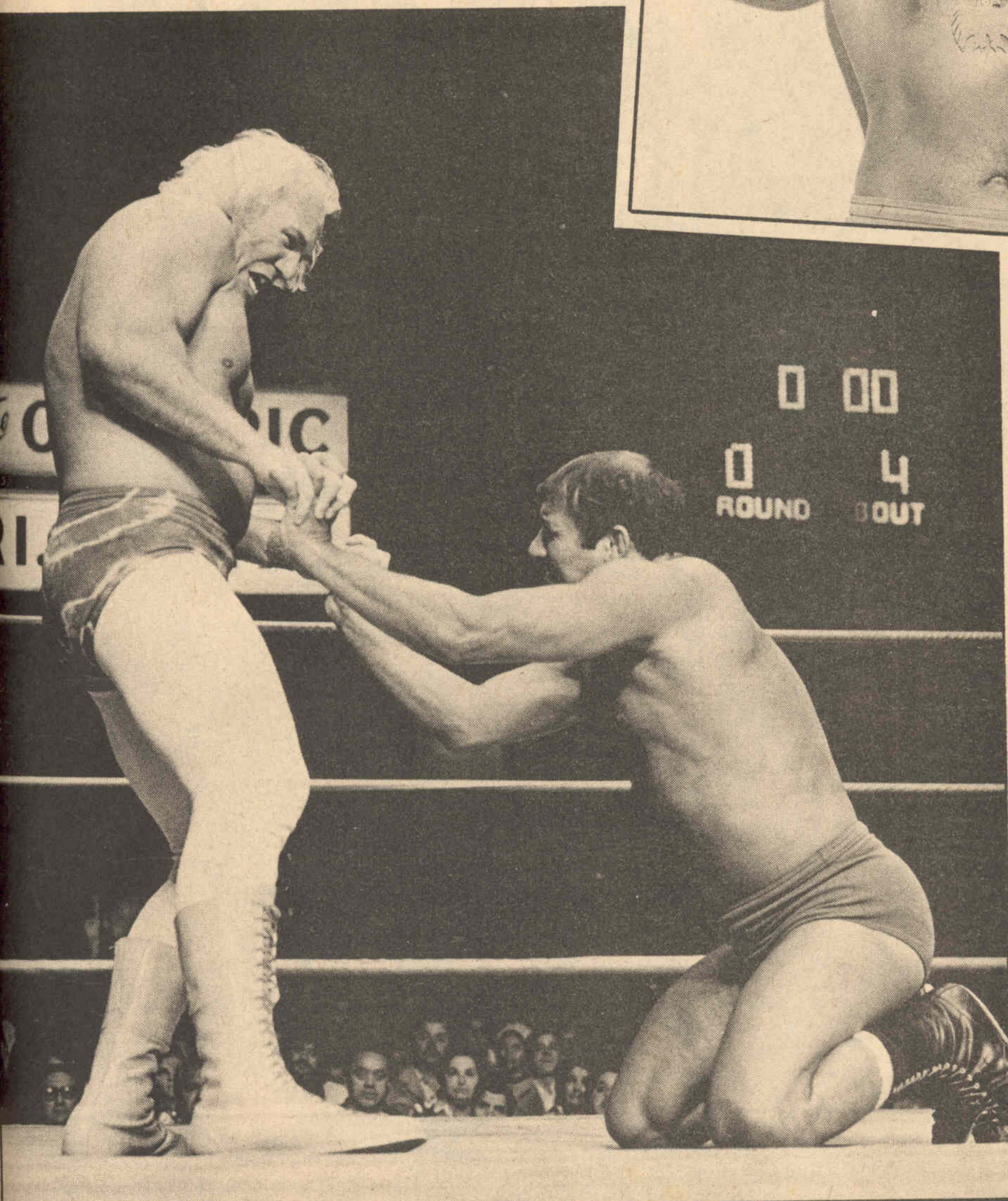
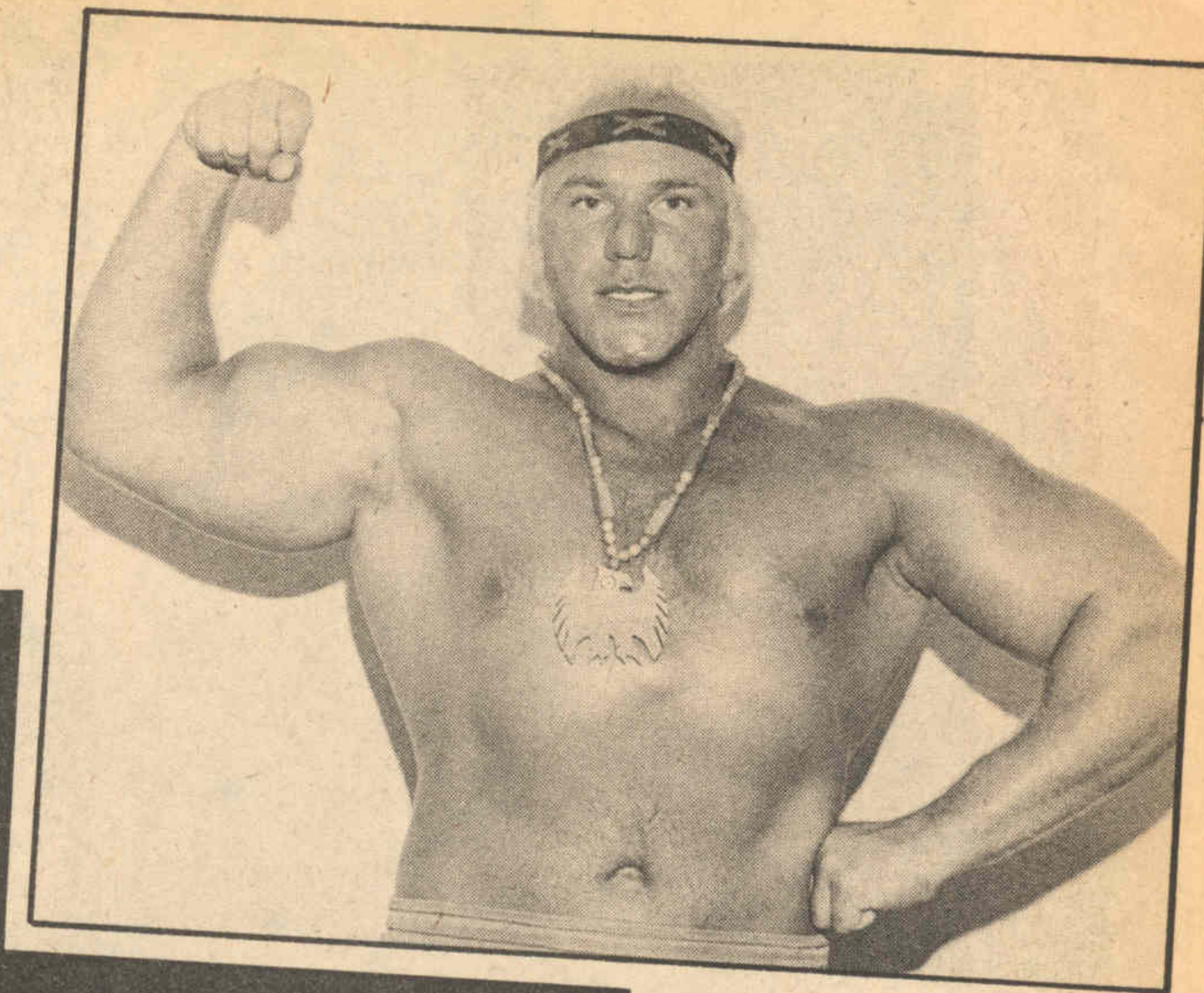
In 1971 Billy and rookie sensation Don Muraco began a blazing feud in Los Angeles. Since then they've carried it all over the world. "The kid should be flattered that I wrestle him so often," Billy said. "Maybe he can learn something." Billy isn't very modest. He loves to brag about himself.



# BILLY GRAHAM'S FABULOUS CAREER



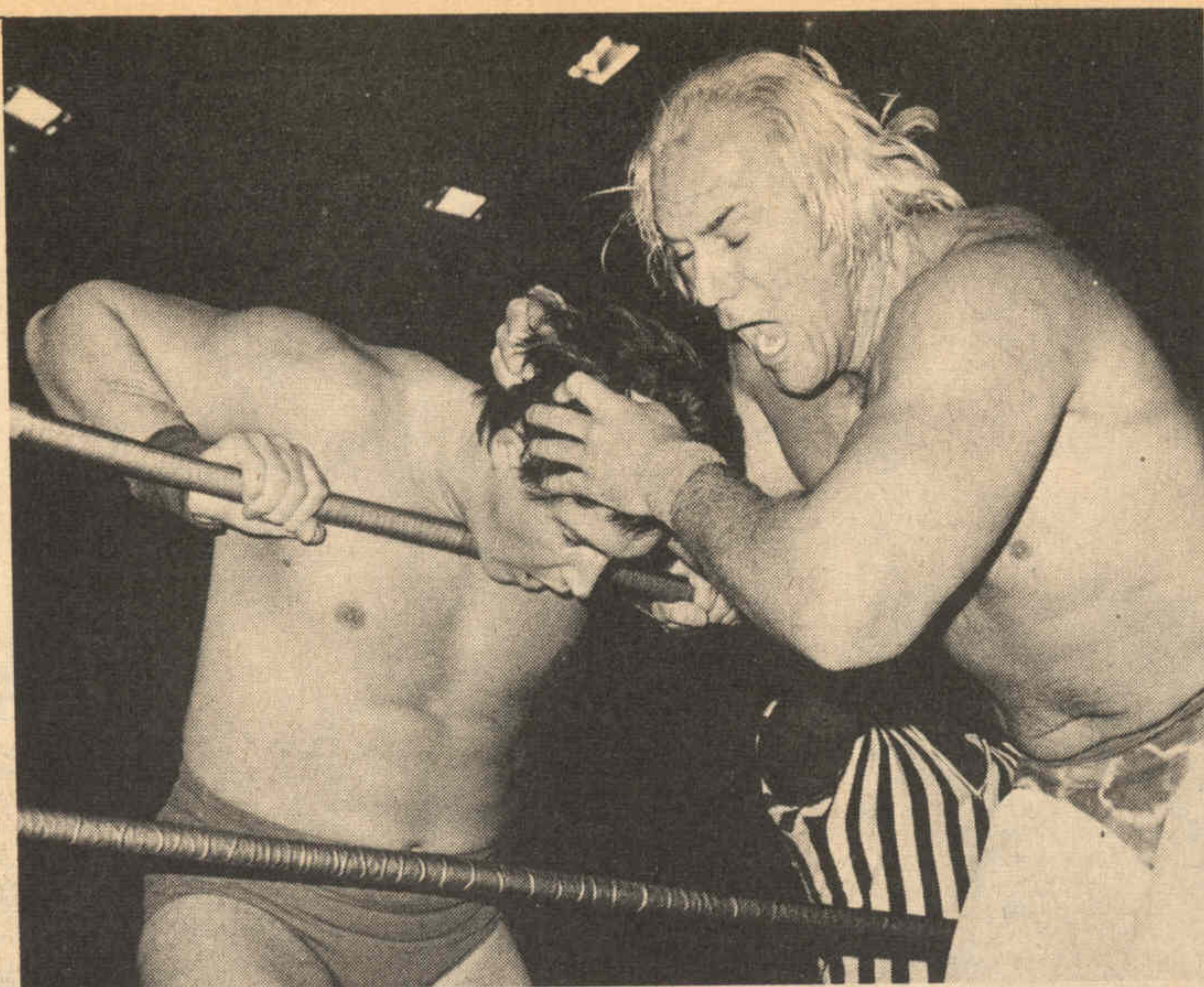
**"I HAVE THE STRENGTH  
OF A HUNDRED MEN!"  
—BILLY "SUPERSTAR"  
GRAHAM**



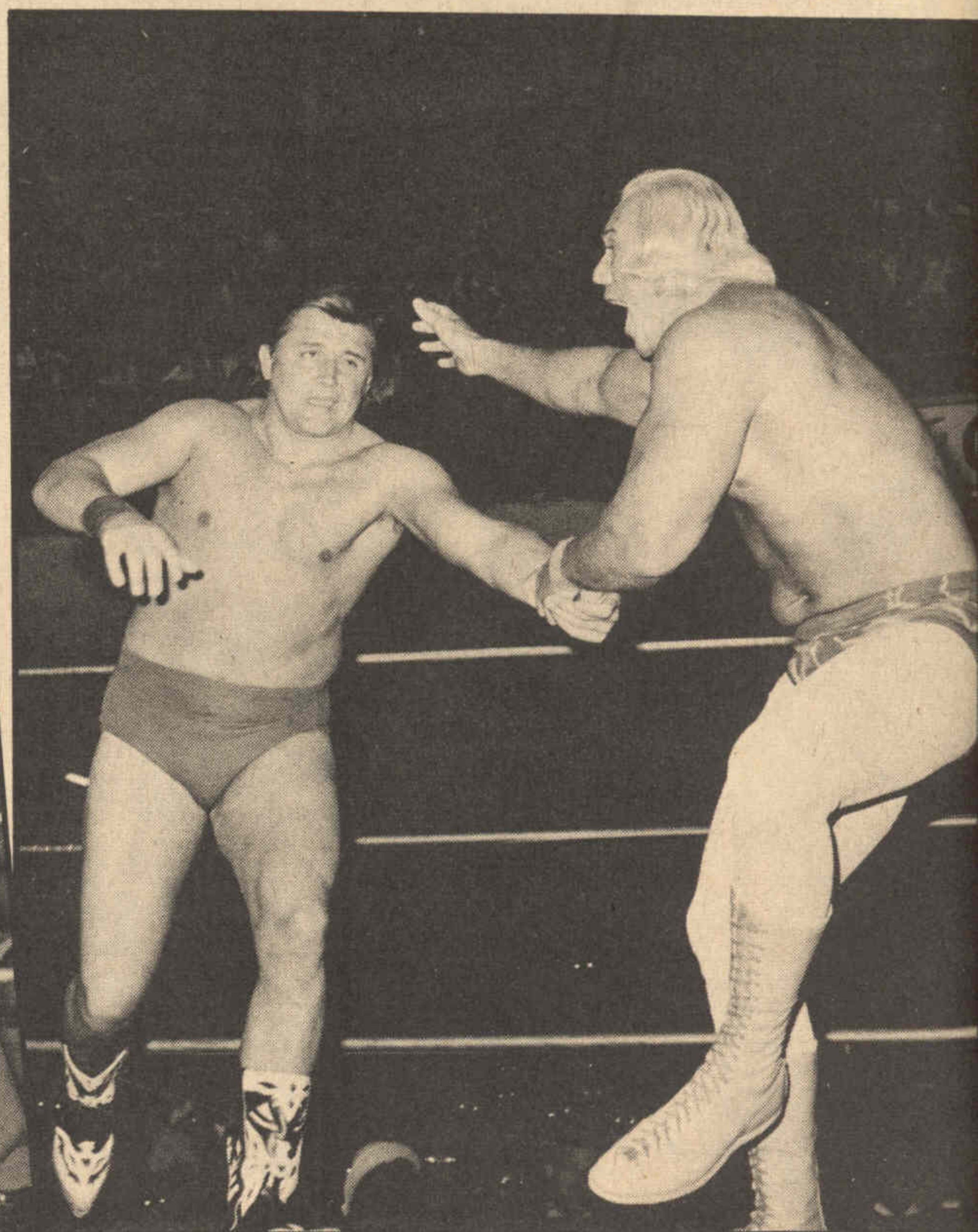
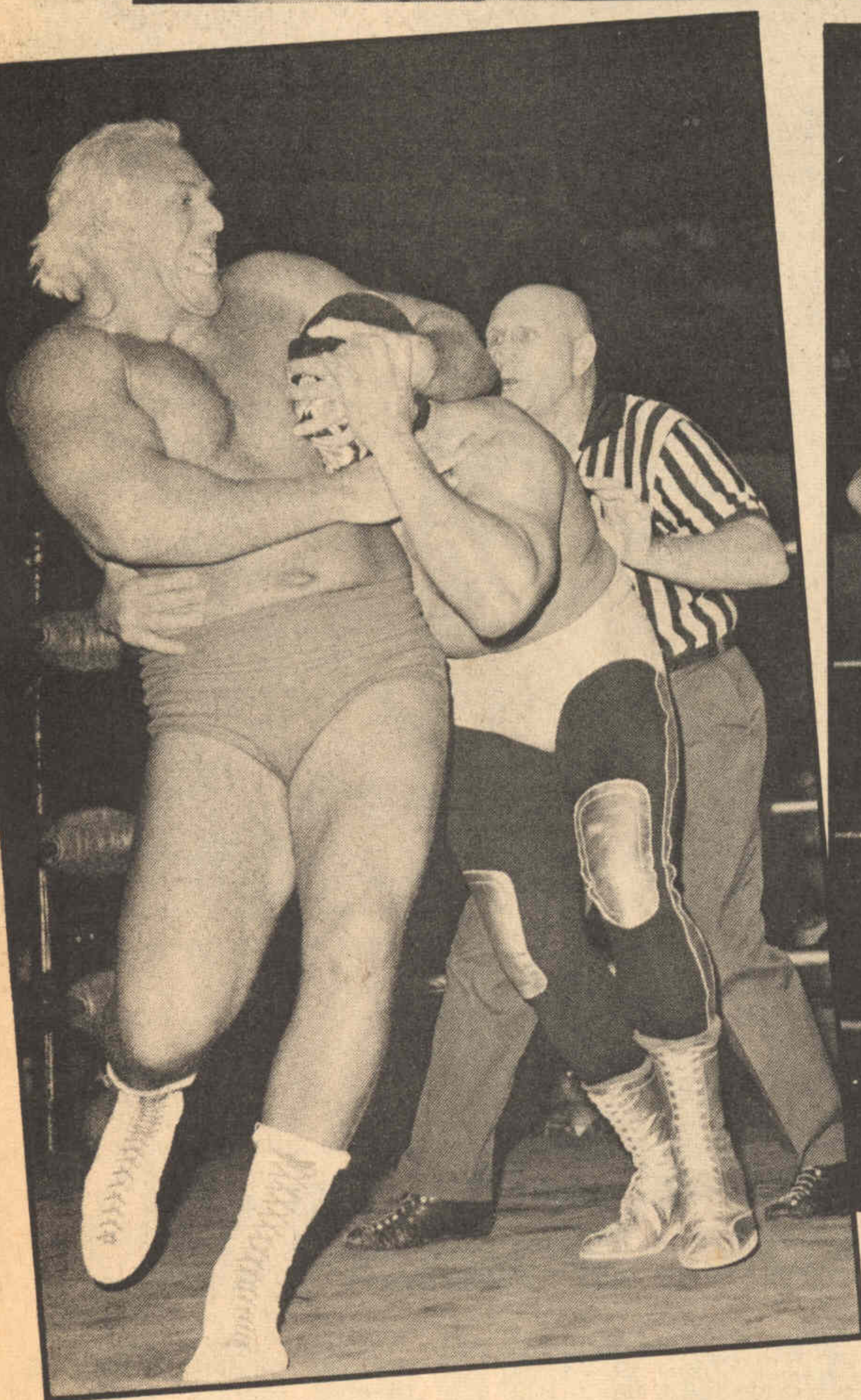
Graham has Chris Tolos, John's brother, in agony as he applies pressure on a fingerlock (left). "John couldn't handle me alone," Graham says, "so he had to call his big brother in from Canada to try to wipe me out. But it didn't work. I annihilated both of them. They're both crybabies." Billy's female fans love when he poses like this (above). Our offices are constantly receiving loads of mail from adoring females who'd love to marry him.

**IN PICTURES!**



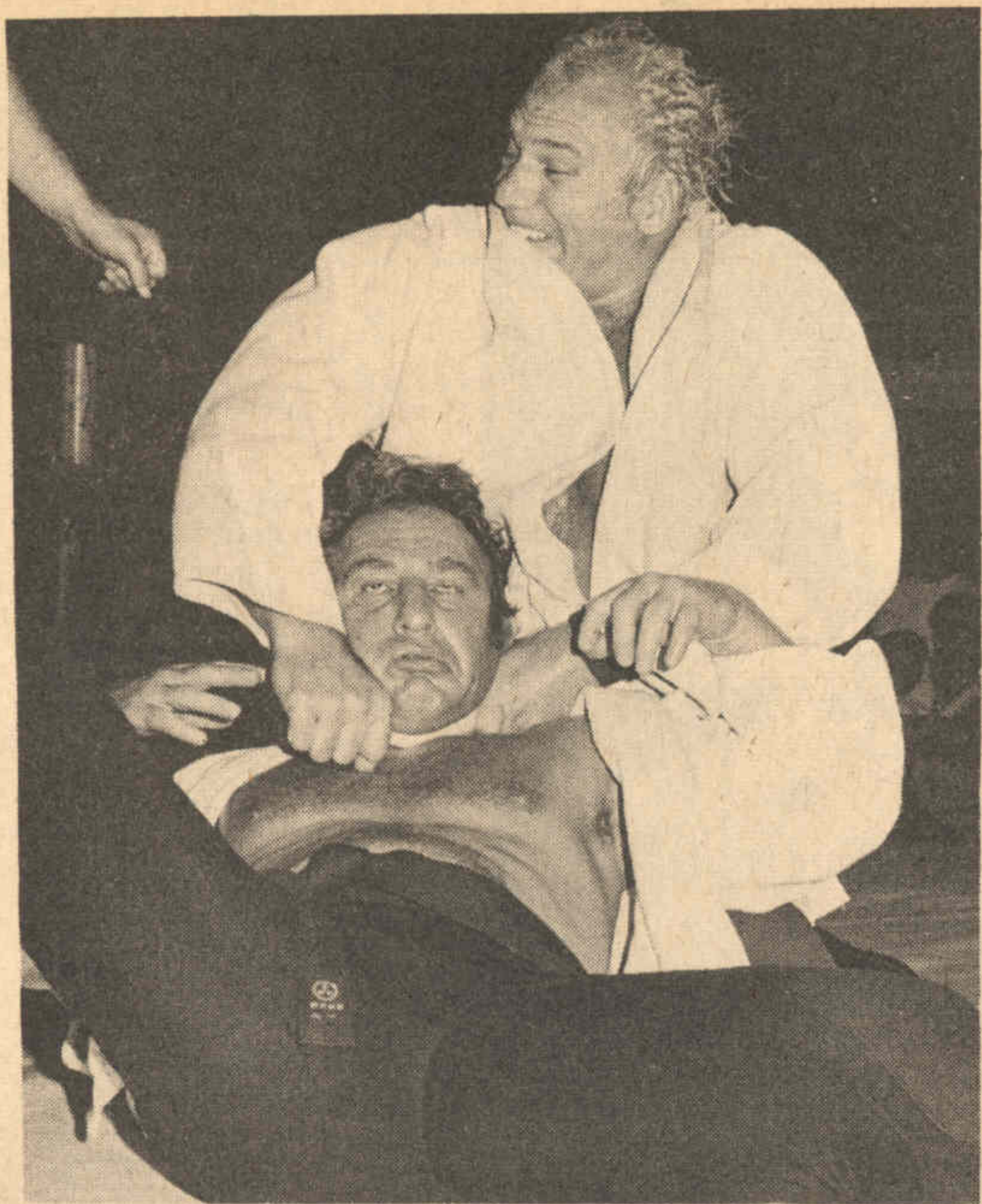


One of Billy's pet holds is "The Guillotine." He takes his opponent's head, pushes it down on the ropes and then jumps off the ring apron, choking the breath from the victim. Cowboy Frankie Laine (left) is experiencing it at the moment. Graham has sent many opponents to the hospital because of this hold. Several states have already banned it. "Let 'em," Graham says. "If they do I'll invent something else. I'm a master at inventing new holds. No other wrestler has the unique repertoire I possess. My opponents fear my every move and I can't blame them. They're smart."

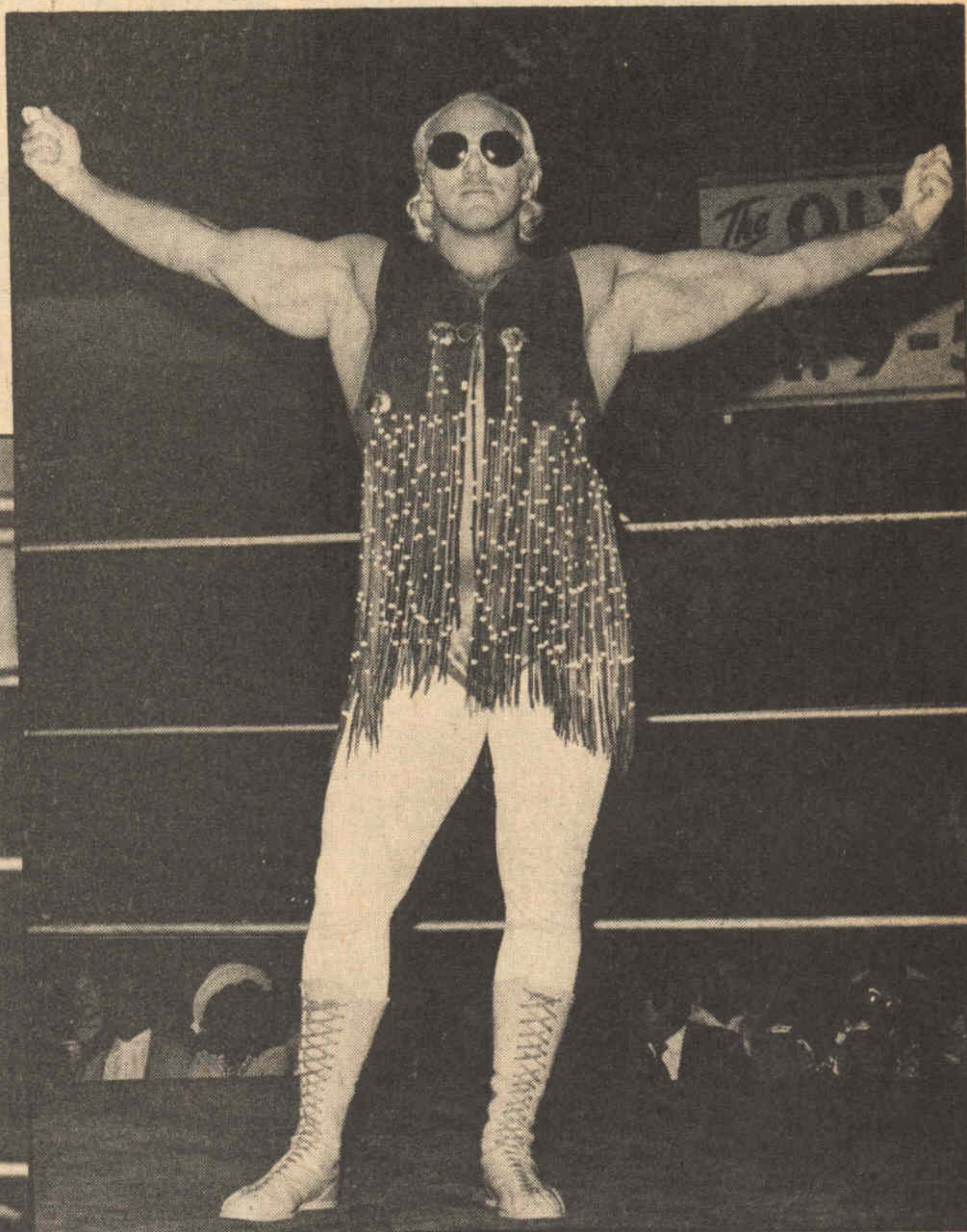


Graham applies a punishing headlock on the great Mil Mascaras (left). "Mascaras is an overrated creep," Billy contests. "If he wasn't such a dirty wrestler I could have beaten him a hundred times." Cowboy Frankie Laine's getting a taste of Billy's enormous strength as Billy flings him across the ring. The Cowboy flew clear over the ropes!

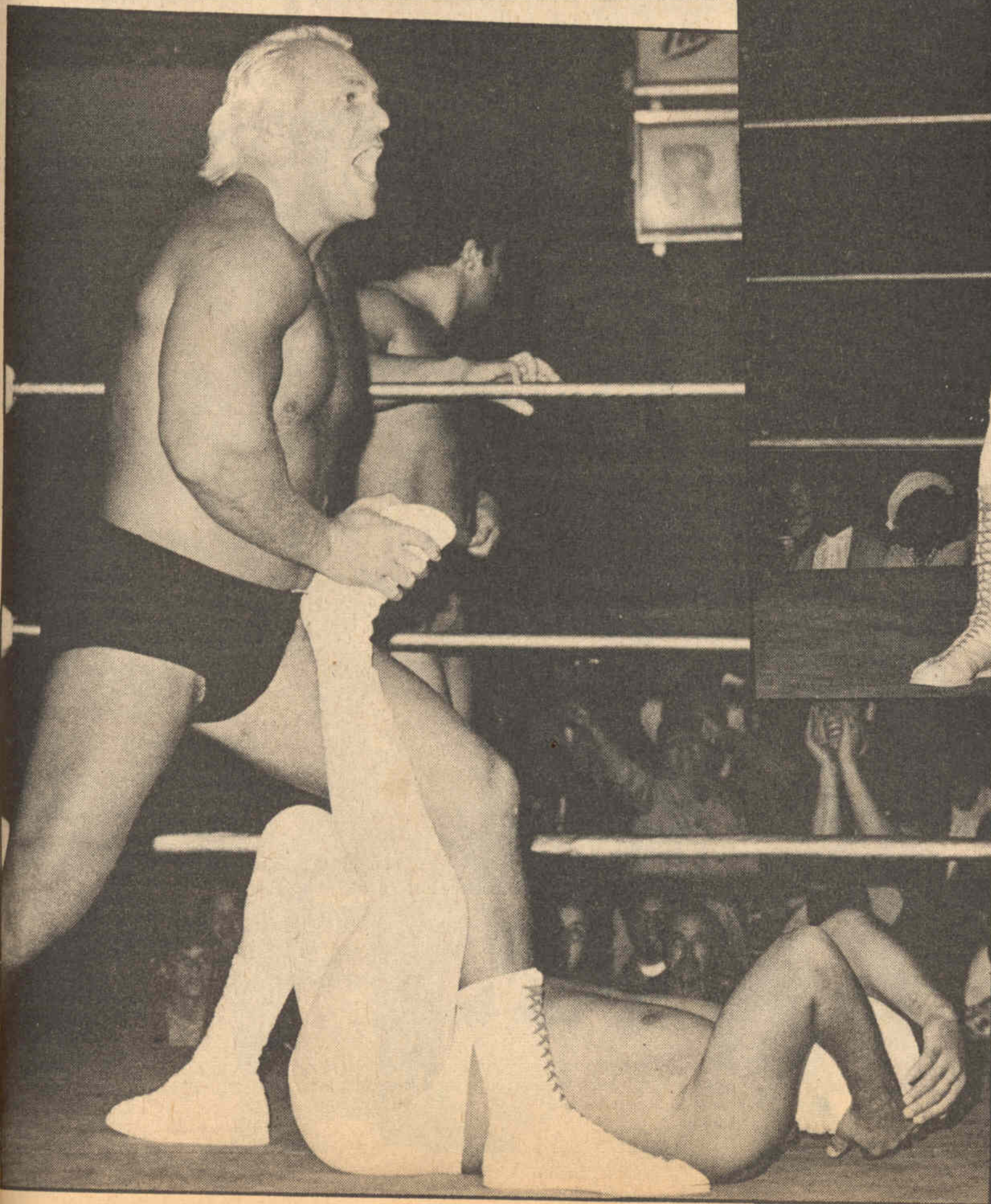




Left: Billy's just finished bodyslamming Olympic Auditorium's assistant promoter Gene Lebell and now he's bombarding him with karate and judo chops. Lebell, an expert at karate and judo, challenged Graham and was surprised at how well Billy handled himself. "I'm an expert at all martial arts," Graham admits. "I'm willing to take on anyone in any physical combat sport." Billy's also an expert swimmer, weightlifter, acrobat and runner. He's an all-round athlete.



Above: Billy strikes a pose in one of his favorite outfits. "All my outfits and clothing are tailor made for me," he said. Left: A painful stepover toehold has one of the Masked Medics crying "uncle." Billy and John Tolos teamed against the Medics. The following week Graham took both Medics on alone to prove he could do it. He won two straight falls!



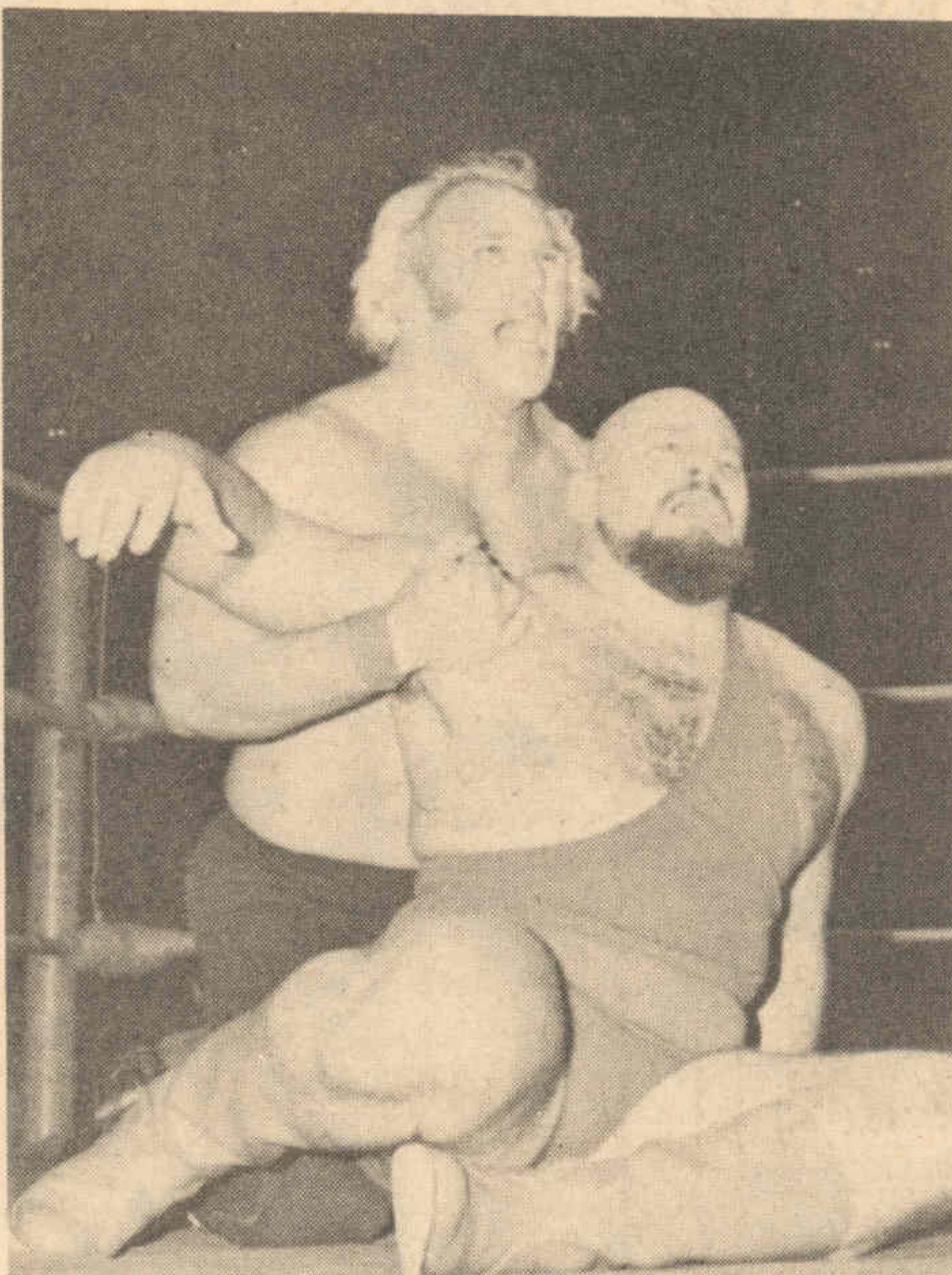
(Continued on page 46)





# BILLY GRAHAM

(Continued from Page 45)



Billy uses partner Ivan Koloff as a shield (left) in their match against Wahoo McDaniel and Crusher. A lot of fans think Billy is a big chicken rather than a superstar. They'd love to see him get his head handed to him. Billy's brother, Dr. Jerry Graham, introduces Billy to Los Angeles fans for the first time. "I'm really proud of him," Jerry said. "He's a true Graham in every way."



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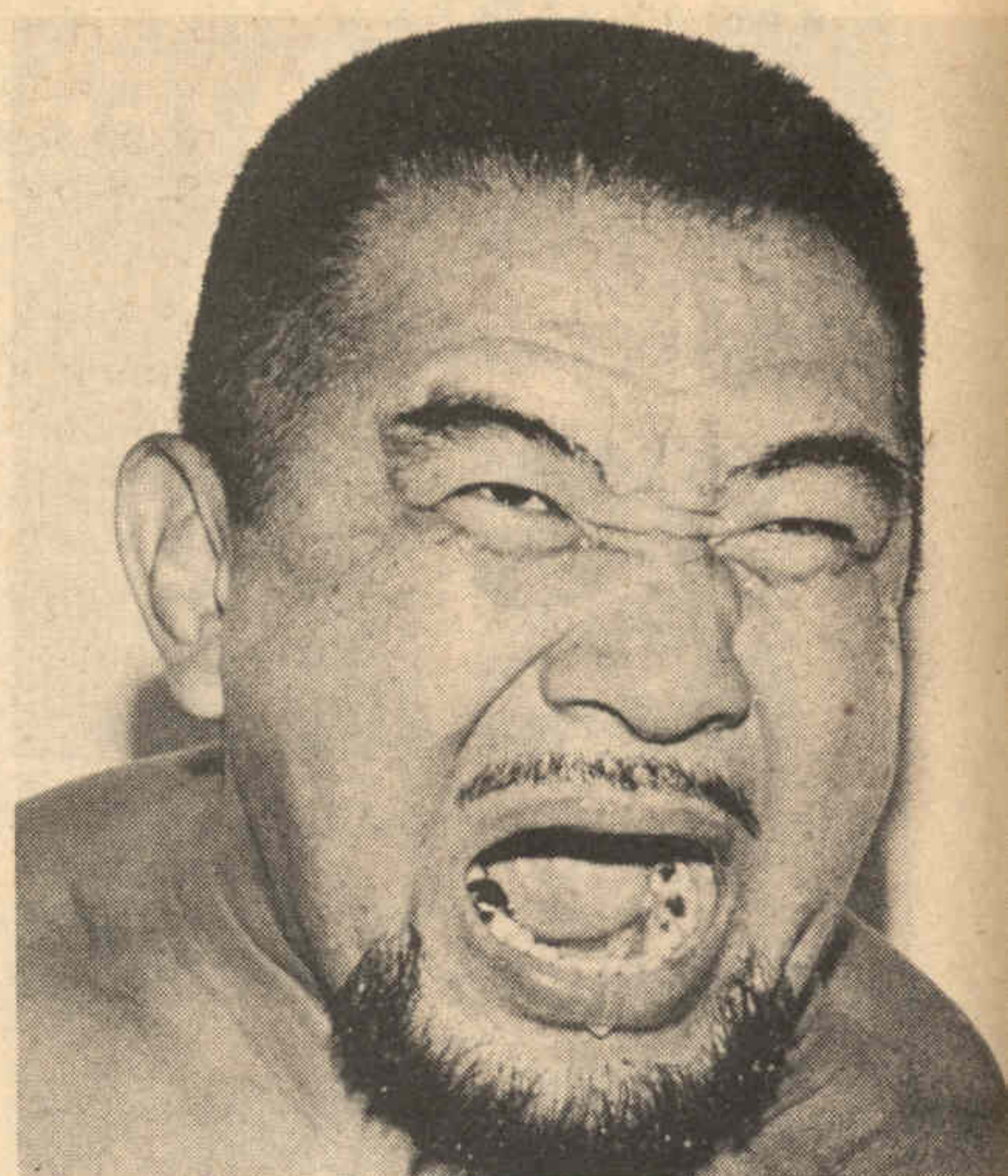
## HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 10)

wrestlers be given a handkerchief. The one who covers the handkerchief first with the blood of his opponent wins the match!

Pat Patterson really pulled a fast one as far as Kenji Shibuya's concerned. During their match for a version of the U.S. title, champion Patterson, after being fouled repeatedly by his Japanese opponent, reached into his trunks and pulled out a mask he wore years ago. He put the mask on, reached into his trunks again and pulled out a foreign object, which he put into the mask. Then he head-butted Kenji and that was it! Kenji went out like a light. The next thing he knew he was being revived on the rubbing table in the dressing room. Poor Kenji. Some days everything goes wrong!

The newest "in thing" in Texas is a game called, "try to knock off Blackjack Mulligan." And man, it's more than a game! Every wrestler who has tried to step in Mulligan's path has been wiped out. With Mulligan and King Curtis both in the



Kenji Shibuya (above) is a tricky customer, but blond bomber Pat Patterson pulled a fast one on Kenji and got away with it—making Kenji lose the match! Dory Funk Jr. (below) says, "if I win the title I'll hold it longer than before."



same wrestling neighborhood, a battle between the two is almost unavoidable. If it comes about, sit far away from ringside unless you're prepared to get a bloodbath!

Incidentally, Mulligan's former tag partner, Blackjack Lanza, is in line waiting for a shot at Pedro Morales' W.W.W.F. title as is Stan "The Heart Punch Man" Stasiak. If you remember, Stasiak swore he'd return east to "settle some unfinished business with that so-called champion Morales," as Stan put it.

Terry Funk is racing his brother Dory Jr. in the quest to win the N.W.A. title that Dory lost to Harley Race. Junior wants it back and Terry

is out to prove he's as good as his brother by winning the belt.

"Don't get me wrong," Dory said, "I'd like to see Terry win the belt but not until I regain it and then maybe lose it again. I'll tell you, if I win the belt a second time I'll make sure I hold it longer than I did the first time around."

Frank Dalton is having trouble getting opponents. Why? Well, his favorite hold is the sleeper, which he uses in most of his matches. The catch? He doesn't know how to wake them up! Someone who knows how, like Dalton's sworn enemy Jimmy Golden, usually winds up reviving Dalton's beaten opponent.

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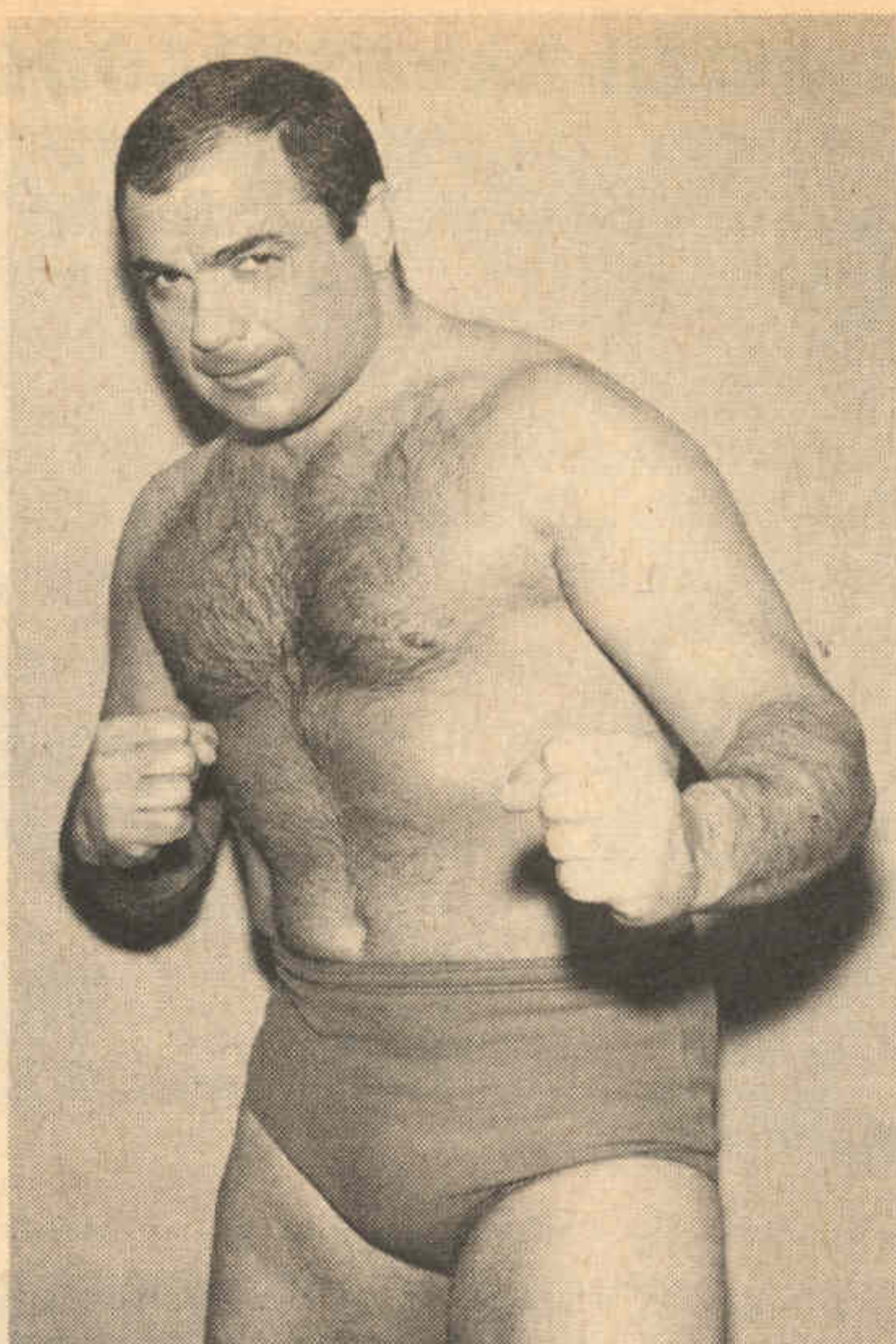


This issue's "Question Of The Month" was submitted by Mike Brugger. He wanted us to ask a series of wrestlers how long they think Harley Race will hold the title and who might be his successor. Here are the answers our world-wide staff of correspondents received:

**JACK BRISCO:** "Race is good, very good. I don't want to sound like a braggart but he'll hold it up until the time he meets me. I think I can beat him. Incidentally, I'm still anxious to wrestle Dory Jr. even though he doesn't have the title. I want to prove I can beat him in two out of three falls. I haven't done it yet."

**BOBBY SHANE:** "The real king, me, shall dethrone Mr. Race if Mr. Race will put his title on the line against me. I think it will be one of the classic matches in history because you'll be watching two great men. But remember, I'm better until Race proves differently."

**VICTOR RIVERA:** "I've never seen Harley Race wrestle but I hear he's really good. With all the top competition the N.W.A. offers, I don't think he'll hold the title very long."



Look out! John Tolos is back to his evil ways again! He's broken ties with Victor Rivera and is out to kill the Puerto Rican sensation!

**DORY FUNK JR.:** "I hope I'll defeat Race before my brother Terry gets to him. With so many top men in contention for the belt I feel he'll

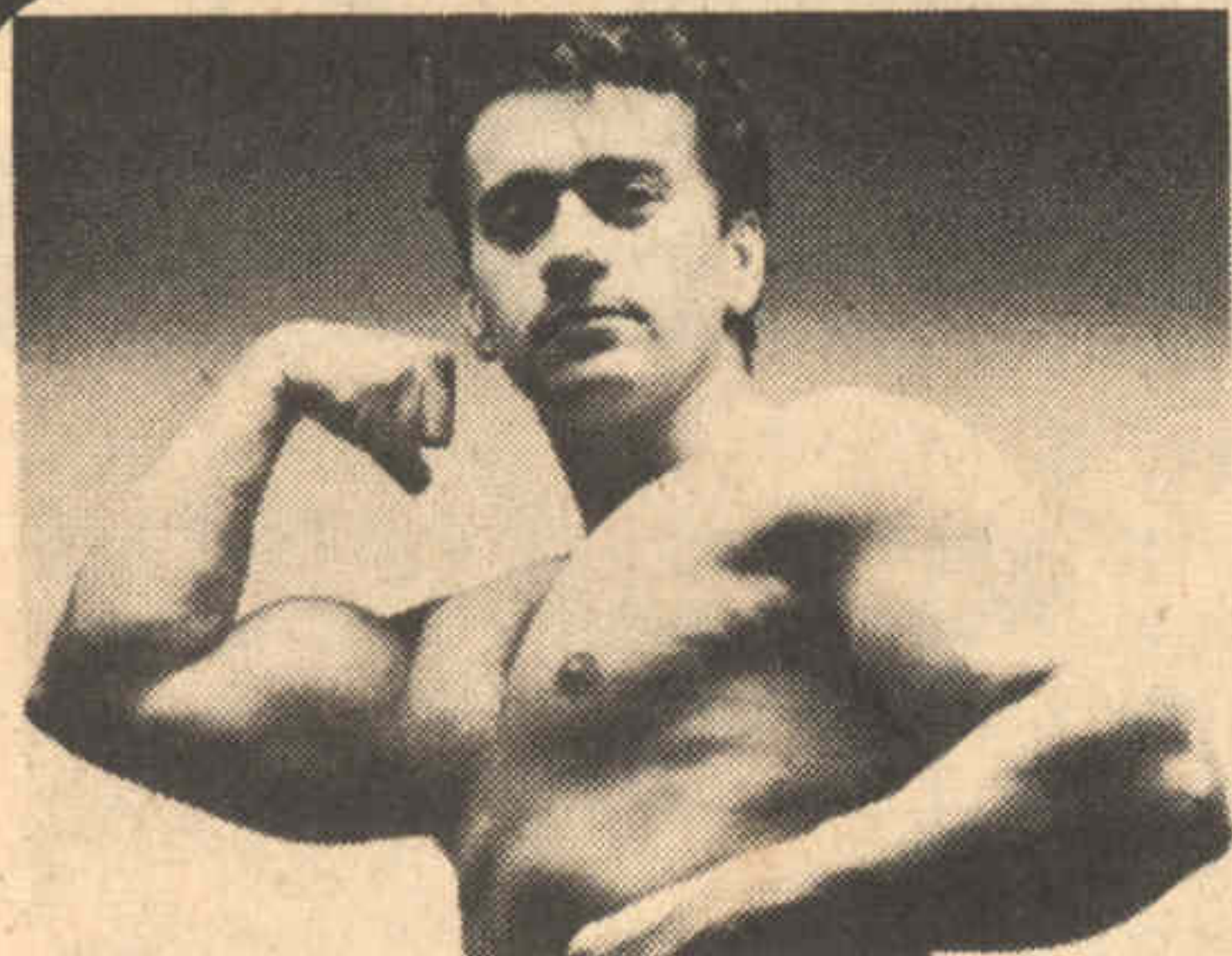
lose it soon."

John Tolos is back to his maniacal ways after months of wrestling "clean."

"I wanted to prove I could do it," Tolos said. "The fans thought I was only good for roughhousing. But now they know. Now they know 'The Golden Greek' is a great, scientific wrestler!"

Who is the mysterious masked Gladiator now appearing in the southern states? He's one of the most treacherous masked men we've seen in many years... Fred Blassie and Victor Rivera, both favorites in Los Angeles, had some sort of argument and are engaged in a violent series of matches along the east coast... The entire wrestling world was shocked at the recent death of Bearcat Wright. He died from sickle cell anemia... Killer Kowalski and George "The Animal" Steele would love a shot at Tony Garea and Haystacks Calhoun, at least that's what they're saying. If it's true, why doesn't Kowalski come into W.W.W.F. territory?

And that's what's happening, baby! ☐



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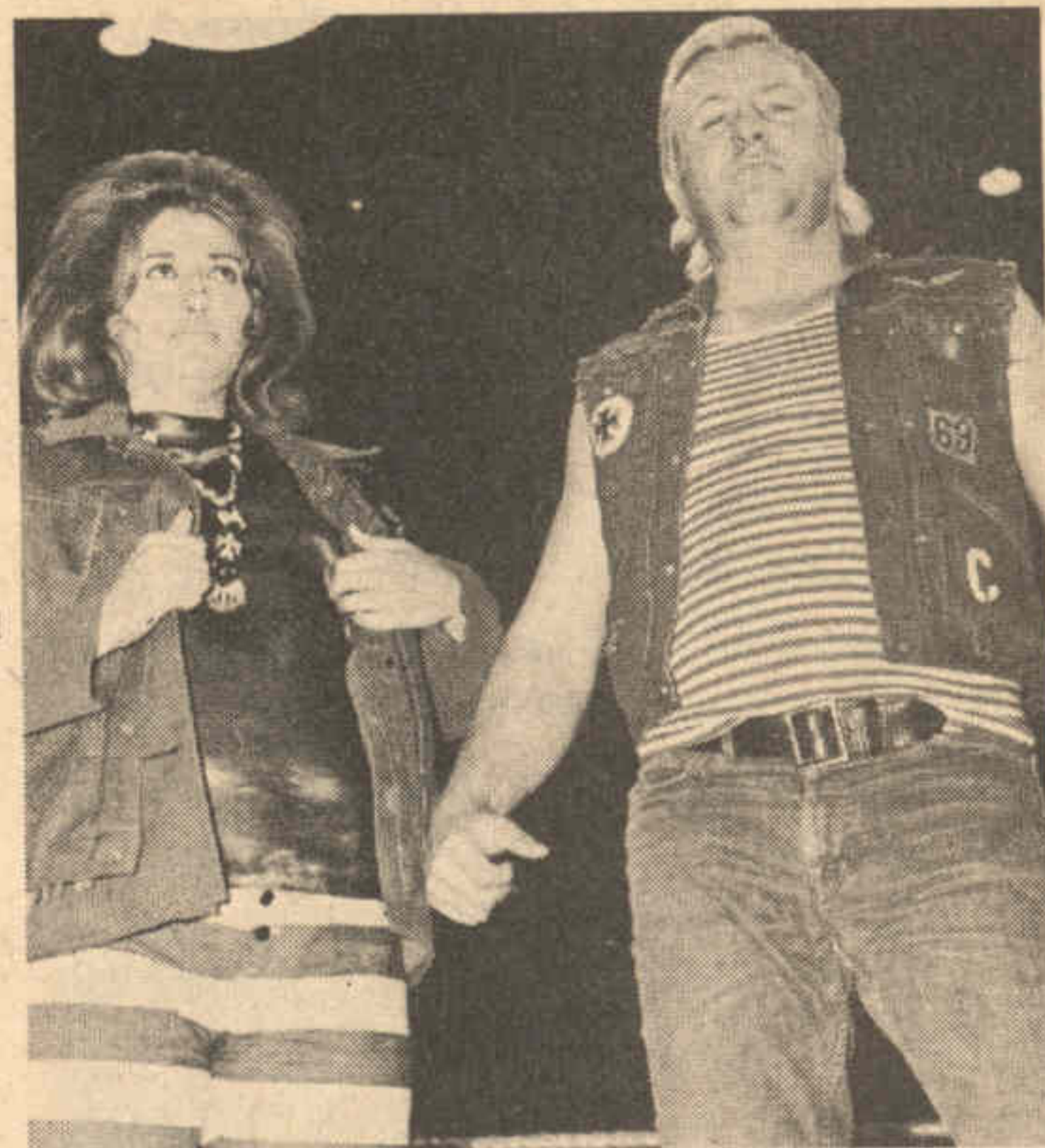


# THERE'S ANOTHER DILLINGER ON THE LOOSE!

(Continued from Page 35)



Ken and Momma at home (left) relax with a few beers. "Garbage cans, alleys, warehouses, that's what me and Momma are used to," Dillinger explained. Right: Ken and Momma are a fearsome sight before a match. The "love chain" around her neck is what she tried to strangle Don Muraco with.



ing chains, spikes and other weapons she hands Ken if he gets in trouble.

"Sure I let 'em search me," Momma laughed. "But only men. They're so embarrassed by friskin' a woman there's certain places they don't search. They're scared I'd yell they tried to attack me. Cops ain't got too good of an image as it is. They don't want to go stirrin' up trouble. So they overlook certain things, ya know what I mean?"

As one of the midwest's hottest attractions, Dillinger and Momma could certainly afford something better than alleys or abandoned warehouses. Yet they refuse to change their life style just because they have some money.

"Money don't mean nothing," Dillinger said. "There's people with tons of money that ain't happy. Just because you get some bread it don't mean you change the way you live. Garbage cans, alleys, warehouses, that's what me and Momma are used to. As long as I got my beer, my cycle and my piece of sidewalk I don't want nothing else. If it gets too cold or there's a blizzard we crawl into a warehouse. Man, for us that's luxury!"

In addition to adopting the same life style as the notorious Dillingers, younger brother Ken has adopted the same ring style. It's called attempted murder. He has absolutely no principles. Anything goes. He'll use chains, brass knuckles or anything he can get his hands on. "Rules are for idiots," he insists. "The way I live there are no rules. You fight for what you get and you fight to keep it. When I stomp some cat, whether it's in an alley or in the ring,

As usually happens, Ken and Momma are searched by police for hidden weapons. Momma lets herself be searched only by men. "They're so embarrassed friskin' a woman there's certain places they don't search," she said. And that's how she smuggles chains and spikes to Ken whenever he's in trouble.

those are my rules. Who set rules, anyway? You know who? Whoever's got the power, that's who! You play by the rules and the whole world's gonna walk all over you. Nobody walks over me! I follow rules — my rules!"

"He's right when he says he doesn't follow any rules," said Don Muraco, who wrestled Dillinger the night after our interview. "This guy is an absolute maniac. And that girl friend of his is worse. He whipped me into the corner and before I knew where I was she had a chain around my neck and was trying to choke me to death. I never saw a girl like her. She's as vicious as any man I've ever seen."

If Momma has such an instinct for combat, it seems unusual she hasn't tried her hand at wrestling herself — against the girls.

"Are you kiddin' me?" she asked unbelievably when we suggested it. "What fun would that be? They're all powder puffs. I'd rather help Ken fight men, like I did the night he won



me. Besides, I don't go in for that headlock, hammerlock and bear hug crap. When I rumble I rumble with chains, pipes, beer bottles and stuff like that. I've seen these broads wrestle. They think it's a big deal if they pull hair. That's kid stuff! I did that when I was eight years old!"

"Lissen!" Ken Dillinger interrupted. "Don't go telling Momma where to fight. She knows where and how! You wanna do something worthwhile. Write an editorial or something saying they should allow chain matches with man and woman tag-teams. That's the only way me and Momma work. Together. When we rumble we rumble alongside each other. I'll tell you right now, man. If they let me and Momma team up — you'll see some stomping like you never saw before!"

Judging by the little we'd already found out — there's no doubt Dillinger is exactly right. But with the broken beer bottle at Ken's side, we weren't about to ask for a demonstration! □



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## 24 HECTIC HOURS IN THE LIFE OF WORLD CHAMPION PEDRO MORALES

(Continued from Page 41)



Morales spends a great deal of time with youngsters. He's an idol to the east's large Puerto Rican community. This group of young baseball players poses with Pedro after he rode in the Puerto Rican Day parade.

He returns to the dressing room and jumps into the shower. He is hungry now and is thinking about that big, juicy steak he promised himself. Out of the shower, he dresses, packs his gear and leaves the arena with Manny Soto. Together they drive back to Kennedy Airport where Manny drops Pedro off. In the airport restaurant, Pedro orders a steak, baked potato and peas. The steak is good and Pedro feels relaxed.

By five p.m. the plane for Boston is airborne and Pedro stretches out his big frame and tries to grab an hour's worth of sleep. But just before he does, one the the stewardesses, a pretty Puerto Rican girl, recognizes him and asks for an autographed picture for her "nephew." Pedro complies, autographs the picture, and grabs a nap.

In about 45 minutes, the plane lands and another waiting limousine whisks Pedro to the arena. It's dark by the time he gets there and he signs a few autographs and heads into the dressing room. Again, the whole procedure of a physical exam

is repeated, and Pedro returns to his dressing room to await his match with Blassie.

At 9:30, the match begins and Pedro, tired from his long day, has trouble with Freddie. But at the 15-minute mark, Blassie is disqualified for biting Pedro and the bout is over.

However, Blassie's razor-sharp teeth have opened a gash on Pedro's forehead and Morales will have to get three stitches before he can leave the arena.

After being stitched up, Pedro showers again, gets dressed, packs his gear and heads for the limousine which will take him to a hotel. He arrives quickly and by 10:15 he is climbing into bed.

In a 24-hour period, he has wrestled three times, gone from Philadelphia to New York to Boston, had one solid meal, signed countless autographs, had three stitches taken in his forehead and posed for pictures. The next morning he will fly back to New York and a day of rest.

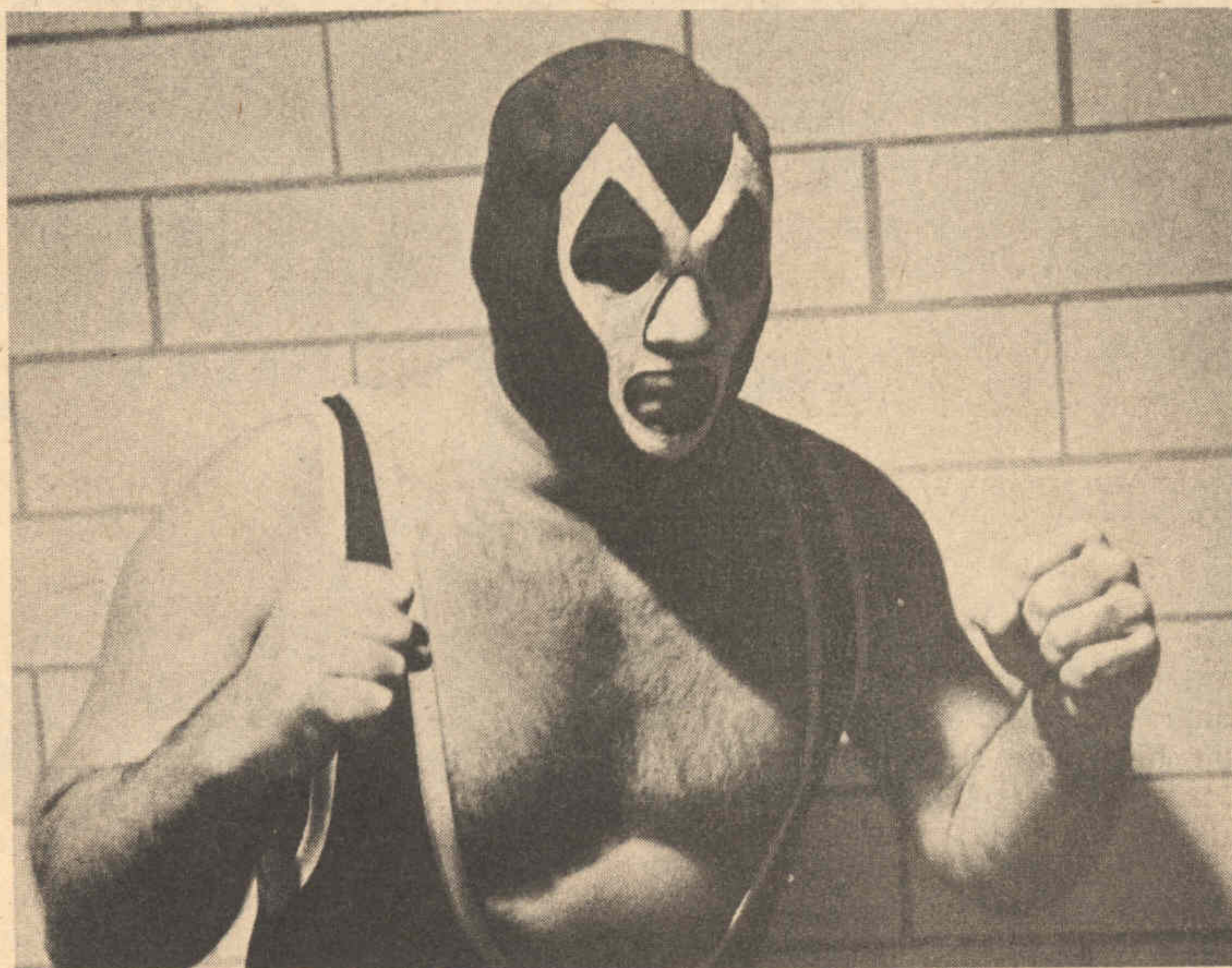
Pedro has no trouble falling asleep. □



# THE CASE OF THE KIDNAPPED WRESTLER

(Continued from Page 27)

In a post bout TV interview Dykes (rt) crowed, "Did you see the look on Jack Brisco's face? We fooled him. We fooled the world. We got even with them, all!" The real Grappler (below) vows revenge on Dykes and Lewis. "I'll get them someday," he roared.



co would be expecting a clean opponent and these guys were going to ruin everything.

"I tried everything I could. I prayed somebody would come into the dressing room. But they had locked the door. I wanted to kill both of them!"

Brisco looked concerned when Dykes followed the Grappler into the ring. He remembers thinking that it wasn't like the Grappler to have anything to do with a madman like Dykes—especially during an important match such as this.

"Something looked fishy," Brisco recalls. "This guy had the Grappler's mask, his robe and even his trunks. But he just didn't look like the Grappler. Even the fans seemed puzzled.

And I couldn't understand the connection with Dykes.

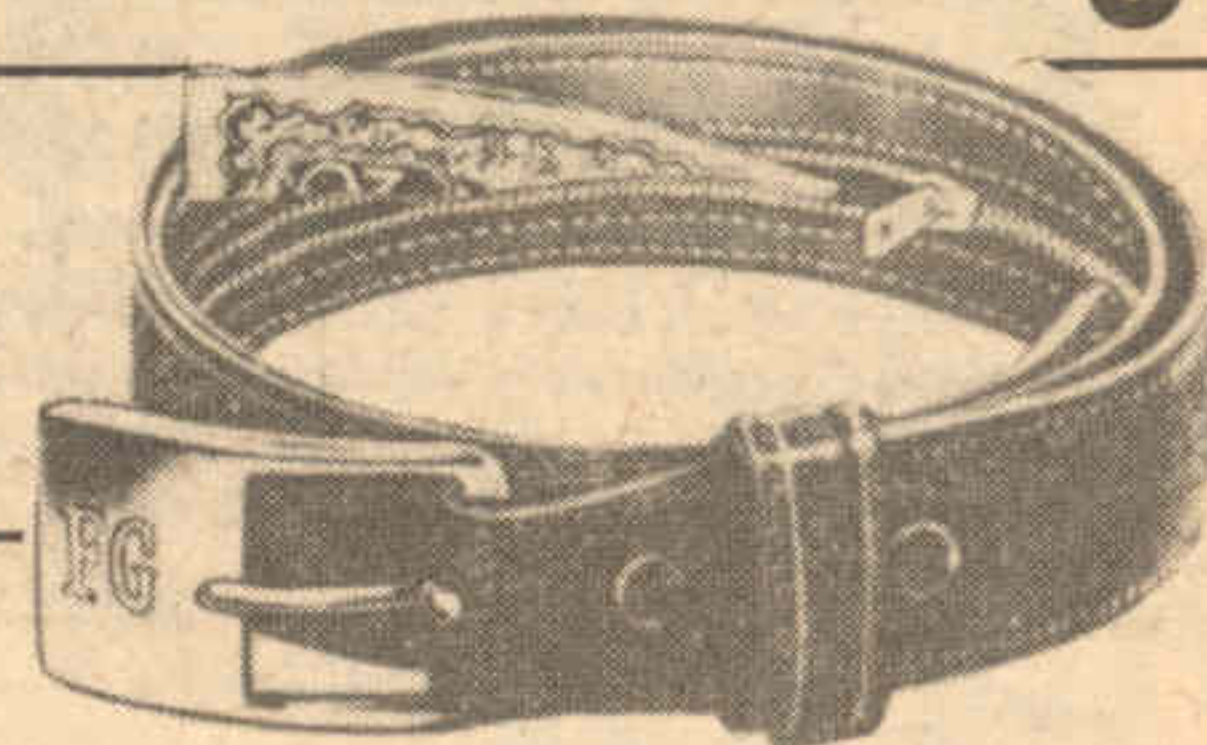
"I really became suspicious when I wished the Grappler 'good luck' as we met in the center of the ring. He just grunted and that isn't like him. When the match began I was stunned."

So was everybody else—including the promoters who had visions of their big TV contract flying out the window. The Grappler, in a complete turnabout, was stomping, punching and kicking Brisco. What was supposed to be a scientific exhibition was now a one-sided war and J.C. Dykes was the commanding general in the corner.

"I tried to wrestle as clean as I

(Continued on page 54)

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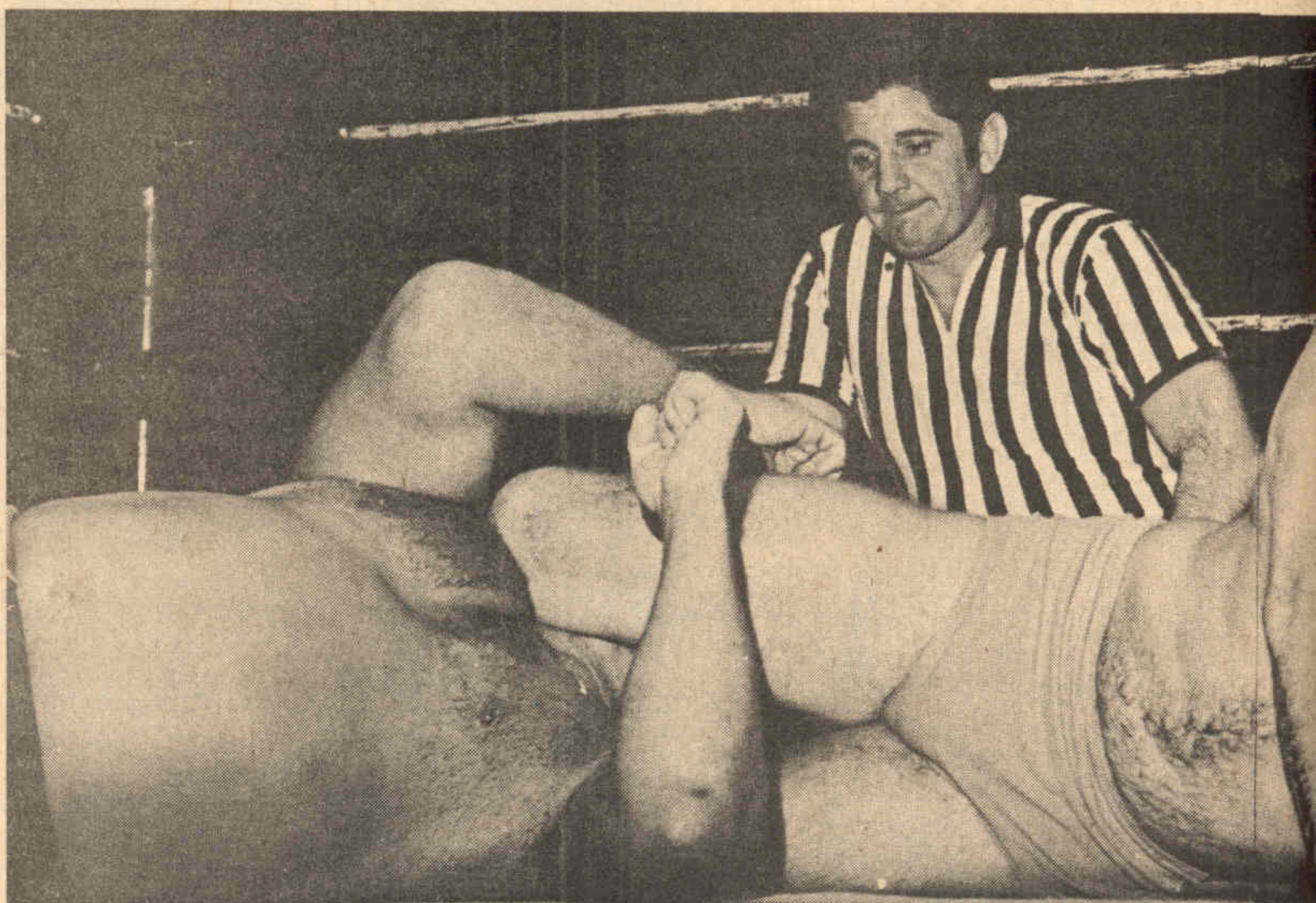
## CASE OF THE KIDNAPPED WRESTLER

(Continued from Page 53)

could," Brisco said. "But finally I couldn't stand it any longer. TV or no TV I wasn't going to take a beating from this guy. I returned punch-for-punch, kick-for-kick. And I even threw Dykes out of the ring for good measure when he tried to sneak in.

"Then, to satisfy my curiosity, I ripped the mask off the Grappler — and my hunch was right. It was Dale Lewis. My first instinct was to start punching him and never stop. He'd ruined everything along with that weasel Dykes. But then I wondered

The enormously popular Jack Brisco, with head scissors on a recent victim (below), says he suspected something was wrong when he stepped into the ring. "He was dressed like the Grappler," Jack (right) said, "but when we moved in close after the opening bell, well . . . something was strange, I could sense it . . ."



what had happened to the real Grappler. I knew he couldn't voluntarily be a party to something like this."

Before Brisco could wonder any further, the real Grappler came tearing out of the dressing room, looking for Dykes and Lewis. They were both gone. Then he walked over to Brisco to explain.

"I told him what happened and how sorry I was," the Grappler recalled. "I should never have let it happen. If the janitor hadn't decided to investigate why my dressing room door was locked I might still be in there. He freed me but I got out too late. The damage had been done."

Brisco consoled the Grappler and told him it wasn't his fault. There was no way he could have known what Dykes and Lewis had in mind.

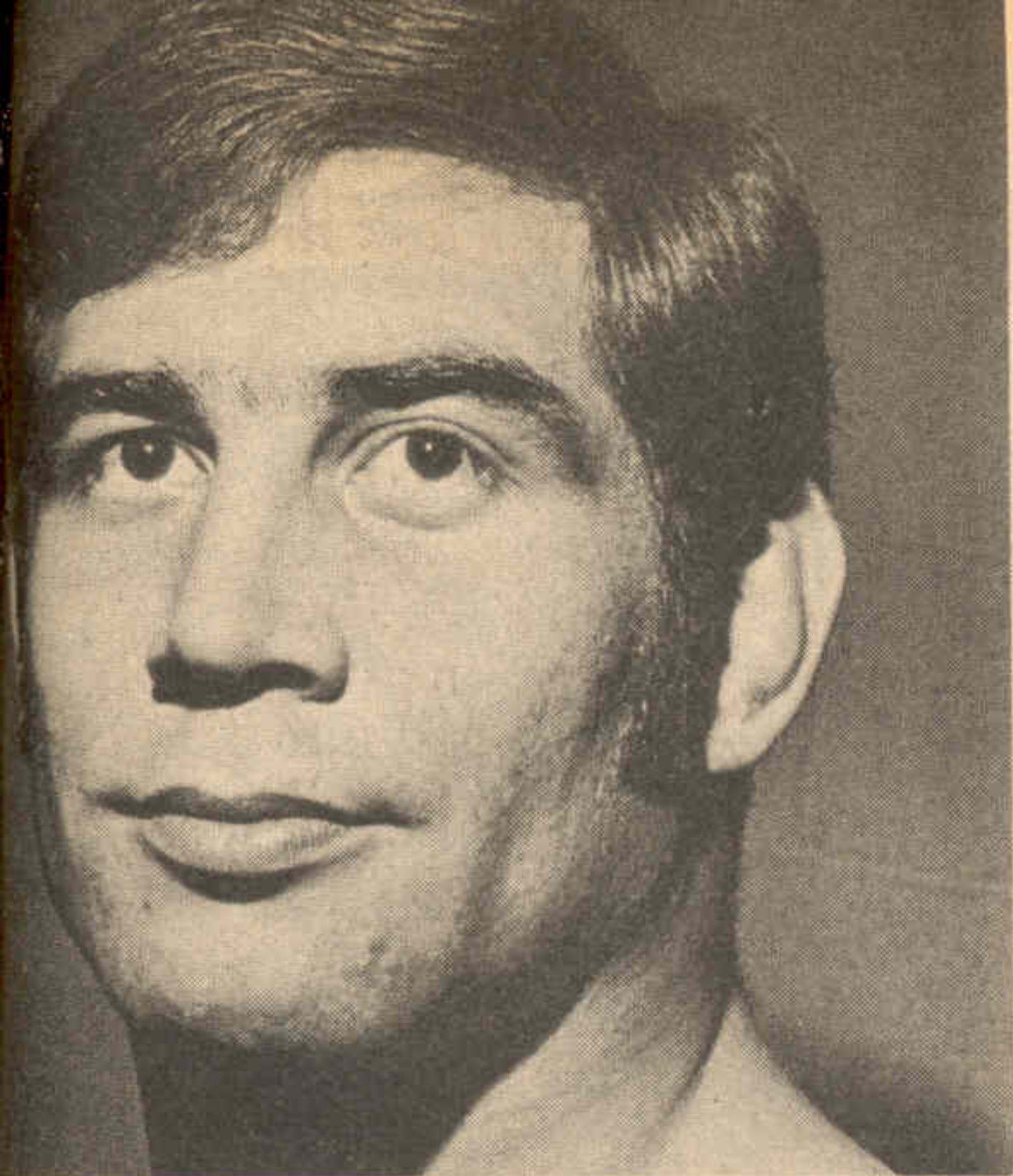
Dykes and Lewis, meanwhile, ran out of the arena and hid in a motel

room.

"A gem," Dykes roared when he finally agreed to an interview. "An absolute priceless jewel. The perfect crime. Did you see the look on Brisco's face? Only the cunning mind of J.C. Dykes could ever have thought it all up. We fooled the world. We got even with them.

"There was no reason in the world why, for this important TV match, they should pick the Grappler when they can have the handsome J.C. Dykes. They purposely overlooked Lewis for this match because they wanted to keep J.C. Dykes off TV. We decided to get even and the best way was to kidnap the Grappler and make sure he never got a chance to show his ugly masked face on TV. For a week my fertile and brilliant mind developed this cunning plan. Ah, the cunning, the intrigue, the





genius. It all went off like clock-work. That'll teach those fools they can't outwit J.C. Dykes. They should have asked me to appear on TV to begin with. It's their own fault!"

The promoters and television people are still trying to figure out the damage done by Dykes and Lewis. The big TV contract is still a dream, although the bout didn't affect the local telecasts. Both the National Wrestling Alliance and the Florida Wrestling Association are conducting inquiries into the case and both Lewis and Dykes will be called to testify.

But nothing can be done in the courtroom that will undo the damage already caused. And you can bet that nobody feels worse about it than the Grappler—the wrestler who was kidnapped on the biggest night of his life!



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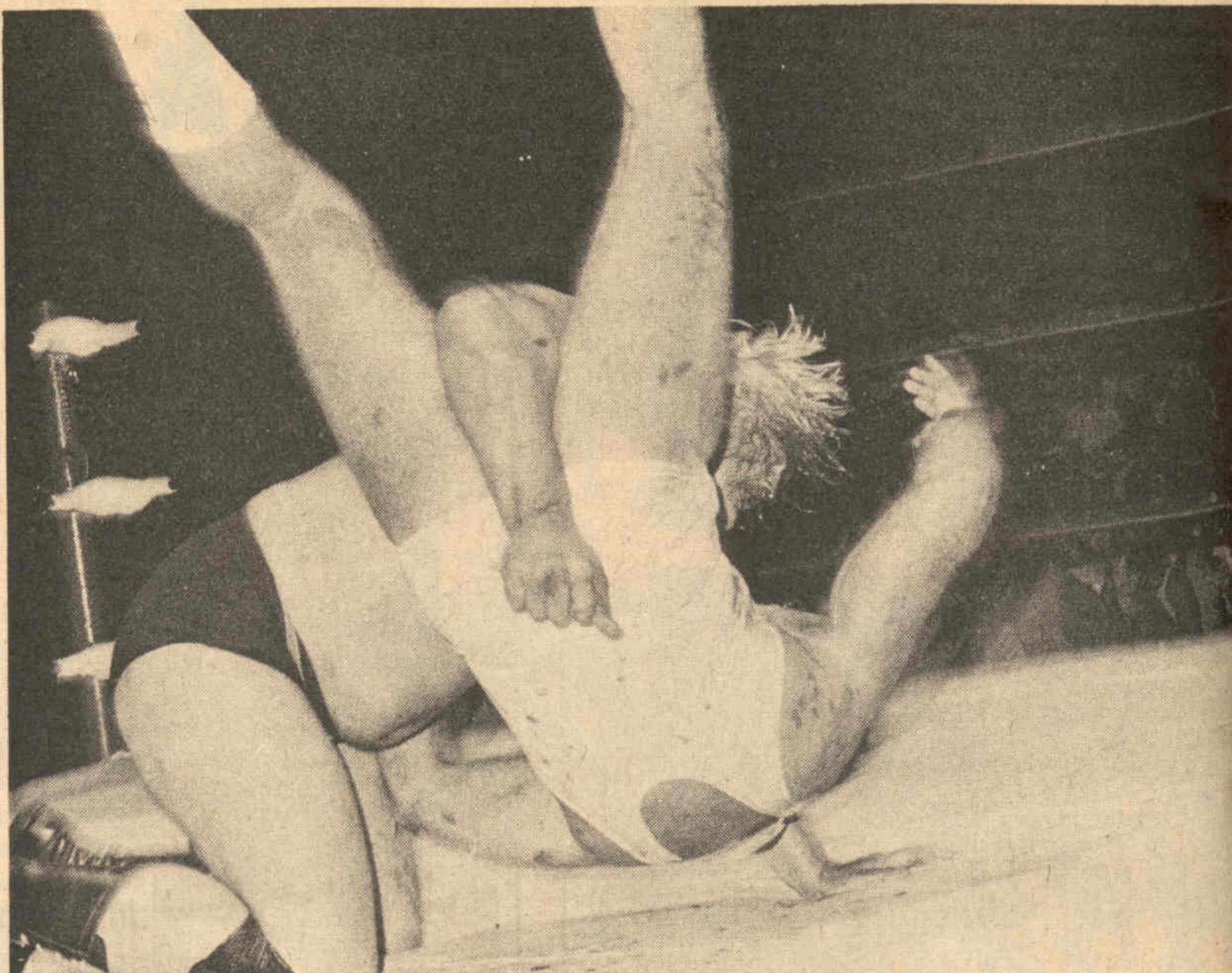
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## BLOODY TERROR... (Continued from Page 37)



Duncum, drenched in his own blood, piledrives Armstrong into the mat. The National Wrestling Alliance wanted no part of their feud and the match took place without their sanctioning. Neither cared.

As a matter of fact Armstrong went so far to say, "if anyone sees Bobby Duncum tell him all's forgiven. Let bygones be bygones."

Two weeks later Duncum was back in Georgia. It appeared Bob was sticking to his guns. He wanted to show Duncum there were no ill feelings publicly on a TV interview.

The two wrestlers came out of different dressing rooms and stood on separate sides of the interviewer.

"Bob Armstrong," the announcer said, "we hear that you want to say something to Bobby Duncum here on your right."

"Yes, I do," Bob said. Bob started to say something, but before he could get two words out he began stuttering. A glazed look came over his eyes. All of a sudden he pushed the announcer down, grabbed the microphone and grabbed Duncum by the hair! Then he beat Duncum over the head with the microphone until he was covered with blood!

Cowboy Bill Watts, Mr. Wrestling and Jack Brisco came storming out of the dressing room where they were watching the interview on television. But it appeared Bob just didn't know who they were. He smashed each of them with the microphone. He was going berserk!

Finally, Watts clipped him on the jaw with his fist—knocking him out. Duncum remained on the floor, bleeding. He was helped onto his feet and walked back to the dressing room. It was obvious Duncum would need several stitches to close the ugly wound caused by Armstrong.

About an hour later Armstrong came back to the TV studio and apologized to the announcer.

"I'm really sorry," he said. "I was going to let things go with Duncum but the instant I looked at him I kept seeing flashbacks of what happened five years ago. I snapped. I just couldn't help it."

"I understand," the announcer said. "But now you're in real hot water. Duncum stopped by before and said he's not leaving until he kills you. He thinks you pulled a fast one on him. You said all was forgiven and he came back—believing you. Now he's out for blood!"

"As much as I want to forgive him, I can't," Armstrong said. "I'm anxious to get him in the ring. Really anxious. I'm glad he's out for blood because so am I. I must've been crazy to say I'd try to forget what he did. No way. Let him think I tricked him into coming back. Let him think I'm a liar. I don't care."

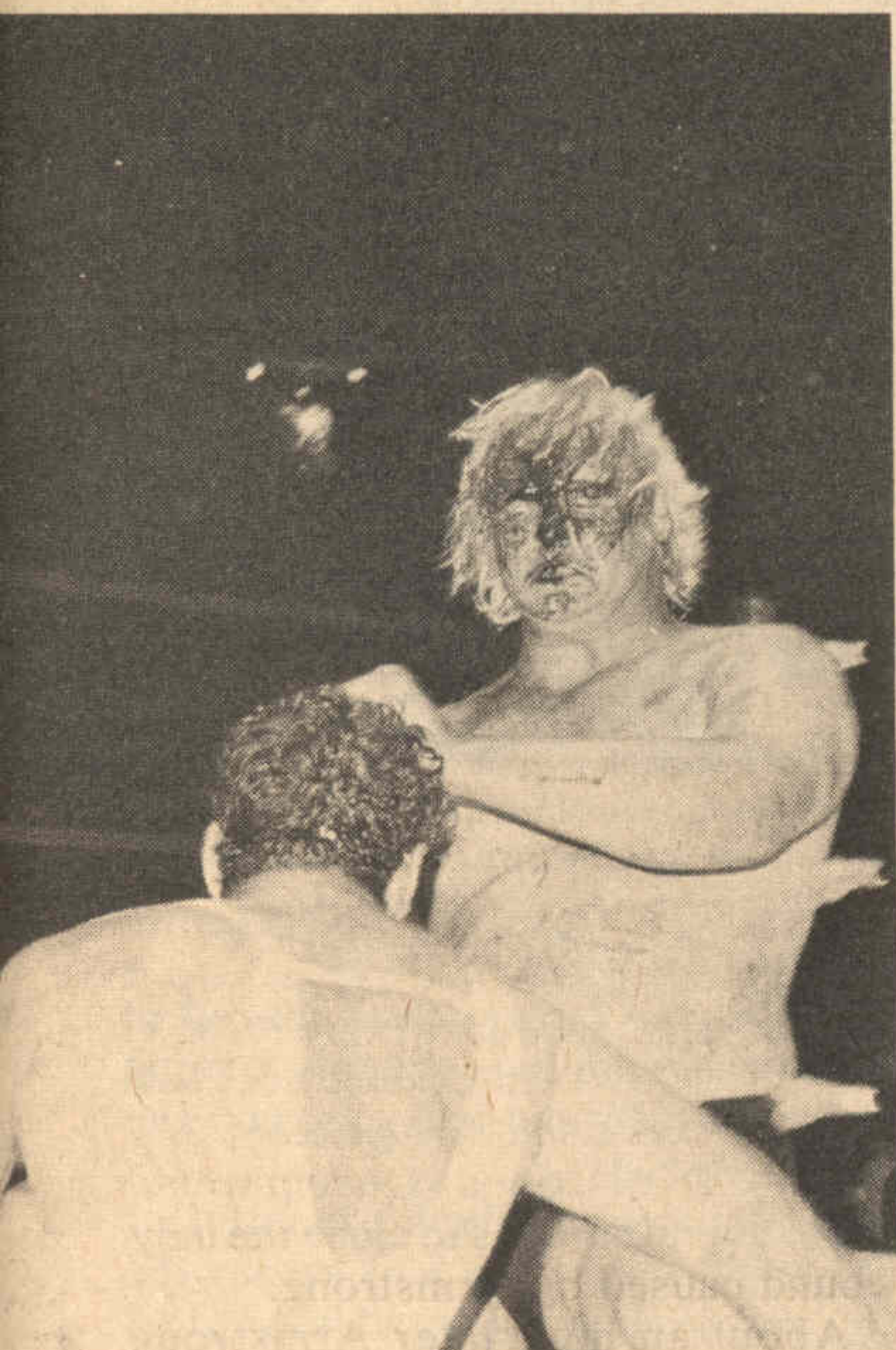


If it'll make him get in the ring with me it's all worth it!"

Bob slammed his fist down on a table and then left the studio, slamming the door so hard it almost came off the hinges.

Duncum was red hot, really red hot. He made every opponent suffer saying, "to me every opponent is Armstrong." Even at the contract signing in promoter Paul Jones' office they tried to kill each other.

"I couldn't believe it," Jones said. "They turned my office into a ring. They knocked each other from wall



Duncum's carving a roadmap on Armstrong's head. Bob is on the verge of blacking out! The match was so gory fans wanted it to be stopped.

to wall. They destroyed one of my favorite paintings. I had to call special police in to break them up. I've never seen a feud like this. You can't put these guys in the same room together."

They never did get to sign contracts. And Paul Jones refused to let them sign an official N.W.A. contract.

"The way they hate each other," he explained, "they won't wrestle by N.W.A. rules. So I'm letting them tear at each other in a non-sanctioned match. That way if one or both of them dies, I'm not responsible. They'll sign individual contracts releasing me from any responsibilities. This match is their baby."

(Continued on page 58)

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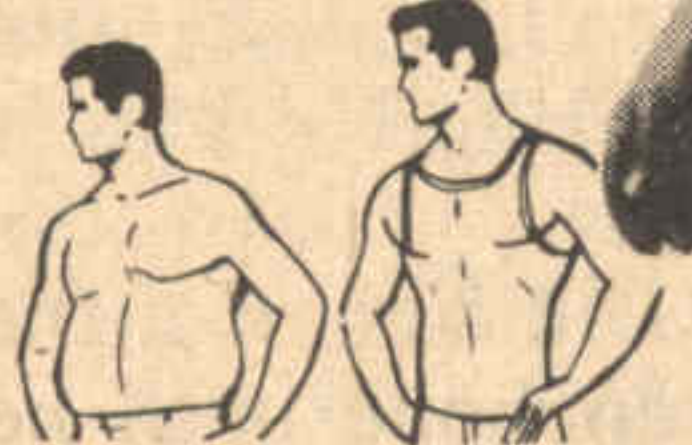
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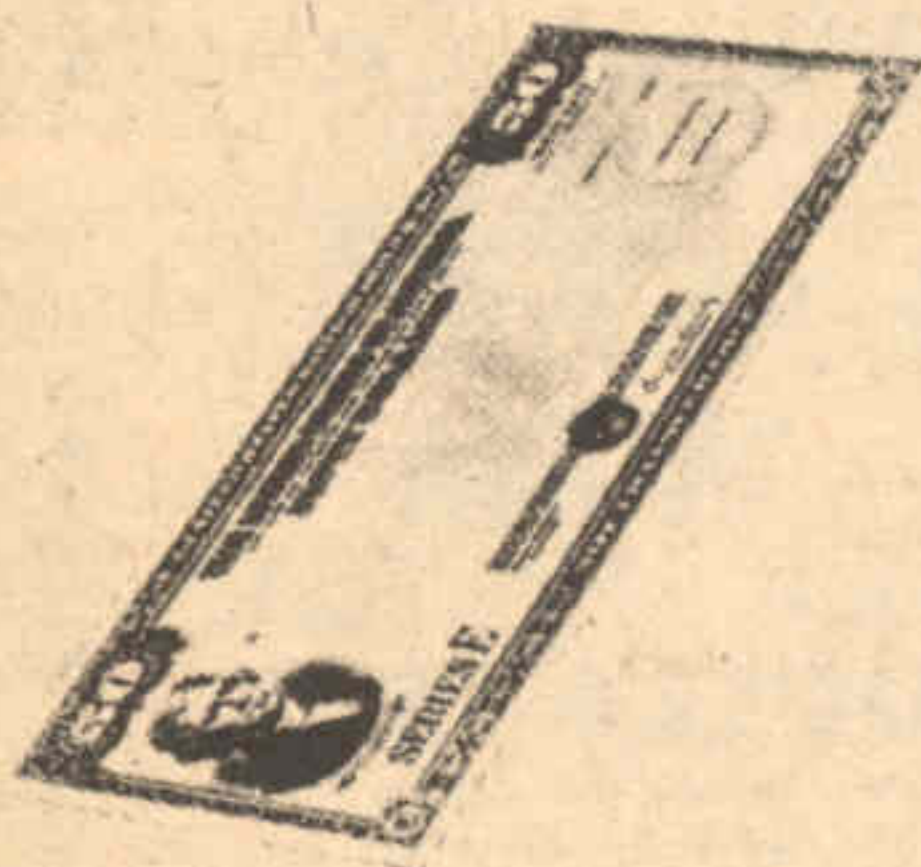
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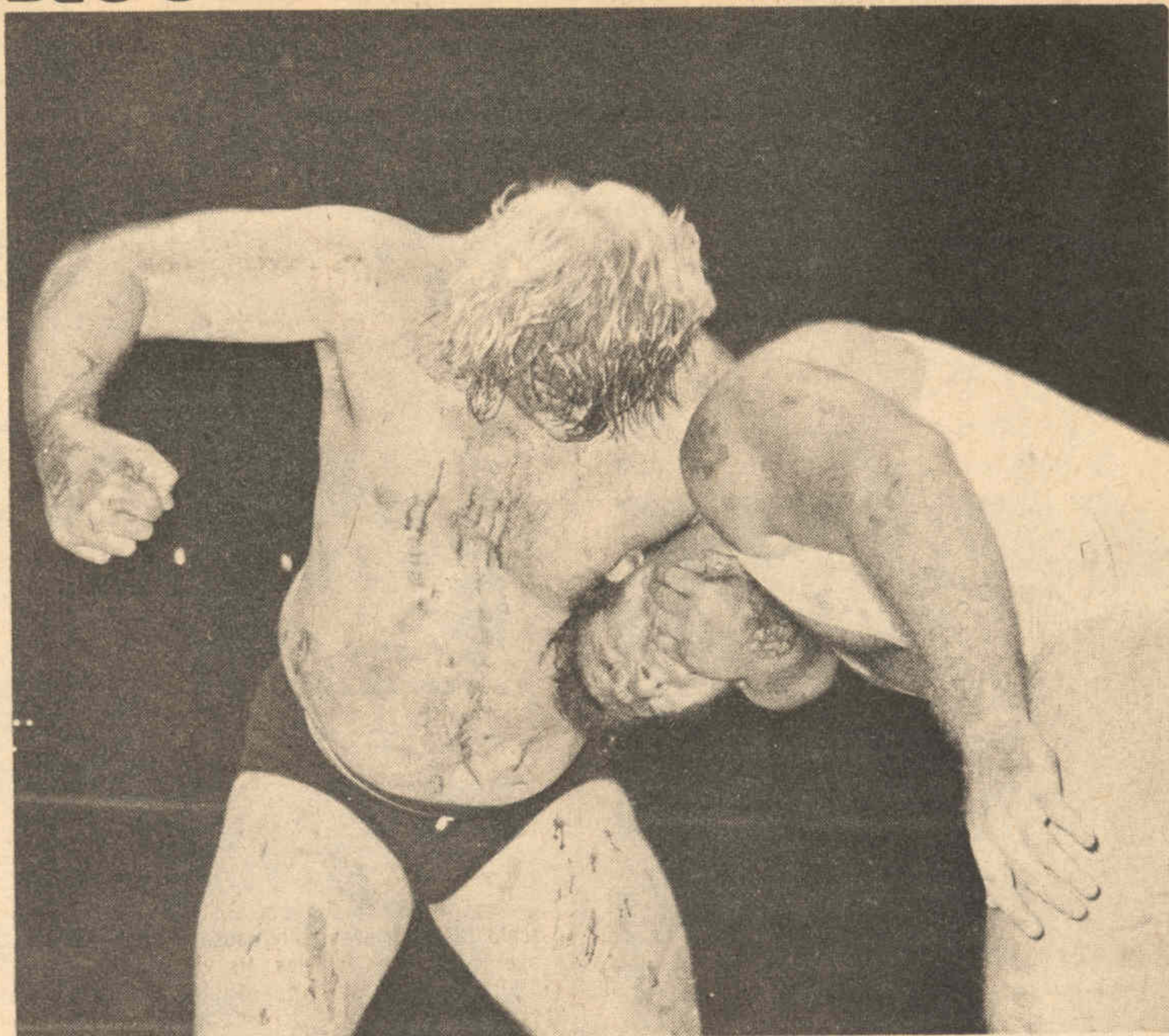
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## BLOODY TERROR... (Continued from Page 57)



Bob Armstrong is getting his teeth bashed in by Duncum. Shortly after this, Duncum smashed a metal chair over Armstrong's head and Bob went out like a light. But Duncum didn't let up even then. He proceeded to slam Bob with the ring steps and a nailed chair leg!

Even though it was a non-sanctioned match, Jones did agree to allow a referee in there with them just to award the match to the winner or to count out a wrestler should he be thrown from the ring.

On the night of the match Duncum and Armstrong got to the arena at 6 o'clock. The match wasn't scheduled until nine. However, the action got started at six when they got out of different cabs at the same time.

"They were rushing at each other," a fan said, "and Armstrong had something in his hand. Then someone called the cops and they got to them just a second before they reached each other. The cops took them into their dressing rooms and that's the last we saw."

The chief of police kept a guard posted at Armstrong's door and one at Duncum's. They were making sure the match would be saved for the fans in the arena and not for the ones hanging around waiting for autographs in the dressing room area.

Finally nine o'clock came and it was time for the match. Duncum was escorted to the ring by a throng of police as was Armstrong.

Corner to corner they glared at each other like two animals waiting to kill. Finally the bell rang and the ring exploded!

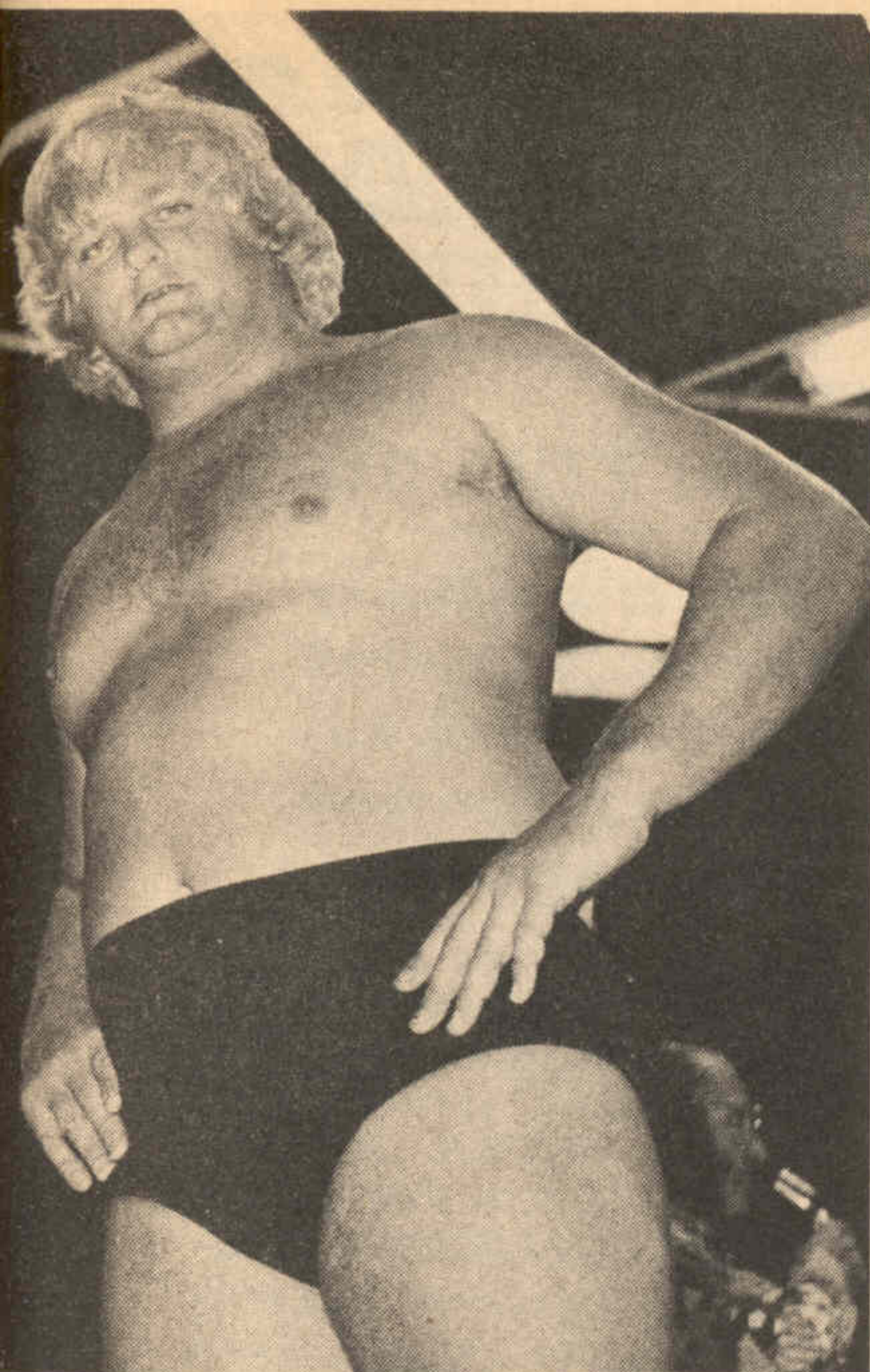
Armstrong grabbed a handful of Duncum's hair, ran him across the ring and smashed his head into a steel pole behind the turnbuckles—10 times! Duncum was cut open.

The enraged Duncum kicked Bob low and then lifted him high in the air and slammed him down on his neck. Bob was dazed. But he wasn't dazed enough to stop. He returned Duncum's low blow and then belted him on the head over and over. More and more blood poured out of Duncum's head. Already fans were screaming "Stop the match!" But Armstrong wasn't hearing any outside noises. As far as he was concerned he was in a dark alley with Duncum.

Bob bit Duncum's forehead, opening the gash he gave Duncum a few weeks ago at the TV studio. More blood! Bob was in the driver's seat—so he thought.

When Duncum saw an opening he kicked Bob in the teeth. Bob grabbed his mouth, checking to see if he was bleeding. A chip from a tooth





"I'll kill Armstrong the next time we wrestle," Duncum swore. "If the cops hadn't stopped me, he'd be lying in a pine box now. I hate him!"

dropped into his hand. Duncum followed up his advantage by taking a pencil from his trunks and cutting into Bob's forehead.

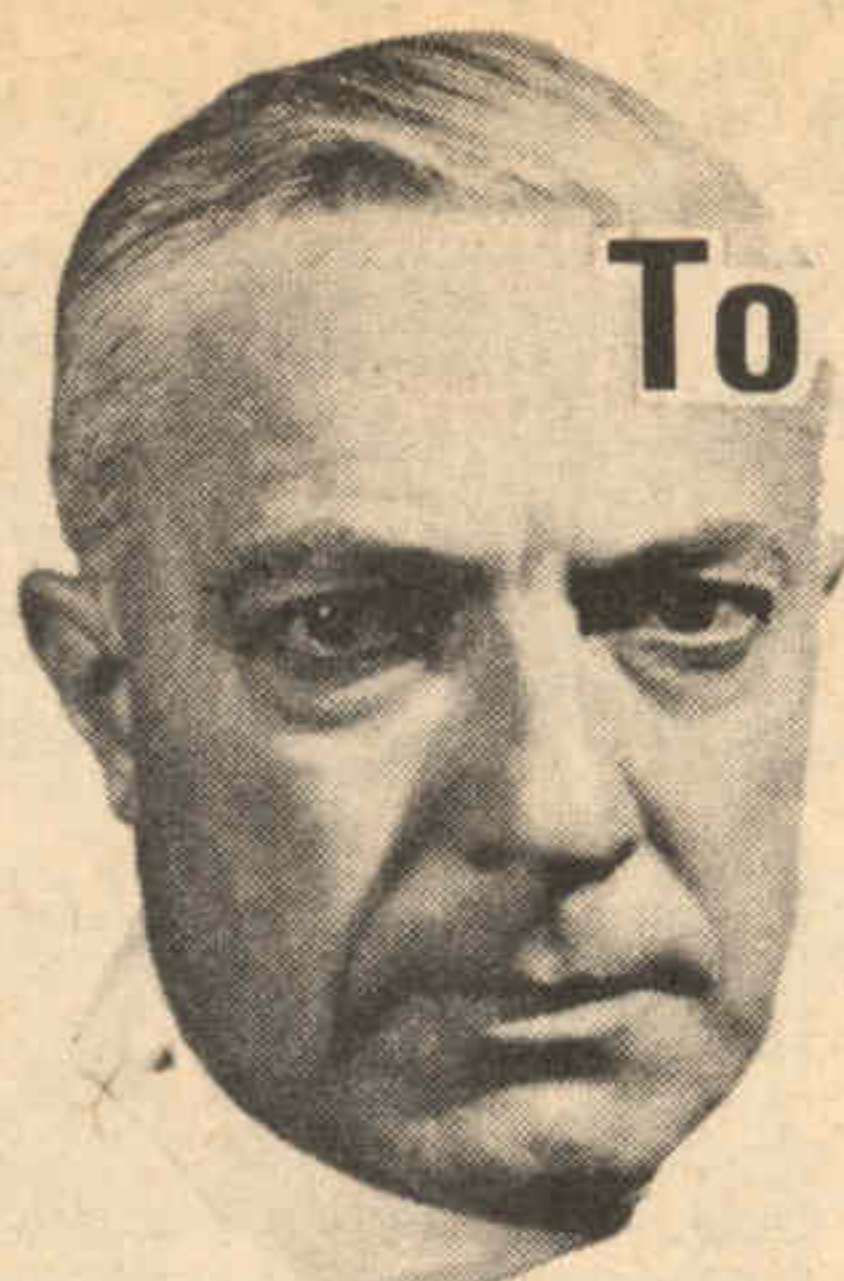
Armstrong was a bloody mess!

Duncum ran out of the ring, pushed a fan off his seat and took the metal chair and smashed it over Armstrong's head! Bob collapsed, fell to the mat, and rolled out of the ring. Duncum followed. He busted a wooden chair on the ring steps, took one of the legs that had nails in it, and carved up Bob's forehead. Armstrong was a sorrier sight than Duncum. As a matter of fact he was on the verge on blacking out!

Again Duncum hit him, this time with the ring steps. That was all. Paul Jones sent the special police in. They had one hell of a time getting Duncum away from the ring but getting Armstrong away was simple. They put him on a stretcher. Next stop? Yup, the hospital!

Armstrong remained unconscious for awhile after getting stitched up. Again the only words he muttered were "Duncum, Duncum."

Duncum? He's on another world tour. Do you think Bob'll forgive him again? ☐



*An Important Message*

**To Every Man and Woman**

*In America*

**Losing His or Her Hair**

**HOW COMATE WORKS  
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The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."  
— L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."  
— D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."  
— C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it."  
— Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."  
— F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much. I had to write!"  
— Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."  
— D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."  
— Mrs. R. LeB., Piqua, Ohio

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."  
— G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."  
— R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."  
— L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"  
— Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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the smile of the girl next door, the figure of a Playboy bunny and the natural athletic ability of an Olympic champion!

Sue is from Alice, Texas, and is the youngest professional woman wrestler competing today. A pro for only two years, Sue became interested in the sport in high school where she participated in track and field, basketball, tennis and swimming.

Since her father was an ardent wrestling fan, she used to accompany him to Corpus Christi whenever he went to the wrestling matches. And unlike some parents, Sue's folks were delighted when she decided to make the mat her career.

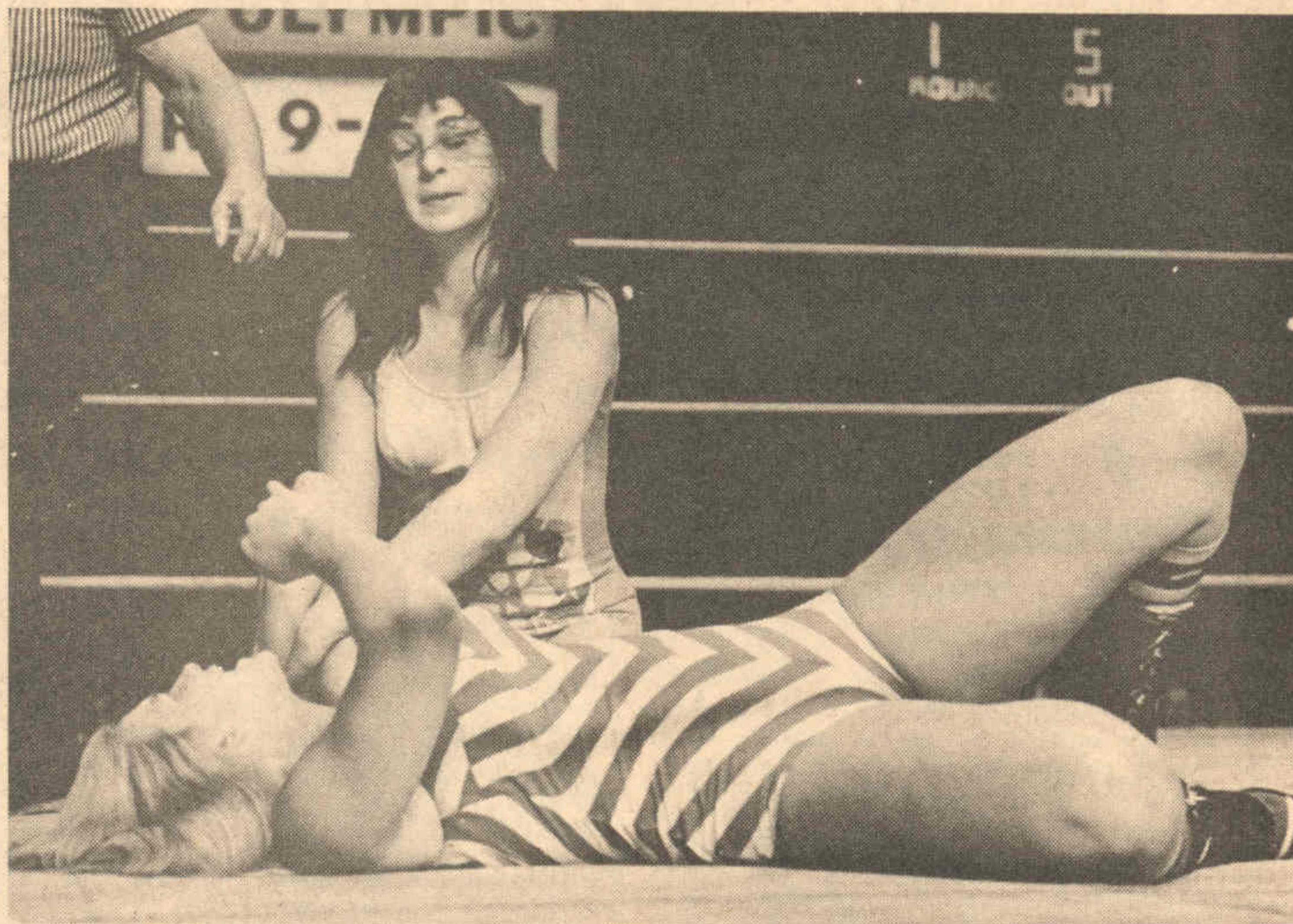
After she finished high school, Sue went to see promoter Floyd Emerson in Corpus Christi. Floyd, a former wrestler himself, who used to go under the name of "Pretty Boy Floyd," was captivated by the girl's sincerity and good looks. "She has everything," Floyd remembers thinking to himself. "If she can wrestle she'll be a superstar."

Floyd found that out soon enough. Sue is such a natural athlete she took to wrestling like a duck takes to water. "At first I told her it'd probably take a year just to get her ready," Floyd recalls, "but once I saw what

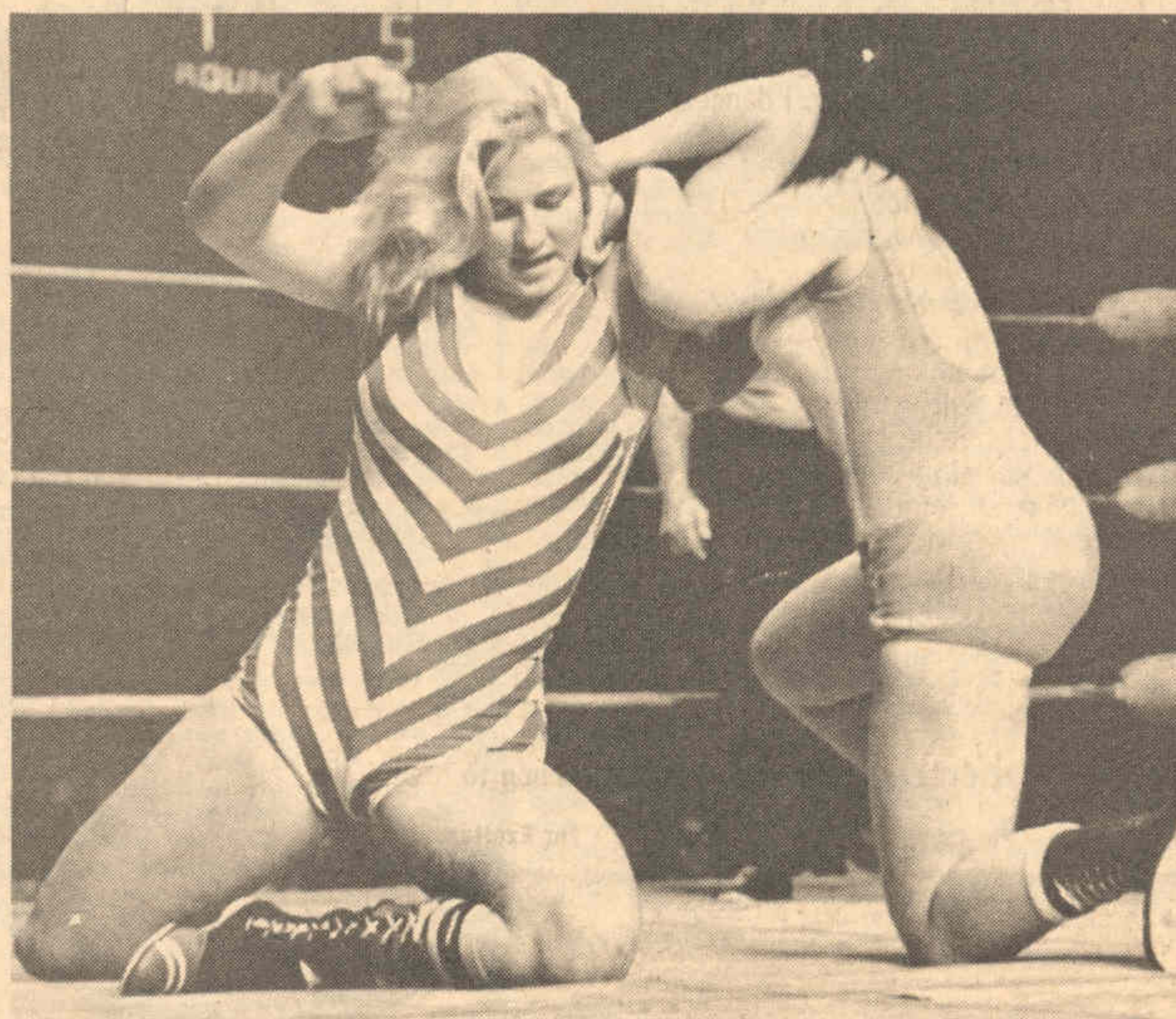
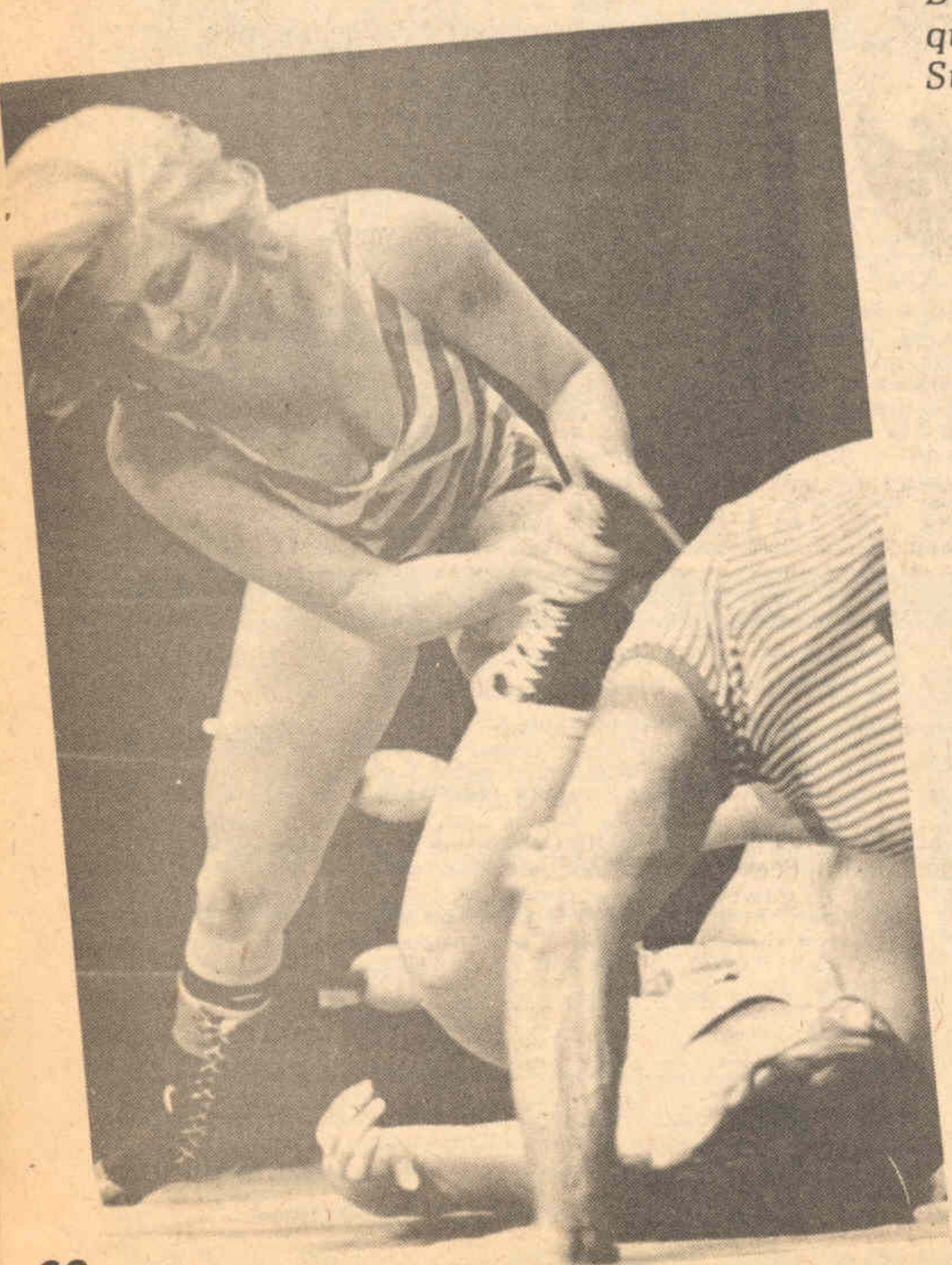
she could do I knew it wouldn't take nearly that long. I trained her in three months and she was ready. She's the quickest learner I ever met."

Almost as soon as she turned pro Susan's star began to rise. Promoters throughout the south raved about this pretty Texan with the hazel eyes and dynamite figure. Oh yeah. One other thing. Man...could she wrestle!

"I've been an athlete for as long as I can remember," Sue told us in her soft, Texas drawl. "Daddy told me I was swimming before I was talking and I've always been interested in sports. I knew I wanted to remain in sports but in swimming you're washed up when you're 18. So I turned to wrestling, hoping some day to be a pro. Now that I am I can say it's everything I hoped it would be. I get a chance to travel and meet



Donna manages to get Sue flat on her back, but the Texan quickly kicked her way out of the hold. Always an athlete, Sue learned to swim before she learned how to talk or walk!



Sue goes for an early pin (left) with a stepover toehold, but Donna raises her right arm off the mat in time. Above: Donna gains a temporary advantage with a reverse wristlock but Sue's strength stopped Donna from maintaining it.

(Continued on page 64)



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**Whenever you feel like it, just cuddle**  
**up to your own**

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**"Susan"—Negro Doll**



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**WHEN ORDERING**  
**2 or more dolls!**



(Continued from Page 62)

nice people from all over the country. I've been very lucky."

Luck, most people have said, has nothing to do with it. Many experts claim they've never seen a girl come into wrestling with such natural athletic ability, much of which she credits to swimming. Sue won four medals and two ribbons at the Junior Olympics!

For the first two years Sue remained mostly in the south, wrestling in

mixed matches in Texas and becoming a big star in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. She received a tremendous honor when Vince McMahon signed her to appear in Madison Square Garden to wrestle the Fabulous Moolah on only the second Garden card in history to feature women!

Promoters throughout the U.S. were scrambling over each other trying to sign Susan. And when Olym-

pic Auditorium impresario Mike Lebell signed her, he called it "one of the most rewarding moments of my career."

That was what brought Susan to her match against Donna Christenello and why reporters and photographers were talking about nothing else. And only Donna refused to climb on the bandwagon. "If she can stay with me," Donna mused, "then I'll know she's good."

By the time the match ended, it wasn't a question of whether Susan could "stay" with Donna or not. The Texan gave the girl who is one half of the world's tag team champions (along with Toni Rose) a terrible time. And only Donna's experience prevented it from becoming a rout.

"Yeah, she's good," Donna reluctantly said afterwards. "She's good and she's big and she's strong. I'd have to say she's exceptional for a kid her age. She held me to a draw. Not too many wrestlers can do that."

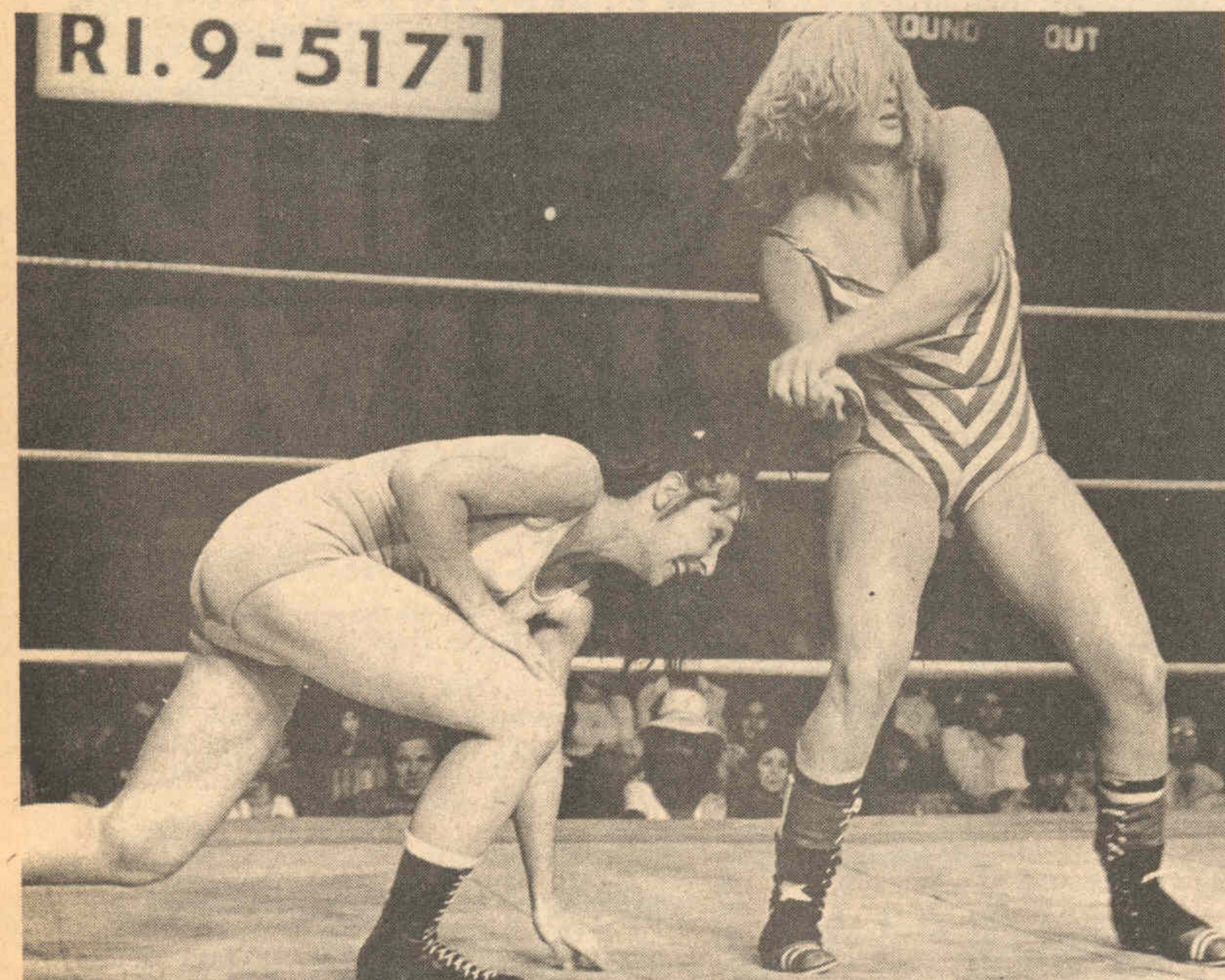
Sue, on the other hand, was just overwhelmed with all the reporters and photographers surrounding her after the match. "I consider myself very fortunate to get a draw with someone as great as Donna Christenello," she noted. "She's one of the best there is."

Sue is strictly scientific. But she can get rough when the occasion calls for it. Mostly she relies on strength and speed. Her 145 pounds consist mainly of muscle, and combined with her height makes her an immovable object. "I don't remember any girl wrestler as tall as she," Mike Lebell noted, "and I certainly don't remember any as strong."

Many people compare Sue with Vivian Vachon, another tall grappler who uses speed and strength well. In fact, most experts believe Vivian is the only one who would prove very tough for Susan to handle because of their similar styles.

At this stage of her life Sue is still a bit awestruck at the attention she's been getting. She's almost embarrassed by it. "Y'all shouldn't write such nice things about me," she said shyly, "because I'm just startin' out. Heck, I'm not in the same league with gals like Moolah and Toni Rose and some of the others."

But it's obvious she is. Susan "Tex" Green is on the verge of becoming one of the biggest superstars in the history of girl wrestling. And the amazing thing is that she's only 19 years old! □



Hair covering her eyes (above), Sue Greene looks like an Amazon as she drags Donna Christenello around the ring by her hair. Below: Donna's legs are as twisted as a pretzel as Sue puts pressure on this leglock.

